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# 神仙職員

恒罪卒著





I Love

# 神仙職員

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# Celestial Employee - Chapter 01-48

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## Chapter 1 Cursings on the toilet bowl

“MLGBD.”<sup>[1]</sup> Zhao Lingjun, who was sitting on the toilet bowl, couldn’t help but curse.

Through the toilet’s glass window, Zhao Lingjun saw that the asphalt on the road was emitting traces of heat; the air seemed so thick that the viscosity was comparable to melted chocolate. The sky unexpectedly didn’t even have a hint of wind blowing. Even the wutong trees<sup>[2]</sup> on both sides of the road were scorched to the point that their leaves were drooping without any signs of life.

The weather during June last year was still very cool, however this year’s weather was completely different. What wrong medicine did God take? It was only slightly past June, and the temperature was already rapidly rising. Take today as an example, it was even more ridiculous as the highest temperature reached 38 degrees Celsius. On the way back from work, Zhao Lingjun felt that he was almost baked dry by the scorching sun.

If this was the only issue, Zhao Lingjun would just let it go. However when he went home, he found out that his whole neighbourhood had a blackout; he didn’t know what had caused it.

Zhao Lingjun grabbed his phone, and after calling the complaint hotline numerous times, he finally couldn’t take it anymore and entered his stuffy enclosed apartment. Upon entering, the heat in the room almost made Zhao Lingjun faint. Just when he decided to leave his apartment to find a cooler place to cool down, his stomach once again felt pain similar to a knife being twisted in him.

Only after rushing to the toilet and explosively defecating, did Zhao Lingjun remember what happened earlier while still sitting on the toilet bowl. He remembered the bowl of beef ramen he had for dinner at a roadside stall on the way back from work. At the time, he thought that the beef ramen tasted a little

weird, but assumed that the owner had launched a new flavour and brushed it off as such, and thus ate it happily.

For the next 10 minutes, Zhao Lingjun sat on the toilet bowl and expelled to the point of unconsciousness. When he had finally finished extricating his bowels with difficulty, he discovered a very serious problem.

The problem was that in his bathroom, there was no more toilet paper...

During his freshman year at university, Zhao Lingjun had already found many methods to deal with his current predicament. For example, shouting out loudly, "Who can lend me a sheet of newspaper?" or begging those who came to the toilet to do some fun things, "Can anyone pass me two pieces of toilet paper." But he knew that in this situation, he could only employ two of those methods.

Zhao Lingjun's first thought was to use the first of the two methods, which was more disgusting, but less costly. Additionally, it was cleaner and didn't have poisonous side effects. Therefore, he first lifted the cover of the water tank, intending to scoop some water and wash his buttocks. However, when he looked inside, he almost fainted.

To make matters worse, not only was the tank empty, even the toilet bowl did not have much water. It turned out that today the neighbourhood not only had a blackout but incidentally even had their water supply cutoff. Zhao Lingjun had the habit of flushing the toilet before use, and flushed upon entering earlier.

After the failure of his first method, Zhao Lingjun turned to second method. This second method, was used many times by his dormitory roommate back in university. His roommate at the time, used 10 water coupons<sup>[3]</sup>, to solve his current problem. However, Zhao Lingjun had already graduated for a year, and those cheap water coupons like crushes on girls from the business school had already faded away into oblivion.

Therefore when he took out his own wallet, Zhao Lingjun hoped that he could find some old receipts, and such. If it really couldn't be helped, he would use those 1, and 5 yuan notes.

But when Zhao Lingjun pulled out his wallet and took a look; he, who has completed his higher education, thought of himself as a civilized man, couldn't



help but curse a sentence, “MLGBD.”

Normally his wallet would usually have some old receipts, some discount coupons and such; but today his wallet just so happened to not have those things.

However what made Zhao Lingjun the most frustrated, was that today, the smallest denomination of note in his wallet was a 50.

At times when a person has ran out of luck, it was akin to getting food stuck in your teeth just from drinking water. Zhao Lingjun used a 50 dollar note to wipe some dirty things, while mourning its loss.

“A day’s wage is gone, just from using the water closet.” Zhao Lingjun lamented.

When pulling his pants up and leaving the toilet, Zhao Lingjun wanted to take a knife and find the people in charge of the water and electricity companies. However at this moment, he suddenly heard a lot of people making noise; they seemed to be shouting his name.

“Zhao Lingjun... Zhao Lingjun... quickly come down.”

Once Zhao Lingjun stuck his head out to take a look, he realised that he wasn’t hallucinating due to his grief and excessive anger. The ground floor of his building had a lot of people shouting his name.

“What on earth is going on?” Zhao Lingjun worriedly went down while thinking, “It couldn’t be that they smelled something right? Knowing that I had just finished using the water closet, and didn’t have water to flush the toilet bowl right? Or is it because I didn’t have toilet paper, and I used a 50 dollar note to quickly wipe my butt?”

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“Why are your movements so slow, it took you until now to come down.” A fat guy in a foul mood asked Zhao Lingjun.

“MLGBD, I walk how I wish to walk, whether it be fast or slow, who are you to decide.” Zhao Lingjun really wanted to first say this, then kick the fatso in front of him who looked like a dustbin. This fatty, when seen made others think he was

a pile of fats, who wasn't created properly, who had oil all over his body, who was a vulgar male like a disgusting char siu<sup>[4]</sup> which made Zhao Lingjun want kick him away.

However, Zhao Lingjun took a deep breath, and forced himself to face this guy who made him want to retch until who knows when. He let out a smile like the life-giving spring breeze and rain, used a voice which even gave himself goose bumps, and shouted out to the fat guy, "Manager Zhang".

This guy, whom Zhao Lingjun referred to as Manager Zhang, was named Zhang Zhong. He lives up to his name, and was indeed very heavy<sup>[5]</sup>, weighing at about 100 kg. Zhao Lingjun reckoned that Zhang Zhong could flatten him to death.

The reason why Zhao Lingjun did not dare to use one leg to send him flying was due to the fact that they were both working in the same company. Also, Zhang Zhong was even a whole three full ranks above him, and even had the company-wide nickname of "Boiler Worker".<sup>[6]</sup>

Zhang Zhong's position in the company was the manager of the human resource department. He held a lot of power in his hands, and was definitely not some slow burning boiler worker. The reason why he has this nickname was because he specialised in fanning flames and stirring shit.

Something as insubstantial and insignificant as a fart, when in the presence of the General Manager, he could exaggerate things till they seemed like the 9/11 event. Being late by just one minute, when spoken by him, would bring about a negative impact, akin to skipping work for a day.

In short, this fat guy was a person hated by everyone in the company, with many wanting to hang him. From the inception of the company till now, there were innumerable people which have had the idea of dragging him out and putting out his light cross their minds.

To tell the truth, the whole company knew that Zhang Zhong was a person who could only fan the flames and tattle. But until now, he is still living in the company just fine, and was even better off than others. Not only that, but of those who had offended him, none had a good ending.

There was one and only one reason for this, Zhang Zhong was coincidentally

the younger brother of the CEO's wife.

“What happened.” Zhao Lingjun made a great effort to not exude the slightest bit of distaste towards this guy.

“Something bad has happened.” A voice sounding like honey entered Zhao Lingjun's ears. In this hot and stuffy weather, Zhao Lingjun felt that his whole body had honey flowing on it.

“My hole is blocked, poke at it a few times for me.” As before, it was still that voice which seemed like honey, and made people feel sticky all over.

If this voice was heard from a call center's call that had been answered, there was a high possibility that a male who heard the voice would be long aroused, and was already preparing tissue paper. Zhao Lingjun believed that if it wasn't for the current trend of face-to-face naked video chats, and that phone calls were no longer as popular, the sound of this voice would long cause the male to flush for half a day, causing the owner of the voice to become the call center's famous celebrity.

But hearing this voice right now, Zhao Lingjun felt his mind go blank, and his soul could escape at any time.

Because the appearance of the owner of this voice, was something that Zhao Lingjun would never forget for life.

The surging heat coming from the cement coupled with this honey-like voice made the distracted Zhao Lingjun feel like he was back during last year's July, on the day when he first heard this voice.

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[1] MLGBD – 妈了个逼的, read as Ma Le Ge Bi De, is a slang for Mother's cunt, or

Motherf\*cker. 

[2] Wutong tree – Sycamore or Chinese parasol tree. [Click here to find out more](#) ☐

[3] Water Coupons – Think of them as small pieces of paper which can fit in a wallet.

Apparently it is a obscure mainland slang which after asking around is still unknown.

From googling it would either be a water theme park entrance ticket or a water ticket which would be exchanged for water in China. ☐

[4] Char siu – Red-coloured marinated roast pork. [Click here to find out more](#) ☐

[5] The fatty's name is 张重, read as Zhang Zhong. Zhang is his surname (family name)

and his given name is Zhong which means heavy. ☐ [\[6\]](#)

Boiler Worker – Just like a boiler worker or furnace worker ceaselessly tending to a fire, he ceaselessly adds fire to situations and stirs shit. ☐

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## Chapter 2 July's Memories

On that day last year, it was also this sweltering hot. Zhao Lingjun, who was exceptionally dressed up as if he was going to a blind date, left his campus in high spirits, and waved his hand to flag a taxi. If a stranger saw Zhao Lingjun, they would most likely assume that he was a high-rolling white-collar worker, going to a high profile blind date. But in fact, at the time Zhao Lingjun was only going to attend a large job fair.

Before this job fair, there had been countless other job fairs held in this city. However, Zhao Lingjun's luck was not always very good. A few months ago, because Zhao Lingjun stole a peek at a beautiful young girl in the canteen, he did not pay attention to the broken step below his feet. Because of that, while holding onto his bowl filled with hot rice and sides, he performed an unparalleled imitation of the wind and fire wheel [\[1\]](#) at the stairs entering the dining hall.

At that moment Zhao Lingjun amazed everyone, because after rolling down from that ten to twenty step stairs, his face was surprisingly still glowing with vigour, without losing any of its original complexion.

Zhao Lingjun's friend who was beside him at the time was thoroughly impressed by the scene that played out. During a split second when he was rolling down the steps, he threw the bowl of food in his hands at lightning speed. Then while still rolling, he used both of his hands to protect his face.

Although Zhao Lingjun's face was protected, the consequences of performing his unparalleled imitation of the wind and fire wheel was a lame leg.

Finding that Zhao Lingjun had fractured his leg, his friend while sending him to the hospital asked, "Why did you cover your face so incessantly? You are neither a female, nor do you rely on your face for a living."

"When I woke up this morning, I used some skin care products. If my face had

been damaged, I would be very sorry towards both the skin care products and this face of mine.” Zhao Lingjun replied.

Actually, as a man, injuring one leg was not too big of an issue, as long as it was not that one in the middle. However because of this, Zhao Lingjun became Tieguai Li [\[2\]](#) and thus missed a good few months of job fairs.

Only when all the students filed out of the school one by one, did Zhao Lingjun find out who had not found a job, and it was only him.

That day’s job fair, was already the last major job fair for that year’s graduates. The graduates seeking for employment knew that they had to at least secure their jobs at least seven months before graduating. This year’s July graduates had long secured their jobs. Those who were like Zhao Lingjun, were already considered the slowest of the slow, the last of the last.

While sitting in the taxi, Zhao Lingjun gave off an extremely graceful feeling. He felt that a good career was right before his eyes. With millions of dollars to his name and beautiful women waving at him.

On the way to the job fair, the taxi driver chatted with Zhao Lingjun. “Bro, you should be going to participate in the job fair, right?” the taxi driver asked.

“How did you know?” Zhao Lingjun was very surprised, because he only told the driver the address and did not say that he was going to attend a job fair.

“A few years ago, I also went there for a job fair.” The taxi driver smiled and said, “Back then, I was the same as you. I was also in my prime, with high spirits, carrying lots of documents and information, wanting to pursue the value in life.

“Really?” Zhao Lingjun looked at the taxi driver in surprise, “Then why did you end up as a taxi driver?”

“Heh heh.” The taxi driver laughed and said, “There is no choice, nowadays the working world is very ruthless. The wages paid aren’t even enough to provide for myself. Therefore in the end, I chose to be a taxi driver.”

“Oh really?”

Zhao Lingjun sighed in his heart, and assumed that this was just a ruse to put him down. Nowadays, the number of university students increases on a yearly

basis. Some universities didn't expand their facilities, yet the number of students kept increasing every year. Many second rate university students had difficulty finding jobs, this guy in the end couldn't find a job. Those who had no choice but to be a taxi driver were definitely those second rate university students. Luckily for me, HD University, School of Science and Engineering is a well known school throughout the nation.

Once he thought of this, he felt a little complacent. Unable to resist he asked one sentence. "Big bro, what university did you graduate from?"

"Oh me? FD University, School of Physics." The taxi driver sighed, "It's a pity that after so many years, what I had learnt is almost completely forgotten."

"What?" Zhao Lingjun blinked a few times, and almost lost consciousness.

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He must have been lying to me. After alighting from the taxi, he looked at the not too distant XX Exhibition Center, which was where the major job fair was being held at. Zhao Lingjun was still thinking about the taxi driver from before.

Zhao Lingjun felt that the driver had definitely been joking, because the field that the driver randomly said, was unexpectedly exactly the same thing Zhao Lingjun specialized in. Also, FD University was the nationwide's second best university, if not the first. When compared to HD University, which Zhao Lingjun graduated from, it could only be regarded as a roadside weed.

This guy's grades were most definitely very lousy, Zhao Lingjun walked while making a conjecture about the driver. When in school, this guy must have played games all day, fished for girls. His transcript was definitely horrible beyond all recognition, only then would he have had this kind of outcome.

Zhao Lingjun thought about his four years in university. To be honest, his grades in his field of study were nothing to be scoffed at, his 4th year was cleared easily, in his 2nd and 3rd years he obtained a scholarship. With this he felt that he could not be compared to those idle people, and his future was definitely bright.

Once he thought of how bright his future would be, Zhao Lingjun could not help but hum "We strode towards a new era." and walked straight towards XX

Exhibition Center.

At the exhibition center's entrance, Zhao Lingjun was already dumbfounded.

It can't be that China's long implemented family planning policy wasn't effective at all right? Looking at the swarm of densely packed people at the exhibition center's entrance, Zhao Lingjun felt his enthusiasm wither.

After queuing for almost an hour, he bought a 5 yuan entrance ticket. After which he finally stepped into the hell-like XX Exhibition Center's event hall.

Once he entered the hall, he did not have any freedom of movement and was unsteady due to the surging crowd. It turned out that the density of the crowd in the hall was even thicker than that outside. Zhao Lingjun wanted to cry but there were no tears. He helplessly went along with the flow of people while lost in thought.

In Zhao Lingjun's imagination, the job fair would have innumerable good organizations just waiting for talents just like himself to serve. At the booths, there would definitely be a gentle and beautiful young lady, and a charismatic manager sitting patiently, waiting for me to deign myself to hand over my resume. That manager would then meticulously browse through it, smile excitedly, and tell me, "Good, you're just the talented worker our company is looking for! From tomorrow onwards, you can start working at our company, your pay will be XXXX dollars. If your performance is good, there would also be a bonus every month."

But after only spending one minute onsite, Zhao Lingjun understood that his thinking was much like when a child blew soap bubbles, looking up at the vibrant colours, but with just a light touch it would burst into oblivion.

Zhao Lingjun searched for half a day, and he still had not found many companies suited to his field of study. Even if there were a few companies looking to employ people of his specialization, the area in front was so filled with people, even a two pin plug could not be inserted in.

Right now, Zhao Lingjun seemed to finally understand why there were so many of his classmates that in the end did not choose a job that was affiliated to their specialization.



When still squeezing with the swarm of people until his face was flushed from the annoyance, Zhao Lingjun thought of the ancient story of a person bending his waist just for four kilograms of rice and felt very embarrassed. However while still alive, people had to eat. Being unemployed after graduation was evidently letting down both the people and the government for so many years of education. Therefore Zhao Lingjun resolved to continue persevering for a job even if he was squeezed to the last drop of energy.

After spending several hours, Zhao Lingjun had finally handed out three copies of his resume.

The first company was a public institution, when Zhao Lingjun was fighting with the crowd to hand over his resume, a sleepy young man did not even spare a glance and placed Zhao Lingjun's resume on a mountain of other resumes. Then the young man shouted, "Next person."

The second company was a foreign owned one, and relative to the first company's recruiter, this person was more professional.

This booth's recruiter used a speed of one second per page to flip through Zhao Lingjun's resume, and interviewed him, "Student, has your English passed 6th grade? Are you fluent in any other languages? Can you use English to converse fluently with other people? You..."

Before this booth's recruiter had finished talking, Zhao Lingjun was already embarrassed and wanted to escape.

The third company had great interest in Zhao Lingjun. After carefully looking at his resume, the recruiter was an old man with a head full of grey hair, seriously said to Zhao Lingjun, "I've already inspected your resume thoroughly, other than becoming a member of the Communist Party of China, your other conditions are very decent. Our company is very interested in you. Our company is owned by the state, the wages and benefits are already considered not bad. The base wage is 850 yuan, with food, lodging, and transport allowances, a dormitory room for 4 people, which even includes a toilet. If you think it is suitable, then sign the contract."

When leaving the third company's booth, it was already slightly past 3 pm in the afternoon, and the job fair would end in less than an hour.

Zhao Lingjun who had not eaten any food since morning, looked at the surging crowd in front of each of the booths and mournfully thought, “It cannot be that in the future, I will only be able to drive a taxi right?”

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[1] Short story: He spun in the air. Long story: Refers to Nezha’s wind and fire wheels. Verbatim from wikipedia “In the mythological story Fengshen Yanyi, the Immortal Taiyi gave Nezha a wind-wheel and a fire-wheel. These were stood on whilst chanting incantations, to serve as a magic vehicle.” [Click here to find out more about Wind and](#)

[fire wheels. Click here to find out more about Nezha](#)



[2] Tieguai Li – Short story: Man on a crutch. Long story: A person in Chinese folklore who always walked with an iron crutch. [Click here to find out more.](#) ☐

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### Chapter 3 Hao Meili

Once he thought of this result, Zhao Lingjun whose stomach was rumbling with hunger, lost all his recent zeal that he had when he was in the crowd dauntlessly rushing, annihilating anyone who stood in his way to submit his resume. If God obstructed he would even kill God, if Buddha interrupted he would also kill Buddha. Zhao Lingjun was quickly squeezed into a corner by those who had not lost hope and were charging towards the front of the lines.

Just when Zhao Lingjun looked up and sighed deeply, thinking that heaven was jealous of his talents, with his head full of thoughts of death, he noticed a barely noticeable booth banner near him. It was unexpectedly written with a big calligraphy brush, and it read “Hiring those whose field of study is thermal engineering, preferential treatment...”

For a split second, Zhao Lingjun felt that the signboard’s curvy words glowed dazzling and also seemed to be filled an indescribable power. This made him unknowingly head towards the sign.

Zhao Lingjun then heard that voice which would be eternally unforgettable, and the person’s face which was equally unforgettable.

“Fellow student, do you specialize in this field?” That sweet honey-like voice asked. Which gave Zhao Lingjun a feeling, like he just ate a pissing beef ball<sup>[1]</sup>, and was so intoxicated that he was going to ascend to the heavens above.

Only then did Zhao Lingjun raise his head.

If you had seen a film with the main character called Sing Ye, you would definitely remember a person called Baoya Zhen who played a small role and the red underwear of the tailor who practices the Iron Fist Technique. And if someone who looked like the 30 years old Baoya Zhen, wore like a 20 year old girl, used a arousing and suggestive wink, and stared at you. How would you

feel?<sup>[2]</sup>

Since Zhao Lingjun at the point of time felt his mind go hazy, he decided to completely shut-down. He did not even know how he sat down at the booth, how he handed over his resume, or how he answered her questions.

Only when they talked about wages, did he come to.

‘People die for wealth, bird dies for food.’<sup>[3]</sup> No matter what a person is suffering from, when it comes to money, they would be lucid for awhile.

“Our company’s benefits in the same industry are very generous.” On that day, Baoya Zhen told Zhao Lingjun. “Our new employees are paid 2,000 yuan monthly, this amount already exceeds the average pay of this year’s graduates by a large margin. Moreover, the company gives out bonuses on a monthly basis based on the overall profitability. Last year, we gave out bonuses every month. Some outstanding employees used only two years to buy a private car. The company offers many benefits, except for paying social security payments, we offer our employees a dormitory to live in. Our dormitories are not what you have in mind, unlike other companies, which squeeze a few people together, all of our staff can have one personal apartment. The apartment is even in an area with facilities. At the time our boss bought these apartments, the prices were nothing to scoff at.

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Listening to her sweet honey-like voice, Zhao Lingjun dazedly signed to the contract to sell himself off. Although this 2,000 yuan monthly wage could not be considered much, an apartment would be provided, and this condition was just too enticing. This was because in the city, renting a house at the very least cost 800 to 1,000 yuan. Furthermore, it was already said to be a personal apartment, even if he was to watch an A-film, or bring a women back, nobody could say otherwise. In addition, there was still the bonuses, there were people who even managed to buy a car in two years, Zhao Lingjun thought that if he still did not sign, it would really be a disgrace to the government.

After signing the contract to sell his body, the Baoya Zhen whom Zhao Lingjun looked at, was like an Angel which fell from the heavens above.

“If it was not for her, I reckoned that I would have to become a taxi driver.” Zhao Lingjun thought to himself as he left the hall.

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Baoya Zhen’s name was of course not Baoya Zhen, she had a name which when heard, coupled with her looks, made one go crazy and uncontrollably want to rush up on stage streaking – Hao Meili.<sup>[4]</sup>

Hao Meili was Zhao Lingjun’s department head for the company he signed, Meng Si Ni Environmental. All matters had to be processed by her, be it big or small. From recruiting new employees to buying toilet paper, she had to review them all.

Hao Meili had two subordinates, one was called Zhang Lin, the other was called Qin Xie. Looking at the number of subordinates, she didn’t have many.

But being in charge of a person, in a small 10 to 20 people company was already a very impressive feat, not to mention Hao Meili having two.

Although Hao Meili’s appearance made people remember The Ring<sup>[5]</sup>, but in the company she unthinkably had a fairly high status. Reportedly, her salary was 8,000 which was not too high and was around the same as the company’s deputy general manager.

Therefore on the first day of work, Zhao Lingjun felt that he looked up to Hao Meili, and should learn from her.

Zhao Lingjun felt that getting such a high salary with looks like hers, was all due to her personal ability. He decided to study diligently under her, taking a step forward each day, steadily work his way up, just like Hao Meili.

However, at times imagination is different from reality, after all there was still a large gap between them.

After finishing the employment procedures on the first day, Hao Meili brought Zhao Lingjun who was carrying many bags of different sizes to the employee dormitory.

What Hao Meili spoke of, was in fact true, the company’s dormitory was indeed in a vibrant and unique neighbourhood, with a unique and beautiful

scenery. At the gate of the neighbourhood, she pointed at a six storey building which from the outside looked decent. She then said, “This multi-storey building is our company’s dormitory. It has been wholly bought by our company and all who currently live inside are employees from our company.

After careful inspection, Zhao Lingjun found out that the place was called Hua Jing Yuan. The facilities and surroundings looked pretty good, other than the area being slightly desolate, and hard to access.

He estimated that buying a building in an area like this definitely required a fair amount of financial ability. Once he thought about this, Zhao Lingjun believed that he jumped onto the right boat.

However, when remembering the journey here, Zhao Lingjun was no longer as happy. The journey required changing buses twice, and took over an hour to finally reach the dormitory from the company.

Zhao Lingjun did not have many nicknames. In university, his only nickname was “late sleeper”. But from tomorrow onwards, his only nickname would be cruelly stripped from him.

Hao Meilei opened the door to room 401. What Zhao Lingjun saw blew him away. There were three rooms, two being bedrooms and one living room. Other than that, the apartment was furnished pretty nicely and was well-equipped.

“God!” Zhao Lingjun exclaimed as he did not expect such an apartment. He initially thought that at most it would be a small room with a toilet. However, what appeared before him was a fully furnished three room flat.

It seems that this year is a good one for me. In the evening, after unpacking Zhao Lingjun stood on the balcony and watched the sun setting across the western horizon. As he watched, he could not resist letting out a sigh.

He then realised that on the balcony next door, was a beautiful and quiet girl with long hair and big eyes.

Zhao Lingjun recognized this beauty. In fact, she was the first person he saw when he stepped into the office earlier today.

This woman had soft black hair, long eyelashes, a gentle and refined aura, and a slightly pale complexion. When first seen by Zhao Lingjun, she was holding a

cup of coffee. The coffee’s aroma and the faint steam coming from the cup had made him feel a little romantic.

It cannot be that she lives next door right? Zhao Lingjun was once again excited.

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[1] Pissing Beef Ball – Short story: Mouth watering beef balls. Long story: A reference to the movie The God of Cookery by Stephen Chow, where they combined two dishes into a new dish called pissing beef ball. [As for how awesome it tastes, watch this video.](#) [Find](#)

[out more about the show](#)



[2] The movie is Kungfu Hustle, if you haven’t watched it you should. [Click here to find out more.](#) Baoya Zhen is a character in the film, [Click here for her picture.](#) [View at your own discretion.](#)

[3] Chinese Idiom – People would do anything for money, be it fair or foul. Just like how a hungry bird would hunt its prey regardless of the dangers ahead.

[4] Hao Meili – 郝美丽, read Hao Mei Li, the surname Hao is pronounced the same as the word “very” in Chinese, and the given name Mei Li means pretty. So it is a play on words and can be interpreted as “very pretty”.

[5] [The Ring](#)

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## Chapter 4 Wu Xiaoye

Under the setting sun, this beautiful girl with long black hair, long eyelashes, and pouty lips, had an indescribably unique beauty.

Zhao Lingjun felt his mind wonder off into a daze when the golden rays of sunset reflected off the girl's pearl-white face.

Zhao Lingjun could guarantee that he had never met such a girl who made his soul stir so much.

This girl not only had Zhao Lingjun's most sought after feature, an oval face; she also had a gentle and soft temperament, and a slightly pale-white face. These features would easily charm a person into courageously pulling her into their embrace and cherishing her.

Zhao Lingjun knew that her name was Wu Xiaoye.

He had used a pack of cigarettes earlier to find out her name.

\*

"Big bro, can I ask you something?" Zhao Lingjun remembered the encounter in the morning when he asked for her name.

"Haha, no problem! One pack of cigarettes would suffice."

"How could it be? You haven't even asked what I wanted to ask and you immediately asked for a pack of cigarettes." No matter how Zhao Lingjun looked at it, this worker who looked good natured was akin to a sinister and ruthless murderer.

"Don't you want to ask about that girl?" The good natured looking worker smiled and replied.

"How did you know? Are you a fortune teller?" Zhao Lingjun jumped in fright and felt that this guy was too mysterious.



“I’m not a fortune teller. It’s just that the first thing every new employee would enquire about would be about her.” He smiled, “But you found the correct person this time. I’m called Bao Longxing, nicknamed Bao Dating.<sup>[1]</sup> In the whole building, there isn’t one thing that I don’t know of.”

\*

Wu Xiaoye was indeed a very unique girl.

It was said that she did not use any make-up, and did not eat anything with MSG inside. However she loved aromatic coffee. She also liked to use silver utensils. Also each month, she would always take a few days off. What she does or where she went was unclear.

It is rumoured that she graduated from a foreign university with a masters. However when asked of her field of study, she would remain tight lipped. She is the financial assistant of the company. Something unimaginable would be, her primary job scope of chasing after debts. This is because she is usually very quiet in the office, with few words spoken. What was even more surprising was that she rarely failed to collect the debt.

However there was something even more peculiar about Wu Xiaoye; the timing to collect debts was micro-managed by her. If she said to go, we would have to go.

Perhaps it was because Wu Xiaoye’s performance was extraordinary, but nobody dared to bother her. Therefore nobody would disturb her, even if most of her time in the office was spent drinking coffee, reading books and newspapers.

\*

“Hello.” Zhao Lingjun enthusiastically greeted Wu Xiaoye on the adjacent balcony. Zhao Lingjun had a favourable impression of this girl.

“Hello.” She replied, surprised to see him on the adjacent balcony. “You are the the new employee from this morning right? You live next door?”

“Yes, haha.” Zhao Lingjun laughed. “Wu Xiaoye, my name is Zhao Lingjun. In the future, please take good care of me.”

“Haha.” Wu Xiaoye blinked and laughed, her long eyelashes quivered as she laughed. “How did you know my name is Wu Xiaoye?”

“It’s a secret.” Zhao Lingjun grinned, “If you tell me what you’re looking at, I’ll tell you how I know your name.”

“Haha.” Wu Xiaoye laughed, then silently looked at Zhao Lingjun for a moment. Just as he felt the atmosphere become a little stiff, she smiled and replied, “It was Bao Longxing who told you right?”

“How did you know?” Stunned, Zhao Lingjun queried.

“I guessed.” Wu Xiaoye beamed.

“What a good guess!” Zhao Lingjun then asked, “Then could you tell me what you’re looking at?”

“You take a guess too!” Wu Xiaoye responded.

Zhao Lingjun took a look, and saw the sky filled with innumerable rays of the warm setting sun. He also saw the desolate plains just outside of the neighbourhood. He even saw a person driving an electric car speedily back to his own building.

“Are you watching the sunset?” Zhao Lingjun grinned, “I doubt you would be looking at the electric car right?”

“Haha. You guessed wrong.” Wu Xiaoye smiled and answered. “I am just looking at the weather.”

“Looking at the weather?” Zhao Lingjun puzzlingly asked.

“Yes. The weather forecast for tomorrow will be clear skies.” Wu Xiaoye glanced at him and said, “However, I keep thinking that it will rain tomorrow. Therefore I am considering whether to dry my clothes outside.”

“It will rain tomorrow?” Zhao Lingjun looked at the setting sun, at the cloudless sky, and could not help but chuckle. “The weather forecast is hardly wrong. The weather currently looks so good, it most likely wouldn’t rain tomorrow.”

“Haha, that may be so. But I have decided to dry them inside the house.” Wu Xiaoye smiled, and waved her pale white hands at Zhao Lingjun, “I’m going in

now, see you tomorrow.”

“See you tomorrow.” That night, Zhao Lingjun kept dreaming of Wu Xiaoye’s pure white hands waving at him, and saying, “See you tomorrow.”

Still in a daze, Zhao Lingjun knew that he was dreaming, but nevertheless wanted it to continue. At dawn, Zhao Lingjun was awoken by a sudden loud crackling.

He opened the curtains to take a look, and was stunned.

It was raining outside, and it was a big storm.

\*

Zhao Lingjun paced along his corridor for a long time. When he was in university, he never brought any sort of rainwear with him. If it was raining when he ended class, he would dash back to his dormitory in the rain. At most he would have to take a bath and change his clothes. Besides, in university, losing an umbrella was faster than buying one.

But right now, looking at the heavy rain outside, Zhao Lingjun was stumped. Although going from the building to the bus stop was not too far, but running there in this rain would only result in being drenched to the skin.

“For you.” Just as Zhao Lingjun was wallowing in distress, he heard footsteps from behind. He turned and saw Wu Xiaoye passing him an umbrella. Zhao Lingjun felt a great surge of relief.

“Thank you!” After recovering from his euphoric daze, he realized that Wu Xiaoye had already lifted up a black umbrella with peculiar gold patterns, and walked quite a distance away. “How did you know I didn’t have an umbrella?” He shouted.

“You’re welcome.” Her far-off voice was heard. “I guessed.”

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[1] Bao Dating – 包打听, read Bao Da Ting, Bao is his surname (family name), Da Ting his

nickname means to enquire about, and can be seen as nosy.

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## Chapter 5 Zhang Changsheng

While still dazed, Zhao Lingjun suddenly felt that something was not quite right.

Zhao Lingjun apparently thought that although the rain was falling, it was not pouring directly onto Wu Xiaoye's umbrella. The silver like rain appeared to flutter around Wu Xiaoye before quietly dripping around her, and not on the umbrella itself. Also her umbrella's bizarre golden patterns seemed to flow incessantly, leaving behind a myriad of colours.

From afar, Wu Xiaoye dressed in a brown maxi-dress, coupled with her black hair dancing in the wind looked like a spirit wandering in the rain. Zhao Lingjun became entranced after looking at her for a short moment.

"Hey, you're new here right?" A voice interrupted Zhao Lingjun's train of thought. "How is it? Little Ye<sup>[1]</sup> is pretty right?"

Zhao Lingjun was startled by the sudden voice from behind, he turned his head and saw a heavily bearded man standing behind him.

"Uncle, who are you?" Zhao Lingjun embarrassedly scratched his head and said, "Sorry, I'm a new employee and just joined yesterday. May I know which department you're from?"

"Uncle? You called me uncle?" The bearded man stared incredulously at Zhao Lingjun, until his eyeballs almost popped out.

As a result, Zhao Lingjun hurriedly took another careful look at this bearded man. The bearded man had a head full of short spiky hair, wore a pair of black framed spectacles, a fully bearded face almost akin to an unsullied lush forest. His faded denim short-sleeved shirt was already worn down to the bare threads. He did not look very tall, but had a well proportioned body. In his hands, was a very old fashioned black cloth umbrella. What caught Zhao Lingjun's eyes the

most were his hands, they were very white, and his fingers were slender but powerful looking. Seeing the pair of hands, Zhao Lingjun unknowingly thought of a piano artist. Zhao Lingjun had the notion that the pair of hands could start dancing like upon a piano at anytime. He did not even know why he had such a feeling.

“He doesn’t look very old. Could it be that calling him Uncle wasn’t enough?” Zhao Lingjun thought to himself before shouting, “Elder...”

*Crash* The bearded man nearly fainted on the spot. After a long moment, he then spoke with a trembling voice, “It can’t be that I look that old right?”

At this moment, Zhao Lingjun knew that he had made an earth shaking mistake.

“Haha, you don’t, you don’t. You look very young! I was only joking with you.” Zhao Lingjun quickly corrected himself while carefully studying the bearded man’s expression. Upon seeing the bearded man’s moody expression lighten, Zhao Lingjun internally said, “You are indeed a smart kid.”

“You graduated at most a year ago right?” Zhao Lingjun asked.

“Haha, my name is Zhang Changsheng.” He extended his hand towards Zhao Lingjun and replied, “I graduated two years ago.”

“Nice to meet you.” Zhao Lingjun also stretched his hand out and shook hands with this guy called Zhang Changsheng. Zhao Lingjun then repeated the question that was left unanswered, “Which department are you from?”

“I’m from the research and development department.” Zhang Changsheng replied.

This time it was Zhao Lingjun’s turn to almost faint on the spot.

“I’m also from the research and development department.” Zhao Lingjun exclaimed, “What a coincidence! I started working yesterday, why didn’t I see you?”

After Zhang Changsheng stared blankly for a moment, he smiled. “I went out to run some errands yesterday. I had heard we were employing someone, but I didn’t expect that it would be you!”

“Haha. It would be this little brother here.” Zhao Lingjun replied.

“I really didn’t expect it.” Zhang Changsheng said.

After a minute, they were very intimate and friendly like they had been friends for many years.

Only after getting acquainted with each other, did Zhang Changsheng push the pair of gigantic presbyopia looking black framed glasses up his nose bridge, put on a lewd smile, and ask the question from before, “So how is it? Little Ye is very pretty isn’t she.”

“That... I was just looking at whether the rain was heavy, and deciding whether I should turn back to change into a pair of more water resistant shoes.” Zhao Lingjun with a red face stuttered, “I... I...I wasn’t looking at Wu Xiaoye.”

“Hehe. Just admit it. I saw you staring cross-eyed at her silhouette.” Zhang Changsheng said.

“I...”

“Hehe. If you saw it just say you saw it, it isn’t something to be embarrassed about.” Zhang Chengshen said. “Actually every new employee, upon seeing Wu Xiaoye would be just like you.”

“Really? Then my behaviour would be considered normal?” Zhao Lingjun only then felt that his face was no longer quite as flushed.

“It’s normal.” Zhang Changsheng laughed. He then looked at Wu Xiaoye’s behind in the distance and said, “That year when I first joined, I was the same as you. But...”

“But what?” Zhao Lingjun hurriedly urged.

“You will know what happened in good time.” Zhang Changsheng teased. “Wu Xiaoye is nicknamed “Beautiful Ice Queen” by our company, she is cold and indifferent towards everyone.”

“It can’t be.” Zhao Lingjun said, “I just chatted with her. She doesn’t seem like what you make her out to be.”

“That’s why I find it very weird.” Zhang Changsheng looked at Zhao Lingjun and smiled, “It’s the first time that I’ve seen her chat so happily with a guy. In

addition, when I was coming down, I even saw her give you an umbrella. Am I right?"

"Yup, she did." Zhao Lingjun gripped the umbrella in his left hand, feeling the boundless warmth.

"Hehe." Zhang Changsheng looked at him once again and smiled. "Looks like in her eyes, you're a little special. But..."

"But what?" Zhao Lingjun hurriedly urged once again.

"But giving an umbrella isn't too good. Couples shouldn't gift umbrellas to each other." Zhang Changsheng said.

Zhao Lingjun looked at the umbrella in his hands, then looked at the drizzle outside, and was in two minds.

"Walk quickly." Zhang Changsheng did not pay any attention to Zhao Lingjun's complex state of mind and said, "If you don't start walking, you'll be late."

"Hai... Everything here is good, other than the distance from the company." Zhao Lingjun lamented after they both of the walked out into the rain.

"You really feel that this place is good? Zhang Changsheng asked strangely.

"Yup! The neighbourhood's environment and apartment furnishing are both decent. We can even have our own apartments. Nowadays this kind of dormitory is very hard to get. The only fault would be that the area is a little dull." Zhao Lingjun replied.

"Dull?" Zhang Changsheng laughed. "Don't tell me that you didn't notice it. Other than our single building having more people, the other buildings on a whole don't have that many people."

"What? Why?" Zhao Lingjun was stunned. At this moment, the previous afternoon's events flashed through his mind. When he was on the balcony looking at the sunset, the neighbourhood really did not seem to have many people returning home.

"Heh heh, because this area was initially a messy graveyard." Zhang Changsheng smiled, and pointed towards a temple-like building in the distance. "Do you see that building? That is a church, around it are the remains excavated



from here. This place is rumoured to be a burial ground for those sentenced to death.”

“Wait...” Before Zhang Changsheng could finish, Zhao Lingjun interrupted him. “You said that this was a burial site, then why is such a nice neighbourhood constructed here? Why did our company still buy a building here?”

“Heh heh.” Zhang Changsheng smiled, and said, “When buying the plot of land the developer didn’t know of this. Only when they were excavating, did they realise that they were scammed. Afterwards, the developer used many different means to hide the fact that the area was a graveyard. At the time, our boss bought the building before knowing the full details. We believe that he quickly bought it with the intention to rent out one storey to earn a large sum of money. This was because at the start, the prices was quite a fair bit lower than the surrounding areas. Later on, when the news of it being a graveyard was leaked, the prices crashed. In the end the boss could only look at the investment go down the drain.”

“You mean that this dormitory was the worthless building the boss bought?” Zhao Lingjun smelled a faint scent of conspiracy floating around and questioned, “You said that the developers suppressed the information, then how did it get spread?”

“Heh heh.” Zhang Changsheng looked at Zhao Lingjun, and did not answer his question. But instead asked one of his own, “Are you scared of ghosts?”

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[1] Little Ye – Form of endearment for Wu Xiaoye.

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## Chapter 6 Ghosts?

“Ghosts?” What Zhao Lingjun really wanted to say was, a real man would not be scared of some ghost. But decided otherwise after thinking of the many Hong Kong films that featured a female ghost dressed in red, with blood flowing out of her eyes, and a hanging tongue, staring vehemently from either outside the window or in the mirror. Then when the clock strikes midnight, she would crawl out from the TV similar to how a dog crawled. Although deep inside, Zhao Lingjun was a little worried, the two words “Not afraid” had already left his mouth.

Looking at Zhao Lingjun’s reactions, Zhang Changsheng smiled and said, “Looks like you’re quite honest, but I’m also a little embarrassed to have lied to you. The reason why the developer could no longer suppress it was because the area wasn’t peaceful after they started construction.”

“Not peaceful?” Zhao Lingjun suddenly felt a gush of chilly breeze blow past him.

“Yes. After construction started, many weird things started occurring. For example, the construction workers would often hear a person speaking from outside when it turned dark. Soon after the construction started, many construction related injuries occurred. Afterwards, during the day a worker kept saying that he saw supernatural things at night like a man possessed.” Zhang Changsheng went on, “In the end when the compound was completed, the new tenants also heard ghostly noises at night. Slowly but surely word got out that this place used to be a graveyard, and from then on it spread tantamount to wildfire.”

“What? The price fell? Not many people continued living here? The boss’s building can’t be sold out and was rotting away? He could only give it to us as a dormitory?” Zhao Lingjun grew more and more wary of this place. “But

somehow I slept very well yesterday, and didn't hear any strange sounds."

"What you have said is all correct. However, under a lot of pressure, the developer had no choice but to hire a grandmaster to exorcise the area. From thereafter, not a single strange thing occurred again." Zhang Changsheng said. "But because the reputation of it being haunted was so widespread, not many people dared to live here."

Zhao Lingjun looked at Zhang Changsheng and wanted to cry but had no tears, who would have expected this company's dormitory was the boss's unsellable haunted house.

Not far from the Church, when leaving the compound's gate in the heavy rain, Zhao Lingjun while deep in thought, thought that the three words "Hua Jing Yuan" at the gates became "Lan Re Si". [\[1\]](#)

Once Zhao Lingjun thought of his apartment having dismembered bodies under it in the past, once he thought of the place possibly suppressing a perverted demon, Zhao Lingjun's enthusiasm on the first day of work had dissipated. But when they reached the distant bus stop, Zhao Lingjun almost fell with a loud crash and slipped into a comatose state again.

On the platform, there were a lot of people squeezed in like sardines. This made Zhao Lingjun recall the days of standing on that old and dilapidated platform to get to school. He was stumped about how a Lan Re Si like area had so many people waiting here for the bus.

Zhang Changsheng greeted a number of people in the crowd. It appeared that many people were from the same company as them. Zhao Lingjun on the other hand was trying to look for Wu Xiaoye to no avail. It looks like during the short moment, Wu Xiaoye had already boarded another bus and left.

After taking a look at the cramped platform, Zhao Lingjun was concerned for the delicate Wu Xiaoye. It's definitely miserable for a delicate girl like her to squeeze on the bus everyday. He decided that if he bought a car, he would drive her to work for free daily. While waiting for the bus, the first thing Zhao Lingjun thought of was still Wu Xiaoye.

After using all his strength to squeeze into the bus, Zhao Lingjun depressingly

asked, “Why does this haunted place have so many people? Yesterday, when coming here with Hao Meili, there was not so many people. You even said earlier that not many people lived here.”

“It’s not that this place has many people, it’s just that few buses come here.” Zhang Changsheng went on, “Yesterday when you came back, it wasn’t rush hour yet, therefore there were fewer people.”

“It can’t be. If few buses come here, how did Wu Xiaoye disappear?” Baffled, Zhao Lingjun asked.

“Haha. You’re still thinking of Wu Xiaoye?” Zhang Changsheng laughed. “I forgot to tell you, but this bus stop has another peculiarity. Other than the buses being few, the timing of the buses are inaccurate. Sometimes two would come consecutively, other times even after waiting for half an hour, not even one bus would arrive. Therefore I don’t usually take the bus.”

“What!? You have already bought a car?” Zhao Lingjun at this moment suddenly recalled Hao Meili telling him that the company paid very well, and some colleagues could even buy a car in just two years. He immediately felt eager.

“Yup.” Zhang Changsheng replied.

“Then why are you not driving today?” Zhao Lingjun curiously asked.

“How would I drive? The rain is so heavy.” Zhang Changsheng said. “If I were to drive to the office, wouldn’t I get drenched to death?”

“Drenched to death?” Zhao Lingjun only then felt that something was not quite right. “What kind of car do you drive?”<sup>[2]</sup>

“I drive an electric car.” Zhang Changsheng looked strangely at Zhao Lingjun like he was stupid or something and said, “What other kind of car could I have?”

*Splash* Zhao Lingjun rolled his eyes and nearly fainted. “It couldn’t be that the electric car driving in I saw from the balcony yesterday is yours?”

“It’s highly likely.” Zhang Changsheng replied. “Other people generally take the bus to work, other than Baoya Zhen and Fatty Zhang<sup>[3]</sup>. In our company, other than the boss, only the two of them bought cars. Also the boss doesn’t live

here.”

“What? What did you say?” Shocked, Zhao Lingjun questioned. “Only those few people bought a car? Then why did Hao Meili tell me that some employees bought a car in just two years?”

“Haha.” Zhang Changsheng laughed until tears nearly fell. “You can even believe Baoya Zhen’s words? Isn’t the person who bought a car in two years me?”

“Electric car?” Zhao Lingjun almost fainted again.

\*

After suffering two blows in succession, Zhao Lingjun sensed that everything was just like a dream. Holding onto his last hope, he asked, “Then how well does the company pay? Do you get bonuses each month?”

“Pay? Each person’s pay is different. How much did she quote you?” Zhang Changsheng replied with a question of his own.

“2,000.” Zhao Lingjun replied.

“Is that before or after tax? Was it after deducting social security<sup>[4]</sup> payments or before?”

“This... I’m not too sure.” Zhao Lingjun looked at Zhang Changsheng and asked, “Is there any difference?”

“Of course there’s a difference!” Zhang Changsheng looked pitifully at Zhao Lingjun and said, “If the contract for 2,000 is after tax and social security payments, then I congratulate you. Your pay in comparison with last year’s new employees is considered high. However if it is before tax and social security payments, then I pity you.”

“...” Zhao Lingjun felt his whole body turn cold. “Then what is the difference between these two scenarios? How much is it?”

“If you deduct taxes and social security payments from the 2,000, the take home pay of 1,500 would already be considered on the high side. No matter what, it would be different by about 400 to 500.”

“...” Zhao Lingjun was completely stunned and could not speak a word.

However he desperately held on onto his last bit of hope. “Then how about the bonuses? Is it true that there would be monthly bonuses?”

“Bonus?” Zhang Changsheng laughed hysterically and almost fell on his butt.

“Now what?” Zhao Lingjun asked dispiritedly. “Is there no bonus?”

“There is, there is, why wouldn’t there be.” Zhang Changsheng laughed.

“Then why are you laughing so hysterically.” Puzzled, Zhao Lingjun asked.

“You’re laughing in a really frightening manner.”

“How would you feel if I told you that the monthly bonus did not exceed 100, and can go as low as 50 on bad months.” Zhang Changsheng said.

“I...” Zhao Lingjun could only feel his head exploding. All his hopes and dreams were crushed, just like the child blowing bubbles. It seemed like a person popped up in his consciousness and laughed maniacally, “Hahahaha, your money, your beauties, your future, are all mine, mine, mine!”

Zhao Lingjun quickly held the handrail tightly, steadied himself, managing to prevent himself from falling to the ground.

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[1] Lan Re Si – Is a reference to a ghost temple the film A Chinese Ghost Story. [Click here](#)

[to find out more.](#)



[2] Khuja: He’s definitely not the brightest bulb... ☐

[3] Fatty Zhang – Referring to Zhang Zhong, Manager Zhang. It’s just a nickname for him.

Baoya Zhen – If you forgot it’s Hao Meili’s nickname. ☐

[4] Social Security – It’s used in mainland China as the most basic form of welfare for workers. Of course the workers have to pay a sum each month. [Click here to find out more. I couldn’t obtain an English link for it but it’s pretty understandable with google translate.](#)

Khuja: In the States we have required taxes, social security is one of them, it’s used as a form of income once you retire/hit a certain age usually like 65. But it’s not very much. Example: Hubby’s checks are usually about 2k, bring home is 1200. But we have many taxes and insurances. ☐

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## Chapter 7 Numberless Elevator

Zhao Lingjun and Zhang Changsheng along with their colleagues walked through muddy puddles, and finally arrived at the office ground floor. At the ground floor, Zhao Lingjun saw a red Volkswagen Polo and a black Honda parked in the carpark.

*Pui* Zhao Lingjun noticed a person loathingly spit a mouthful of saliva in the general direction of the two cars.

Afterwhich, Zhao Lingjun saw another person patiently scrape the mud covering his shoes off on the rims of the car.

“This... What are they doing?” Zhao Lingjun whispered. “It doesn’t seem too good.”

“It’s nothing. In the future you will get used to it.” Zhang Changsheng replied. “These two cars are owned by Baoya Zhen and Fatty Zhang. Those people have suffered a lot from them.”

Zhang Changsheng motioned towards a young man wearing a short-sleeves shirt and said, “Do you see that guy who spit towards the car? His name is Lin Yiren, and is responsible for client relations. He was conned into joining the company by Baoya Zhen using a 1,800 yuan salary. Furthermore, that 1,800 was before taxes and social security payments.”

“That person who smeared mud on Fatty Zhang’s Honda, is called Xiao Ping. He is in the marketing department. Because he was late by just two minutes, Fatty Zhang tattled on him, resulting in him receiving no pay for a whole month.” Then Zhang Changsheng motioned towards another person, a young man dressed in sportswear, and continued, “If I didn’t stop him previously, he would have already punctured Fatty Zhang’s tires with a nail.”

“Then since they are so unhappy, why don’t they just jump ship?” Zhao Lingjun felt that the company was becoming more and more shady.

“Jump ship? Ha Ha Ha.” When walking into the lift, a person from behind had overheard their conversation and laughed wryly three times.

Zhao Lingjun turned back, and noticed that the person who had laughed was precisely the same person Zhang Changsheng had just talked about, the one who was baited by Hao Meili into joining the company using a salary of 1,800.

Lin Yiren’s laughter caused Zhao Lingjun’s hair to stand on end, and turned his blood cold. Zhao Lingjun could not resist asking Lin Yiren, “Fellow colleague, what are you laughing at? Isn’t jumping ship very easy now?”

“Easy?” Ha Ha Ha.” This time it wasn’t Lin Yiren, but the person beside him. It was the person wearing unknown brand sportswear, Xiao Ping. He also couldn’t help but to ambivalently laugh as well.

“What is wrong with both of you? Is what I said wrong?” Zhao Lingjun looked at the person’s slightly bulging belly, and it was apparent that he had a beer belly. He was short and fat but wore unknown brand sportswear. This person was none other than Xiao Ping. Zhao Lingjun wanted to laugh but could not laugh.

“Very soon you will understand.” At this moment, everyone in the lift smiled strangely at Zhao Lingjun.

All the strange smiles directed at him made Zhao Lingjun’s scalp tingle. For no reason, he recalled a horror film he saw a long time ago. In the film, there was a person who played a minor role slated to be killed. Just before his death, he was also in a lift with many people giving him strange smiles. Once the lift started to move, he felt that the lift was ascending but when he took a look at the display, the numbers were decreasing instead. When the lift finally stopped at the nonexistent -18th floor, he waited for the doors to open before walking out while trembling in fear. However, upon exiting, he fell to his death. It turned out that the lift stopped in midair.<sup>[1]</sup>

Once he recalled that guy’s gory death and his mutilated remains, Zhao Lingjun was chilled to the bone. He could not help but stare intensely at the changing



numbers on the elevator display.

While staring at the number increasing, Zhao Lingjun remembered his trip to the office with Hao Meili yesterday. He had followed blindly behind her and did not pay attention to which floor the office was on. If he had come alone today, he would have to make a phone call to ask which floor it is on. That would just be too embarrassing.

Therefore, Zhao Lingjun turned his head to look at which floor his colleagues pressed.

However, what he saw almost turned his legs into jelly, and frightened him to death.

Those who had ridden an elevator before would know that after entering, you would press the corresponding button to the floor you want to go to. That pushed button would then be lit up until the elevator reached the floor.

Although it was Zhao Lingjun's first official day of work, but he had used this kind of elevator multiple times before. He even had deep impression of an elevator advertisement, this was because the advertisement's slogan was "The pleasure of going up and down, up and down, in and out, in and out." Therefore Zhao Lingjun would not forget about it. However, right now other than him feeling chilled all over, he could not feel any pleasure of sort. This was because, the button that was lit did not have a floor number.

That button was glowing an eerie bright red, and it was as clean as a mahjong tile's white area. Don't tell me that after leaving that place, I've encountered a... Zhao Lingjun dare not continue this trail of thought, and also did not dare to turn his head towards his strangely smiling colleagues.

At this moment, the lift made a sound and stopped. The door opened and before Zhao Lingjun was a pitch black darkness.

"As expected, it's like this." Zhao Lingjun's heart jumped, and nearly stopped pulsing.

"Move, why are you standing there staring blankly?" Zhao Lingjun heard a person say from behind.

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I, Zhao Lingjun, in my whole life have not done any atrocities, I'm even a virgin still. Don't tell me that I really have to cut my life short doing such a life threatening thing? Zhao Lingjun looked at the void abyss out the door, and woefully thought. He felt that if he took a step out, he would definitely end up like that guy in the film, falling to his death and turning into a gruesome pile of remains. Zhao Lingjun really wanted to turn his head and shout loudly, "I don't want! I don't want to go!"

But at this exact moment, he gained a sudden surge of courage, and involuntarily took a step forward.

"What's wrong with this little brother? Why is he spacing out at the door?" Before he was compelled to take a step forward, he had heard a person say this from behind.

"It looks like my little life, this time is gone. They should just push me down." Zhao Lingjun depressingly thought, and let out a miserable, blood-curdling scream. "AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH."

But before he could finish screaming, he realised that reality was not what he had expected.

The feeling from under his foot, told him that he was stepping on a firm and solid floor.

"What is happening? Could it be that they let me off?" Zhao Lingjun astonishingly turned his head to see the group of people behind, all giving him a "Are you a fool?" kind of look. [\[2\]](#)

After that Zhao Lingjun heard a "fwip" sound, suddenly the place lit up. He turned around and noticed Xiao Ping's hand moving away from a switch on the wall.

"He is probably afraid of the dark." Another person said. "Baoya Zhen and Fatty Zhang always does this. After walking by, they would switch off the light using the switch at the other end. Must they even save this little bit of electricity?"

"Precisely! If we knew this earlier, we should have installed a voice-activated light." Zhang Changsheng also chimed in. He then smiled faintly at Zhao Lingjun,

“Although the corridor is slightly darker on a cloudy day, even then you shouldn’t have such an adverse reaction right?”

“I...” What Zhao Lingjun actually wanted to say, was “I thought you guys were evil spirits.” But he discerned that everyone would be under the impression that he was a crazy person and could only shamefully say, “I have been afraid of the dark since I was young.”

“Oh, then stand towards the middle next time.” The sportswear clad Xiao Ping patted Zhao Lingjun’s shoulder before speaking to the group, “Being afraid of the dark is normal. For example, Andy Lau is still scared of rats. But you don’t have to be afraid, next time we will help you switch on the lights.”

“Thank you, Big Brother Xiao<sup>[3]</sup>.” Looking at Xiao Ping’s protruding little belly, Zhao Lingjun wanted to cry but had no tears. In this wanting to cry but had no tears state, Zhao Lingjun still managed to remember an important question, and asked Xiao Ping, “Exactly which floor is our company on? I didn’t notice which floor was pressed earlier.”

“Our company is on the 14th floor.” Xiao Ping replied.

“Then...” Zhao Lingjun paused before continuing on, “Then why did the lit up button I saw earlier not have any floor number?”

“Oh... That’s because our boss thought the number 14 was not auspicious, and hired people to remove it.” Xiao Ping went on, “Therefore next time you just have to press the button without a number.”

“Since the boss thinks that the number 14 is so inauspicious, why did he still make it the company’s office?” Zhao Lingjun depressingly asked.

“Oh. It’s because the 14th floor was the cheapest floor of the whole building.” Zhang Changsheng said.

“...” Zhao Lingjun was once again speechless.

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[1] Does anyone recognize this movie? If so drop a comment below.

[2] Fallen: Que Khuja’s this guy is really not the brightest lightbulb

Khuja: Yup... Worse than I thought.



[3] Big Brother Xiao – Form of endearment for that Xiao Ping guy.



## Chapter 8 Poke your hole?

Zhang Changsheng brought Zhao Lingjun to a door with a research and development sign. Upon opening the door, Zhao Lingjun noticed that the place was a mess. There were two desks, both equipped with a computer and a pile of random things strewn all over it. Zhang Changsheng then pointed and said, "That will be your seat."

The table Zhang Changsheng pointed at was precisely one of those tables.

"This is our research and development department's office?" Zhao Lingjun stared with disbelief at the dump of a room.

"Yup." Zhang Changsheng half-sat on the other table's chair, expertly opened a cup of instant noodles, and poured boiling water in while replying to Zhao Lingjun.

"Then where do the rest of the research and development employees work at?" Zhao Lingjun asked while wiping the dust off his chair.

"What other people?" Zhang Changsheng looked at him in confusion and said, "The research and development department only consists of the two of us."

"What?!" Zhao Lingjun, unable to believe it, he repeated, "The research and development department only has the two of us?"

"Yup." Zhang Changsheng replied. "Why? Do you have any problems with it?"

"Nope, I don't have any problems." Zhao Lingjun managed to calm himself down with difficulty, and stop himself from falling in shock. "But I would like to say two words."

"What words? Zhang Changsheng asked.

"F\*ck this!" Zhao Lingjun exclaimed.

“Heh heh.” Zhang Changsheng suddenly burst into laughter.

“What are you laughing at?” Zhao Lingjun gloomily eyed Zhang Changsheng, who was laughing like a maniac.

“Heh heh.” Zhang Changsheng said in between bursts of laughter, “Actually, every department’s new employee said the same thing.

“...” Zhao Lingjun was utterly speechless, and after great difficulty managed to gasp a breath of air. He then croaked, “Where is Baoya Zhen’s office? I want to look for her.”

“The second last room on the left... Haha.” Before Zhang Changsheng could finish, he laughed again.

“Why are you laughing again?” Zhao Lingjun gloomily looked at him.

“Oh, because every new employee’s second sentence was exactly that same sentence.” Zhang Changsheng grinned at him.

\*

\*knock knock knock\* Looking at the door with engraving ‘Public Affairs Department’, Zhao Lingjun had the impulse to kick the door open. However, after taking a deep breath, he decided against it and knocked three times very politely.

“Please enter.” Once he heard that sweet voice, Zhao Lingjun knew that Hao Meili, otherwise known as Baoya Zhen was inside.

When Hao Meili saw Zhao Lingjun enter, she was not surprised in the least.

Hao Meili just motioned towards the sofa at the side, and “charmingly” smiled, “Come sit, Xiao Zhao<sup>[1]</sup>.”

Hao Meili as before was dressed like a 20 year old girl, and appeared exactly the same as when they first met.

The only difference was, when Zhao Lingjun first saw her, he felt slightly dazed. But the Zhao Lingjun right now, could not help but feel nauseas in her presence.

“Do you have any questions?” Hao Meili directed this question at Zhao Lingjun when he sat down.

“It’s nothing serious.” Zhao Lingjun looked at Hao Meili who was painting her nails and said, “I just wanted to ask if my monthly pay of 2,000 yuan is net of tax or before deducting it.

\*

“It’s before deducting tax.”

The answer she gave him on that day had caused Zhao Lingjun to summon all his courage in an endeavour to stick a pitchfork into the woman before him. This woman had worn a translucent nightie, and it was so translucent that he could even see her red panties inside. Not only could he see her red panties, but he could see her matching red bra as well, just like Baoya Zhen from the movie.

On that day, Zhao Lingjun had really wanted to kill her. But sadly in her office, there were her two subordinates, Zhang Lin and Qin Ye who served as deterrents. Only afterwards, was Zhao Lingjun glad that he did not try anything funny in the office. He had found out that her two subordinates, Zhang Lin and Qin Ye were dubbed as her Hengha Er Jiang.<sup>[2]</sup> Although these two normally did nothing work related, but they would follow Hao Meili’s each and every command like a guard dog.

At the time, if Zhao Lingjun had really wanted to make his move, the two lackeys would have definitely lifted him up and thrown him down from the 14-storey window.

“Which hole would you like me to poke<sup>[3]</sup>?” Zhao Lingjun wanted to laugh at this woman dressed like a 20 year old girl in multiple vibrant colours as before. However, he sighed inwardly, sometimes time really changes a person. Compared to the me from a year ago, the fresh grad, hearing my colleagues’ dirty jokes would have made me flush up to my ears. But the me right now, am impervious to such things. But time was just useless on Hao Meili, leaving behind no traces of change. Even after many years, I’m sure she would still dress just like a 20 year old girl.

“What other hole is there? My toilet bowl’s hole of course.” Hao Meili replied. “I don’t know how it got clogged.”

“F\*ck! What does that hole of yours being clogged have to do with me!” Zhao

Lingjun sneered. “Don’t tell me that even if you threw sanitary napkins into the toilet bowl and clogged it, you would still want me to go and poke it?”

Zhao Lingjun desired to say “Sorry, no matter which hole it is, I don’t have any interest in helping you poke it.” But at this moment, he saw Wu Xiaoye in the crowd.

She wore a normal black dress, quietly standing with the crowd of colleagues.

Zhao Lingjun was perplexed, why would Wu Xiaoye be here? In fact, every time he saw her, he would feel an incomprehensible emotion.

Just like on that day when Hao Meili told him that his salary was before tax. She had retrieved his contract, before throwing it at him, and telling him the termination fee. Zhao Lingjun had first wanted to sneer sarcastically at her before throwing the contract back at her face, then pat his bum and leave.

Although Zhao Lingjun was a poor student, and could not afford to breach the contract and pay the fees. However, he would rather remain stubborn than bend his waist and submit. Zhao Lingjun was definitely not like Xiao Ping or Lin Yiren and would accept a compromise. At the time, even if he had to take a loan to raise a civil action against Hao Meili, he would not stay on.

But right at that moment, Wu Xiaoye appeared at the department’s door.

She was there just to obtain approval for some felt pens, and when she saw Zhao Lingjun, she smiled demurely at him.

It was because of this, that Zhao Lingjun changed his decision.

When he had hurried out of Hao Meili’s office, all the employees believed that he was like Xiao Ping, and was pressured by Hao Meili into unwillingly stay on. But only Zhao Lingjun himself knew his reason for staying on. Not only was he unafraid of Hao Meili and breaching the contract, he had even chosen to stay on voluntarily, and it was just because of one person, Wu Xiaoye.

\*

When he saw Wu Xiaoye in the crowd, he was too embarrassed to use vulgar words.

He then forced a smile and said, “Don’t tell me that so many people called me



out just to help you unclog your toilet bowl?”

[1] Xiao Zhao – As like the rest, term of endearment for Zhao Lingjun. This is getting old. I think I will stop putting footnotes for term of endearments unless it is super



confusing.

[2] Hengha Er Jiang – Short story: Her two guard dogs. Long story: Refers to the two deity guardians, guarding the Buddhist temple in Chinese folklore. In Chinese Taoism, the two deities are called Zheng Lun and Chen Qi. The wikipedia page is slightly wrong about the naming. [Click here to find out more.](#)

[3] Poke – Is an innuendo way back from the first chapter before the flashback. It has two meanings, one being unclog, the other well you know >.> <.<

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## Chapter 9 Choiceless

“Her toilet is not the only one clogged.” Manager Zhang smiled.

Manager Zhang would always put on a amiable and friendly expression towards everyone. Those who did not know better would think that he was like a Laughing Buddha<sup>[1]</sup>, a good person. But those who knew this fatty, knew that his smiles concealed daggers, ready to stab you in the back at an opportune moment. This fatty was in reality a treacherous and sly person. In the past, after a business trip, Zhao Lingjun had a taste of it when claiming the expenses, and suffered a great loss at the hands of Fatty Zhang. Therefore, when looking at the fatty with his jiggling belly, Zhao Lingjun wanted to tell him in the face, “Could it be that you also use sanitary napkins, and also throw used napkins into the toilet bowl?”

But Zhao Lingjun knew better, if he had said it out, he would have been risking another stab in the back later on. Therefore Zhao Lingjun could only put on a superficial smile and say, “Manager Zhang, since everyone’s toilet bowls are clogged, why don’t you take a plunger and unclog it? If it doesn’t work, finding me is of no use either. I’m not a plumber and can’t help you.”

After he said this, he noticed Wu Xiaoye flash a smile from the back of the crowd. Although it lasted for a split second, but Zhao Lingjun had an extraordinary sense of gratification. Just that split second, turned even the sweltering heat into nothingness.

“If it was a problem with the toilet bowl, we would have already called a plumber. But all our toilets are clogged, it seems to be an issue with the sewers.” Manager Zhang smilingly said. “When you returned home, did you not use your bathroom and thus didn’t find out that the water couldn’t drain out?”

“F\*ck!” Zhao Lingjun screamed inwardly. Nowander the water seemed to stop

draining earlier. Zhao Lingjun had thought that it was caused by the water supply being cut-off and a lack of water, and not by a clogged sewer. Zhao Lingjun was too embarrassed to say that his toilet bowl was clogged with a pile of dump, and in the end chose to say, “I haven’t used it. Why did the sewer clog? Is there even any use in shouting for me when the sewer is clogged?”

“Before calling you down, we had already looked for the property management to find the reason.” Zhang Zhong said as he pointed towards a black hole. “They finally found the reason, and it was because one of the sewer intersections got clogged.”

“If it’s clogged, why don’t you find them to unclog it? Did we not pay the management fees?” Zhao Lingjun looked at the black sewage hole, and its matching black cover at its side and had a sudden inexplicable uneasiness.

“They have already tried to unclog it. But sadly, their tools weren’t long enough, thus it’s still clogged up.” Zhang Zhong grinned. Seeing his grin Zhao Lingjun had a sense of foreboding.

“Since their tools aren’t long enough, wouldn’t changing the tools would solve the issue?”

“They are retrieving the tools, but can only get it ready by tomorrow afternoon.” Zhang Zhong replied.

“It can’t be! Zhao Lingjun said in disbelief. “To wait until tomorrow afternoon on such a hot day, wouldn’t our whole building smell like a public toilet?”[\[2\]](#)

“Exactly! These people are so unprofessional when doing things. Having to wait till tomorrow in such a hot weather, wouldn’t we just suffocate to death first?” Hao Meili chimed in. “Therefore, Xiao Zhao, we decided to delegate a person to go down. In the end, after brainstorming, we found that you were the only one suitable.”

“I...” Zhao Lingjun really wanted to slap his big mouth numerous times. Out of all the bad things he could have said, he just had to say that. If he had the chance to go back in time, he instead would have said, “Since it’s like this, everyone should sleep earlier. At most we could wear a face mask to bed.”

Obviously Zhao Lingjun did not have another chance and could only

indignantly say, “Why me?”

After saying this, he used a savage expression, and glared at everyone except Wu Xiaoye. Zhao Lingjun decided that if anyone dared to give a reason, he would go to a garden, pick up a big brick and smack him to death.

Zhao Lingjun was full of murderous intent at the moment, but Zhang Zhong turned a blind eye, ignored it and regretfully said, “Actually, I wanted to do it myself, but look at my physique and at that hole. Even if I could squeeze in, you would need a crane to hoist me out.”

Zhang Zhong’s words sparked everyone to burst into a fit of laughter. The ones who laughed the loudest was Hao Meili’s Hengha Er Jiang, Zhang Lin and Qin Ye. Looking at the two boot-lickers, Zhao Lingjun could only furiously lash out in his heart. “MLGBD!”

Zhao Lingjun knew that even if Zhang Zhong was as slim as Stefanie Sun<sup>[3]</sup>, he still would not go into the sewers. Unless of course, he was kicked into the hole.

Zhao Lingjun had to impulse to kick him down, but knew that even if he kicked Fatty Zhang in, he would get stuck in the manhole. This was because, Fatty Zhang’s last sentence was in fact the truth, his waist looked close to or even bigger than that of the hole.

“I’m not the thinnest here.” Zhao Lingjun coldly commented, giving the crowd a cold glare.

“Aiyo, you want a woman to go in?” Hao Meili deliberately stuck out her chest and rebutted when she saw Zhao Lingjun land his gaze upon her.

Zhao Lingjun felt a chill down his spine, and immediately looked away from this woman’s witch like body.

After he looked away, his heart became colder than a bowl of ice water.

“The company provided meals are so bad, what did these people even eat? How could they all be fat?” Zhao Lingjun wanted to cry but had no tears.

\*

Normally Zhao Lingjun would not purposefully observe his colleagues waistlines, but when he glanced, to his amazement, only three people in the

crowd had slimmer waistlines than him.

The first was the perverted old witch, Hao Meili.

The other two were Zhang Changsheng and Wu Xiaoye.

Zhang Changsheng was his direct superior, and Zhao Lingjun’s work life was dependant on him. Since he first joined the company, Zhang Changsheng spared no effort to groom and take care of him. At the start, whenever Zhao Lingjun created a mess, Zhang Changsheng would take full responsibility for it, and shoulder the blame. Zhao Lingjun was both grateful and thankful towards Zhang Changsheng for all that he has done.

Therefore Zhao Lingjun could not thicken his skin and say to Zhang Changsheng, “Big Brother Zhang, why don’t you go down the sewers and help everyone unclog it?”

Then how about Wu Xiaoye you ask?

I’m afraid that even if someone used Qing Dynasty’s 10 Tortures<sup>[4]</sup> on Zhao Lingjun, until he could neither beg for his life nor for death, Zhao Lingjun still would not say, “Wu Xiaoye, how about you take a trip into the sewers.”

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[1] Laughing Buddha – [Click here to find out more.](#)

[2] Most public toilets in mainland China are stinky.

[3] Stefanie Sun – Slim singer-songwriter in Asia. [Click here to find out more.](#)

[4] 10 main tortures of the Qing Dynasty. I couldn’t find a link for a specific 10, but here’s 18 for you. There are no pictures in the link, just descriptions. [Click here at your own risk.](#)

## Chapter 10 Requiem

At times Zhao Lingjun felt that it was pretty good being a man, an example would be not having to stick a big thing in his underwear every month. But, at times like this, being female was much better. Rather than going into the foul smelling sewer, at least he could be like Hao Meili, sashay and say, “You wouldn’t demand a woman to go and unclog it right?”

At this moment, Zhao Lingjun truly admired Zhang Zhong’s deadly skill in condemning others.

Because, upon seeing Zhao Lingjun visibly shaken, Zhang Zhong immediately went into action, and put a shovel and flashlight into Zhao Lingjun’s hands and said, “Maybe only a little bit is stuck. Maybe it’s just one big nylon bag. Maybe you don’t even have to dig things out. Maybe if you’re lucky, just digging a little would cause to water pressure to unclog it.”

“MLGBD.” Before Zhao Lingjun could even rebutt, the flashlight and shovel were already in his hands. He really wished to take the shovel, swat Fatty Zhang, then drag him by the legs to the manhole and stuff his pig head into the sewer, letting him savour the stench. Finally concluding with “Does it smell nice? Do you still dare to insist I, your grandpa unclog a sewer again?”

Although he wished to do this, but in the end he still stalked over to the manhole.

Zhao Lingjun was not one to yield in the face of power. Although swatting Fatty Zhang with a shovel was impossible, he still had the impulse to do other things to him. Such as spitting at both Fatty Zhang and Baoya Zhen, then cursing, your grandpa doesn’t have time to humor you, and finally walk back to his apartment and sleep without a care.

But he just had to see Wu Xiaoye in the crowd, and recalled his reason for

staying on even with such a low pay. On top of that, everyday he had to put up with colleagues who were even more annoying than cockroaches. Suddenly, he had an epiphany, if he did not go into the sewers and unclog it, Wu Xiaoye's nose would be assailed by the stench throughout the night.

Although Zhao Lingjun absolutely did not care about Hao Meili's well being, but towards Wu Xiaoye, he cared a great deal. He could not bear to inflict torment upon her by letting her stay in a room filled with the stench of a public toilet.

Therefore before he walked to the manhole, he took a deep breath, and ordered Fatty Zhang to give him a facemask and a pair of gloves.

"Sure!" Zhang Zhong exclaimed, overjoyed that Zhao Lingjun accepted in such a straightforward manner.

Within two minutes, a pair of gloves and a facemask were in Zhao Lingjun's hands.

Judging by his physique, it was obvious that Fatty Zhang could not gather the items so quickly. It was Hao Meili's Hengha Er Jiang who went to gather the items in his place.

Zhao Lingjun looked at the two shameless bootlickers who were not panting with loathing and turned to face the manhole.

When walking towards the manhole earlier, the stench from afar was already so disgusting that Zhao Lingjun almost puked out everything, even last night's dinner, not to mention the smell while directly above it.

Although it was not the peak of summer yet, but the weather was already insufferably hot. The sewer smelled like decomposed matter, emanating a sour foul stench. Zhao Lingjun could visibly see vapour rising upwards from the manhole, and the vapour was not just any normal vapor, it carried a foul smell along with it. In the face of the stench, even the facemask could not mask that stench more suffocating than stinky tofu.

At the manhole, staring into the dark abyss, Zhao Lingjun recalled something that really made his scalp tingle, it was something Zhang Changsheng told him last year when he was new.

“This land was once a graveyard, specifically for those sentenced to death.”  
Was what Zhang Changsheng had told him.

Sometime after, when Zhao Lingjun was together with Wu Xiaoye, he inadvertently brought up this topic. At the time Zhao Lingjun did not fully believe what Zhang Changsheng had said.

But he remembered Wu Xiaoye’s answer.

She did not confirm whether it was a graveyard, and instead asked if Zhao Lingjun heard a song that was often broadcasted throughout the apartment complex.

After thinking for a moment, he replied yes. The complex indeed broadcasted an unknown song whenever night fell.

After hearing his reply, Wu Xiaoye only replied with a single sentence, that piece is a Requiem. [\[1\]](#)

Zhao Lingjun had absolute confidence in Wu Xiaoye, and trusted that she would never lie to him.

Upon recalling that, many different horror film scenes flashed through Zhao Lingjun’s mind. He figured that the sewer was not a sewer, but instead an entrance to a tomb filled with innumerable vengeful spirits.

“Will I enter, never to leave?” Zhao Lingjun wondered.

Zhao Lingjun shivered from his thoughts and turned to look at Wu Xiaoye seeking solace.

But, when he saw her, he noticed something different about her, she looked a little strange.

Wu Xiaoye was normally very quiet, aloof and indifferent towards everything. Zhao Lingjun suspected that even if a stack of money was dropped in front of her, she would walk away without any reaction.

But Zhao Lingjun found Wu Xiaoye’s slightly pale white face to have a slight tinge of colour on it, and when his gaze lingered, their eyes met for a moment.

When their eyes met, Zhao Lingjun sensed that her gaze revealed not only concern, but was also trembling with excitement.



“Why would she have such a gaze?” Zhao Lingjun wondered while grabbing the edge of the manhole and lowering himself onto the steel ladder leading down. His thoughts drifted back to the Requiem and felt a shiver run up his spine.

After the place was made, this sewer had not been opened even a single time. The sewer’s metal wall ladder was already covered in a layer of black viscous gunk, of unknown origins. Although Zhao Lingjun was wearing a pair of gloves, he still could feel the stickiness and slipperiness of the substance. This sensation made Zhao Lingjun feel like he was holding onto a putrefied swamp eel instead of a ladder.

“God, almighty God, I haven’t committed any atrocities, I even help old ladies cross the road, and give my seat to the elderly. You can’t let me encounter supernatural things inside.”

Zhao Lingjun did his utmost to breath as little as possible, cautiously held onto the ladder and slowly climbed down, while chanting that prayer in his heart.

\*\*\*

Zhang Changsheng squatted over the manhole and used his flashlight to illuminate the sewer for Zhao Lingjun.

The beam of light from the normal flashlight was not very powerful, coupled with Zhao Lingjun’s body blocking the majority of the beam, Zhang Changsheng could not even see anything in the dark sewer.

Out of fear for a lack of oxygen due to the poor ventilation, Zhang Changsheng tied a rope onto Zhao Lingjun’s body before he entered the sewer, to tug in case the unfortunate happened, upon which Zhao Lingjun would be pulled up. But even so, seeing Zhao Lingjun descend into the darkness, Zhang Changsheng’s hands were already sweating from anxiousness.

Because Zhao Lingjun’s silhouette under the dim flashlight was very hazy, with a looming sensation.

From above, the sewer did not look too deep, but when Zhao Lingjun went down, Zhang changsheng kept feeding the rope and realised that this sewer was abnormally deeper than other sewers by a lot.

When Zhao Lingjun reached near the bottom, Zhang Changsheng could no longer see what was going on below.

The flashlight’s beam seemed to be enshrouded by the darkness, and even absorbed by the unknown sludge on the sewer wall.

“How is it? Do you want me to throw the flashlight down?” Zhang Changsheng shouted when he could no longer see Zhao Lingjun and was frantic.

*Splash* Zhang Changsheng heard the splashing sound and wondered what dropped into the water, after which he heard a scream.

The scream was full of resentment. Everyone near the manhole expression changed.

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[1] Requiem – A mass for the dead. [Click here to find out more.](#)

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## Chapter 11 Screaming in Fright

Everyone who heard the scream jumped in fright, even Wu Xiaoye's expression changed. If at this time, had anyone looked at her hands, they would have noticed her left hand suddenly moved nimbly, quickly forming a few different hand seals. Also, her eyes flitted an intense coldness.

But no one present noticed Wu Xiaoye's weird hand seals. Their focus was instead on another scream they just heard.

Their faces were a sheet of white, just like it had been painted with a layer of white. In particular, Zhang Zhong, his knees turned limp and almost fell to the ground.

"Could Zhao Lingjun have seen some supernatural things below?" Thought many.

But at the manhole, Zhang Changsheng was instead stunned, and staring blankly down the hole.

Zhang Changsheng had been beside the manhole the whole time, therefore he could clearly hear where the scream originated from. He was definite that the sound came from the sewers, and the echo along with it solidified that.

"The first and second scream were obviously different. The first scream compared to this was much higher pitched. If this scream was from Zhao Lingjun, then where did the first one come from?" Zhang Changsheng wondered.

Zhang Changsheng for no reason, suddenly thought of the ghost in red, with blood dripping from her eyes. He felt absolutely horrified, and goose bumps rose all over his arms. As he was about to ask Zhao Lingjun if he was alright, he heard a bellow from the sewers.

"Zhang Changsheng... .." Zhao Lingjun's voice echoed out from the sewer.

“What happened? Are you okay?” Zhang Changsheng quickly replied, puzzled why he sounded so angry.

“MLGBD.” Zhang Changsheng immediately heard another bellow from the sewers. “Why did you pull on the rope for no reason? Don’t you know that it’s painful? I was almost strangled to death by you!”

“Oops. I’m sorry, it wasn’t on purpose.” Zhang Changsheng shouted back with a red face. Zhang Changsheng was suddenly hit with the realization that he had unconsciously jerked the rope when he had heard the first scream.

“It wasn’t on purpose? If it wasn’t on purpose then why did you scream earlier? Do you intend on frightening me to death?” Zhao Lingjun chided in the pitch black sewer. “Don’t you know how scary it is in here?”

“What? I didn’t scream.” Zhang Changsheng felt a chill creep up his spine.

“If it wasn’t you, then was it a gho...”

Before Zhao Lingjun could finish saying the word ghost, another shrill scream was heard.

This scream was significantly softer than the second scream. But Zhang Changsheng clearly heard it originate from behind him.

Zhang Changsheng turned and saw the “beautiful” Hao Meili with a face full of fright, covering her mouth.

“Manager Hao, are you reenacting that film?” Zhang Changsheng asked amicably. If it was a different person shouting, Zhang Changsheng would have already berated him to the point of crying. But when he saw that it was from Hao Meili, he could only gloomily say, “Don’t you know that you could have scared a person to death?”

“I also didn’t do it on purpose.” Hao Meili patted her chest, and like the aggrieved party, said, “I heard a sploosh, and was startled.”

“So that first scream was also you?” Zhang Changsheng accused.

“I...” Hao Meili stamped her feet and said, “Aiya, don’t you find it very frightening?”

“You...” Zhang Changsheng stared speechlessly at Hao Meili. The sentence

‘There can be nothing more frightening and disgusting than you, Baoya Zhen. A 30 year old aunty dressing up as a pure and innocent 20 year old girl,’ had almost left his mouth before he decide to say “Manager Hao, you should go and do your own things, stop creating havoc here.”

“Then I shall not accompany you guys any longer.” Hao Meili shot a “charming” gaze at Zhang Changsheng and said. “I shall go out to buy things. Tell Xiao Zhao to be careful down there.”

“F\*ck. Hypocrite, really a f\*cking hypocrite.” Zhang Changsheng depressingly thought.

“Zhang Changsheng, Zhang Changsh...”

At this moment, Zhang Changsheng heard Zhao Lingjun shout for him again.

“Is something wrong?” Zhang Changsheng quickly replied while holding his breath and crouching over the hole.

“Throw the flashlight down.” Zhang Changsheng saw a dark shadow at the bottom of the sewer reply to him.

“Then make sure you are securely tied to the rope.”

“If I ask you to throw it, quickly throw it. MLGBD.” Zhang Lingjun yelled. “If you don’t hurry up, I will be killed by the f\*cking stench.

“... F\*ck. I asked for the flashlight, why did you throw a lousy old slipper. Do you want to kill me?”

“Sorry! I only wanted to test if you could catch it.”

“F\*ck you upside down. If you keep on blurting crap, when i come up... F\*ck, I haven’t even finished my sentence and you threw it.”

\*

By the time Zhao Lingjun received the flashlight, he was already on the verge of collapsing from the rotting stench.

Zhao Lingjun really regretted not asking that stupid Fatty for a gas mask earlier. As a bonus he could have seen the Hengha Er Jiang scramble to find one.

Zhao Lingjun’s mask, could not stop the stench from pervading his nose. The

sewer's stench was so bad, it was like overnight food that turned sour. In addition, his face mask had already gotten damp from just a short moment in the sewer.

The feeling of the damp mask, to Zhao Lingjun, was akin of plastering Hao Meili's used sanitary pad on his face.

A long time ago, a classmate of his once said that when one's concentration was at its peak, the person would disregard a part of his five senses, and feel nothing.

At the time his classmate cited an example. When a group of fans were barbecuing while watching a brilliant game. One guy so entranced by the game, did not even feel his finger get burned, even after a large blister formed.

At the time, Zhao Lingjun thought that it was utter nonsense. He thought that if it was true, then when a guy was undergoing surgery, general anesthesia was not required, showing him a fantastic A film would suffice.

But right now, Zhao Lingjun felt that what his classmate said at the time had some truth in it.

Because, normally if Zhao Lingjun thought of Hao Meili's sanitary pads, he would have already been puking up bile.

But, even when feeling that his facemask turned into her sanitary napkin, he still has not puked.

This was because, the feeling coming from his soles compared to the mask, was worse.

\*

When climbing down the ladder, Zhao Lingjun had already noticed that the sewer's four walls were made of concrete.

Using his flashlight, he took a second look at it under the light.

Zhao Lingjun found that there were different tunnels on two of the sides. One side had many different tunnels less than a meter in diameter scattered across it. The other, had only one large tunnel, and bending over slightly would suffice.

He realized that this sewer was the hub for the network of sewers

underground.

Everyday the sewage from the complex would first go through those black and slimy tunnels before reaching this hub. After which they would enter the bigger tunnel and go straight to sewage treatment plant.

Zhao Lingjun was glad that the complex also had a blackout and their water supply cut-off today.

Because, if the water supply was not shut off, the majority of pipes would still be working and spewing out filth. Thankfully it was shut off, and the job became much easier. Zhao Lingjun felt that all he had to do was to just crawl, find the clogged pipe and unclog it.

But when he stepped on the ground earlier, he knew that he had been counting his chickens before they hatched.

He had been expecting to be able to step on the concrete at the bottom, and even if there was some sludge that was not washed away, it would not be too thick and wearing rubber boots would suffice.

But when he stepped, he knew that he was wrong, very wrong.

He heard a sploosh sound when he stepped. After that his feet sank like in quicksand.

If his reaction was not that fast, his other leg would also have stepped off the ladder and onto the sludge losing his balance and falling face first into the filth.

The sound that Hao Meili had heard, was exactly this sound that Zhao Lingjun made when he first stepped into the sludge.

When both of his feet were deep in the sludge, Zhao Lingjun realised that his rubber boots was not enough and felt like there were countless loaches squirming inside it.

His first realization when first reaching the bottom, was that what he saw from the ladder was not concrete but instead sludge.

His second realization was that the sludge was deeper than it seemed, deeper than profound feelings of love.

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## Chapter 12 Phantom

By the time he realized these two points, he was knee deep in the sludge, and his rubber boots were getting filled with it.

After his boots filled up and the feeling of loaches squirming ended, he instead felt as if his feet were in a bucket filled with butter.

Just this creamy and sticky feeling made this experience an unforgettable one for Zhao Lingjun. But what made him extremely disgusted, were the few small hard pebble-like lumps that made their way into his boots.

Zhao Lingjun did not know what these pain-inducing lumps were. What he knew was that the sludge was the sediment leftover in the pipes, and that it came from the complex's toilets. He blanked out immediately upon thinking of this.

When he awoke from his stupor, his heart had hardened and his senses were numbed. Neither the nauseous stench, nor his anxiety and fear upon entering the sewer affected him. All Zhao Lingjun wanted to do now was to quickly find the clogged pipe, unclog it, and escape the hell-like environment of the sewer.

After he received the flashlight from Zhang Changsheng, he had immediately used it to shine the wall with the multiple pipes.

The ends of the numerous small pipes were covered with a metal grate, meant to prevent big bulky items from clogging the main sewage pipe. The grates were currently filled with all sort of junk, making it seem like a drooling monster, that had just eaten with veins hanging outside its mouth. It was visually shocking and mentally frightening, horrifying those who looked at it.

Anyone who looked at it for too long, would feel uncomfortable.

Luckily Zhao Lingjun did not mistake it for a monster on his first glance and was

spared that sensation.

Instead he was frightened by another matter. With his nerves and concentration so high-strung, when he saw the pipes all clogged with a large amount of things, he nearly collapsed into the knee-high sludge.

“Nowander when it rained last year, there were a lot of tadpoles here.”

When Zhao Lingjun brandished his shovel, in an attempt to unclog the pipes, he fumed with anger.

Although the tangled up mess clogging the pipes were covered in sludge, there was one item which could be easily identified, and was even the majority of the junk clogging the pipes. Zhao Lingjun had seen this item many times in A films, condoms.

“If I find out which person lesser than a beast, flushed this disgusting thing after a pleasurable night. I will cut off his d\*ck.”

When Zhao Lingjun’s shovel came into contact with the garbage, he cursed at God while in a fit of rage. “You MLGBD! Do you not have eyes! You want a good person like me to enter a sewer? While those evil people with no morals, aren’t smote by lightning?”

Before either his wrath could subside, or the junk could be unclogged by the shovel, he heard a weird rumbling sound, followed by the sewer suddenly lighting up.

“Was that really thunder?” Zhao Lingjun wondered. “Could I have been hallucinating due to this stench?”

But what he heard and saw was not an illusion.

However, it was not what he thought it was. When he saw the sewer suddenly brighten, the majority of his colleagues above were clapping and cheering loudly, causing that rumbling sound.

The complex had its power restored, and many of the apartments lights switched on automatically, shedding light on the dark sky, and thus illuminating the sewer as well.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Just as the crowd cheered, another shrill scream came from the sewer, only this time, much louder than the previous three.

If that cry was made at midnight, there would definitely be many people wetting their beds in fear.

This time, not only Zhang Zhong, but even the Hengha Er Jiang’s legs turned soft. Their expressions of joy were immediately frozen and slowly turned into one of fright.

“Wha... Wha...” Xiao Ping wanted to ask what was going on, but his teeth were chattering incessantly.

Zhang Changsheng was usually bold and brave, but this time, even he felt scared.

He was scared out of his wits because he knew that the sound was from Zhao Lingjun, and it was filled with fear and despair. He assumed that Zhao Lingjun met something horrible below, and decided to quickly pull the rope in his hands.

Just as he had decided on it, he saw a dark shadow, quickly climbing up the ladder.

Along with it came a horrifying stench.

\*

Zhang Changsheng had been crouching over the manhole, but when he saw that shadow climbing up, his legs turned soft and he fell on his butt.

Although Zhang Changsheng was normally brave, at this moment, he was scared out of his wits.

Because, although in a panic, he did not clearly see the shadow’s face, but he was certain that it was not Zhao Lingjun.

He was certain because that figure climbed as fast as a gust of wind. That speed, compared to the slow and clumsy Zhao Lingjun was completely worlds apart.

In addition, the shadow’s body looked nauseating, constantly dripping slime

and filthy garbage.

But only one person went into the sewer, Zhao Lingjun.

If this figure rushing out, is not him, then what could it be?

Zhang Changsheng laid sprawled on the ground, with no strength left in his limbs, unable to even run away.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 13 Heaven Defying Divination

The people present were already in a state of panic from that scream, and now with Zhang Changsheng acting like he had seen a ghost, the souls of most people had already left their bodies from fright.

With everyone still clueless, a body dripping with slime and filth covered garbage charged out of the manhole.

“MLGBD!!!” Immediately after, they heard a bellow comparable to the complex’s loudspeaker from the thing.

Zhang Changsheng was shocked silly.

Everyone on site were also in a stupor.

The thing that charged out was not some monster, but Zhao Lingjun.

But when Zhao Lingjun went in, he did not look like this.

When he went down, he was equipped with rubber boots on his feet, shovel in his hand, and a mask over his face. In the majestic sunset, he looked just like the male lead from Indiana Jones, and had the aura of a professional sewer cleaner.

But the person in front of them, was coated in slime from head to toe, with an assortment of things stuck to him. He looked like a pitiful creature that was pulled out from a bucket of swill after being dunked inside. There was even a red condom stuck on his hair.

Zhang Changsheng looked at this abomination with a red condom on his head and wanted to laugh, but did not dare to do so. He was afraid that if he had laughed, Zhao Lingjun would assume that he was gloating, pounce and slaughter him.

“Are you alright?” Therefore Zhang Changsheng quickly stood up and stepped

back while trying to appease him.

But Zhao Lingjun did not reply.

Zhang Changsheng only saw Zhao Lingjun untie the rope on his waist at breakneck speeds, turn around and run off. As Zhao Lingjun turned to run off, Zhang Changsheng saw a shadow flying quickly towards him.

“Concealed weapon?”

Zhang Changsheng unconsciously reached out to catch the UFO.

Zhang Changsheng felt like he had grabbed a fish, it was slimy and sticky.

“What is this?”

Zhang Changsheng curiously looked at the thing in his hand.

He saw a facemask, with a variety of slime coating it. In addition, there was even a condom stuck to it.

With just a glance, Zhang Changsheng could not help but spit out a *WOW!*

“This guy... Really? He wasn’t careful and ended up looking like this, and he even threw such a disgusting thing.” Zhang Lin of the Hengha Er Jiang commented.

But as the victim, Zhang Changsheng bore no resentment towards him.

Just holding onto this facemask, already caused him to feel nauseous.

Then before he surfaced, this thing was still plastered on his face. How did he feel? Looking at the hobbling Zhao Lingjun running towards his apartment, Zhang Changsheng sincerely sympathised with him.

\*

How did he feel?

Zhao Lingjun could no longer feel anything beyond wanting to die in a hole right now.

Zhao Lingjun never expected the pipe that looked to be plugged firmly, to just unclog itself once he brandished his shovel just one time. The clogged up mess burst out like the Yellow River’s dam bursting, and cleared itself in a split second.

The sewage water burst out and then flowed normally.

Zhao Lingjun only had time to shut his eyes tightly, before the surge of sewage water mixed with all sorts of disgusting things showered him.

When he rushed out of the sewer, Zhao Lingjun had really wanted to murder people. Wanting to bludgeon Zhang Zhong with his shovel, then clonk him on the head.

But the first thing he saw, was Wu Xiaoye.

Zhao Lingjun did not know why of all people, he just had to lock eyes with Wu Xiaoye first.

When they locked eyes, for a split second, sparks arose. But Zhao Lingjun felt that she was scrutinising him from head to toe. But he also felt that her gaze was filled with despair and disappointment.

Zhao Lingjun did not know why she had such emotions. But at this moment, he could only feel very embarrassed. No matter what, in front of the girl he liked, looking more disgusting than a beggar, was too embarrassing and he could not take it.

That was why Zhao Lingjun only took off his disgusting mask, threw it to the guy who asked if he was alright, and ran at the speed of light to bury himself in a hole.

\*

When Wu Xiaoye returned to her apartment, the complex's water and electricity were both running already. Most of all, when she was taking a shower, she found out that the water was draining properly.

Standing under the shower, the room temperature water slowly fell onto her head, and slowly flowed down her body. However, her frustration and disappointment did not ease up in the slightest.

"Could it be that he is not that person I'm waiting for?" Wu Xiaoye thought's were filled with Zhao Lingjun and his silhouette from earlier when he ran into the building.

Wu Xiaoye could discern that Zhao Lingjun, after coming out of the sewer,

other than being very awkward, did not have the slightest bit of change.

“Even after I poured strenuous effort, not hesitating to use my lifespan, to obtain this divination, that was unexpectedly like the moon reflecting off the lake, imaginary and intangible. Grandma, could it be that I really can't exact revenge for you?”

Under the cool water, Wu Xiaoye's tears kept flowing.

“Impossible! Even if my divinity using physiognomy and the Divinity Trigram<sup>[1]</sup> had problems, by sacrificing a decade of my lifespan through the Grand Heaven Questioning Technique, and defying the Heavens, it is impossible for it to be wrong.”

When her tears rolled down her face and dripped drop by drop on the ice-cold floor, her heart, also slowly calmed down.

Wu Xiaoye decided to try again, for one last time.

When she set her mind on it, she heard the sound of water running next door.

When she heard the water running, a blush unknowingly crept up her face.

She knew that her neighbour was Zhao Lingjun, and obviously knew what he was doing.

“What is wrong with you?” Clutching her burning face, Wu Xiaoye took a deep breath before calmly telling herself, “Wu Xiaoye, you have a vengeance to exact. How could you still be absorbed in a childish love affair?”

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[1] Divinity Trigram – It's a derivative of the Bagua and generalised here, so it's not a specific method.

[Click here to find out more.](#)

Physiognomy – Telling fortune/ divining through the body features, and physique.



[Click here to find out more.](#)



## Chapter 14 50 Yuan

Disaster. Saviour. Longevity. Gods of Pestilence. Vitality. I sacrifice my lifespan, let the six beads stop, and unfold the twists of fate to come.

Wu Xiaoye quietly chanted, while tossing out the 6 tortoiseshell beads that had been polished into a glossy pearl-like sphere.

What Wu Xiaoye employed was the Six Oscillating Tortoiseshell Hexagram.

Legend has it that the Six Oscillating Tortoiseshell Hexagram was created by King Wen of Zhou. This kind of divination using Bagua as the foundation, was one of the hardest forms to master.

But this kind of divination, was Wu Xiaoye's most masterful one.

There was not a single form of Divinity Trigram that would calculate the results with 100% accuracy. However, in the past whenever Wu Xiaoye used this method of divination, it was very precise, with a low rate of failure.

Therefore, when she decided to try one last time, she used this method to divine.

\*

The six beads pulsed rhythmically in the air, before landing at the same time.

\*Bang\* After the sound, the six pearl-like beads with strange patterns scattered all over the floor like petals falling from a girl's hand.

After a single glance, a sort of excited yet frightened expression appeared on Wu Xiaoye's face. The way her expression changed was similar to the ripples on a cool lake when the wind blew on a Spring morning.

"Zhao Lingjun..." Wu Xiaoye dreamily shouted his name.

\*

“Zhao Lingjun...”

When he heard his door being knocked on and his name being shouted, Zhao Lingjun was in the bathroom lathering himself for the third time. Even so, he still believed that he smelled like freshly cooked stinky tofu.

Therefore, when he heard the knock, Zhao Lingjun impolitely burst out, “Why are you knocking. I, your grandpa am taking a bath, just wait outside.

Actually, even if Zhao Lingjun wasn’t in such a bad mood, he would still have been annoyed when he heard the sound and replied in the same way.

Because he recognized the voice screaming for him, it was none other than Qin Ye of Hao Meili’s Hengha Er Jiang.

Zhao Lingjun was nauseous again from imagining Qin Ye’s bamboo pole physique and wretched monkey face

He dawdled in the bathroom for another 7 to 8 minutes before slowly opening the door for Qin Ye.

“Why do you shower so slowly?” Qin Ye looked at the moody Zhao Lingjun.

“Slow? Why don’t you try taking a trip into the sewers?” Zhao Lingjun stood at the door, with no intention of letting Qin Ye in. “It’s already so late, what do you want?”

“Oh not much.” Qin Ye hypocritically grinned. “It’s just about the 50 yuan from the last time you went to the city for work.”

“F\*ck!” Cursed Zhao Lingjun, silently. “MLGBD. Isn’t it just 50 yuan? Only two days have passed, is there really a need to specially make a trip to my apartment for it?” Can’t you just ask for it tomorrow when we are at work?”

Zhao Lingjun recalled the reason why Qin Ye was looking for him.

Two days ago, Zhao Lingjun had to go out to deliver a custom installation blueprint. He had coincidentally forgotten to bring his wallet, and could only ask Hao Meili to expense out the travel expenses in advance.

Hao Meili had told him not to claim such a small amount from the company

accounts and to just borrow 50 yuan from Qin Ye, and to return the amount in the future.

With 50 yuan being such a small sum, Zhao Lingjun did not commit it to his memory. Therefore after awhile he had totally forgotten about it. But unexpectedly, Qin Ye specially came up to his apartment just for that 50 yuan.

If it was at any other time but the present, Zhao Lingjun may have still been embarrassed about it, and would immediately return the money to this nauseating person.

However, today was a completely different matter, the issue with the sewer had already made Zhao Lingjun boil with rage, not to mention being utterly embarrassed in front of Wu Xiaoye. Even then, for Qin Ye to come to his door just for 50 yuan was outright shameless. Therefore Zhao Lingjun decided to waste this nauseating guy's trip. He then proceeded to discourteously say, "I didn't withdraw money today. I will return the money in the office tomorrow."

Upon hearing this, Qin Ye stared blankly at him.

"It can't be, Xiao Zhao, you must be kidding me." After a long pause, Qin Ye laughed stalely. "You can't be so poor until you can't even fork 50 yuan out?"

"Obviously I'm poor." Zhao Lingjun got into an even poorer mood after hearing Qin Ye's reply. "You obviously know how much my salary is. Not dying from starvation is already a miracle."

"..." Qin Ye was speechless, at Zhao Lingjun shamelessly claimed that he was poor.

Seeing Qin Ye like this, Zhao Lingjun looked down even more on this guy that refused to leave.

"Don't worry, although I am poor, but the 50 yuan that I owe you will be repaid in full, and not one cent less. I will even deliver it to your office tomorrow."

"Fine." Upon hearing that, Qin Ye's face blossomed into a bright smile. "Then we will discuss about the money tomorrow. But let me in for awhile."

"Let you in?" Zhao Lingjun quickly pulled onto the stick-like arm of his, who

was trying to pass Zhao Lingjun and enter into the apartment, and questioned him. “We already agreed to discuss it tomorrow. Why do you still want to come in?”

“Lend me your toilet for a while, mother nature is calling.” Qin Ye replied. “I have been holding it in since I reached your doorstep. I will leave after using it.”

“F\*ck.” Coming into contact with such a person, Zhao Lingjun just felt numb and nothing else. He could only helplessly let him pass and blankly stare at Qin Ye enter his toilet.

\*

“Xiao Zhao, you have to pay attention to the sanitation of your toilet.”

Zhao Lingjun first heard flushing, before hearing Qin Ye holler from the toilet, “How come you didn’t flush?”

“F\*ck me.” It just came to his mind that, earlier before he went down, he took a dump and there was neither water nor toilet paper. Upon recalling his 50 yuan, he became even gloomier and could only say to himself, I, your grandpa didn’t ask you to use my toilet bowl, what are you complaining for. Grandpa here just wants to sicken you to death.

Before Zhao Lingjun’s inner dialogue was finished, he suddenly heard Qin Ye laughing maniacally in the toilet.

“Xiao Zhao, as a person you have to be more honest.”

After which, he saw Qin Ye open the bathroom door, grinning from ear to ear.

“Honest?” For a moment Zhao Lingjun, didn’t understand what he meant.

“Didn’t you say you had no money? Qin Ye boastfully waved his wallet in the air. “It seems that you’re actually very rich. Even your bathroom’s windowsill had a 50 yuan note lying there.”

“The bathroom’s windowsill?” Zhao Lingjun momentarily went into a daze, and immediately recalled where that 50yuan came from, and asked, “Then where is it now?”

“It’s in my wallet of course!” Qin Ye proudly declared. “Just nice 50 yuan, not more not less. Tomorrow you don’t have to specially come to my office to find

me.”

“.....” Zhao Lingjun’s mind paused.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 15 Rain boots

Zhao Lingjun had always been short of cash, and couldn't bear to flush the 50 yuan. Therefore he had planned use it after washing and drying it.

Previously, because there was no water, he placed it on the windowsill to air dry.

Even though it had aired for so long that it had dried up, but on the surface of it, there had to be some remnants. Zhao Lingjun just couldn't figure out how Qin Ye didn't notice it and immediately placed it into his wallet.

While lying on his bed, Zhao Lingjun finally came to a conclusion. At that moment, in Qin Ye's eyes, other than that 50 yuan note, nothing else could be seen.

If he was already like this with 50 yuan, what if it was changed to 100, what would happen?

Imagining Qin Ye's expression when he notices his faeces filled wallet, Zhao Lingjun couldn't help but to laugh out loud.

After laughing his heart out, Zhao Lingjun was finally at ease, and his murderous mood finally rescinded.

Sadly, his state of ease only lasted for a few seconds. After a few minutes, Zhao Lingjun could only mournfully take a towel and walk towards his bathroom.

Although he had already showered three times, he still felt like he smelled like stinky tofu, as if it had infused into his bones and only by washing off his skin could it be removed.

Just as he took a step into the bathroom, Zhao Lingjun wondered if he continued washing, would a certain part on his body also be washed off?

Deep in his thoughts, he had already walked to the bathroom door and placed one foot on the door's threshold.

At which point, a tremendous pain shot up from his feet straight to his head.

"AHHH...." Zhao Lingjun involuntarily let out a dreadful cry, crouched, and grabbed his left foot.

That kind of pain, caused even his mind to explode.

\*

Zhao Lingjun's first look was clearly at that loathsome door's threshold.

But that marble threshold was as glossy and as ever, as if nothing had happened.

He then turned to look at his left foot, that had a sharp searing pain.

Zhao Lingjun just about fainted from what he saw.

He saw an enormous purple bruise, with pale white flesh visible from an open wound in the middle. Although the wound wasn't too big, it was very deep, and at first glance, it seemed like someone had vehemently pierced his foot with an ice pick.

Even though the blood was no longer gushing out, Zhao Lingjun was still muddleheaded from seeing the visible white flesh in his wounded foot.

Moments later, he finally sighed and snapped out of it, just thankful that he didn't bleed to death,

"But why is there such a large wound on my foot?" He mumbled.

Completely stumped, Zhao Lingjun looked around the house, and to his dismay, his gaze stopped on a utterly repulsive pair of rain boots jutting out of the dustbin. He had an epiphany and knew why his foot would have such a horrifying wound.

\*

Some feelings are never to be forgotten, and remain fresh in the mind for eternity. When he saw that pair of boots, that sensation of being submerged in oily butter came back to him.

He was definite that the culprit for his wound was a sharp object that had slipped into his boots together with the heap of sludge.

Earlier, when he escaped from hell, Zhao Lingjun only had two thoughts. One was to scrub off all the filth on him, and second to hide in a hole from embarrassment, which resulted in him scrambling for his apartment. Although at that time, he already had a painful sensation in his left foot, he had other things on his mind and didn't immediately check on it.

Moreover, because the wound was on his arch, when walking normally only a slight ache could be felt. Only when the wound grazed upon the threshold did Zhao Lingjun get the shock of his life and paid his utmost attention to it.

"Oh my god, I wouldn't get infected by AIDS, tetanus and the like right?" Brooding about his injury in that disgusting sludge, infested with a myriad of hazardous substances, Zhao Lingjun lapsed into a drunken stupor, completely unfeeling of anything other than his impending doom.

In a crazed state, he hopped wildly towards the kitchen, prepared a bowl of salt water and poured it over his wound. Not knowing whether it had any use, Zhao Lingjun still chose to do so as he thought that doing something was better than nothing.

That feeling of wanting to die, would be both agonized and sympathised by those who had tried to rub salt on an open wound.

Immediately after the salt water touched his wound, Zhao Lingjun's foot trembled, and cramped up.

"MLGBD! AHFFF" Cried Zhao Lingjun, pained to the point of tears.

The calf cramps coupled with the searing pain akin to a knife gouging out flesh caused Zhao Lingjun wish he could headbutt a wall and die.

After he finally had some semblance of sanity, he hopped into his toilet with difficulty.

Zhao Lingjun only could think of one course of action, to discard that half filled trashcan emitting a nauseating stench, containing a pair of boots and sludge.

The suffering Zhao Lingjun resented the boots that were the root cause. If it



hadn't been for this pair of boots, he wouldn't have gone all the way down the sewer. He would have had hanged on the ladder and slowly cleared the blockage from there. He also wouldn't have gotten soaked by the burst of water, nor would his foot end up in such a grim state.

Therefore in his eyes, the boots was the root of all evil, the cause of everything.

"If I go to the hospital tomorrow, and the doctor asks what cut me. How should I answer?" While still in a rage, Zhao Lingjun opened the window, and was about to throw out the pair of disgusting boots, this thought flashed in his head.

Zhao Lingjun immediately calmed down.

He had a sudden urge to see just what had caused that wound of his.

Is it a rusty nail? Or is it a sharp rock? Or is it a bone fragment from someone's meal? Zhao Lingjun held his breath, slowly flipped over the plastic bag, as he depressingly thought, hopefully it's not someone's used needle, or a human bone.

*Ding*

He then heard a 'Ding' sound.

Although he hadn't seen what it was, but he could discern from the sound that it was a piece of metal.

Since it's a metal piece, then it definitely wouldn't be a used syringe or the like.

Zhao Lingjun let out a sigh of relief.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 16 Black Lotus

Hearing the 'ding' sound, Zhao Lingjun had assumed that it was a rusty nail, but was astounded when he took a look.

A lotus-shaped item appeared in the assortment of garbage.

"Could it be Hao Meili's old brooch?" Zhao Lingjun wondered as he used a pair of chopsticks to carefully remove the lotus from the pile of disgusting filth.

However, when he thoroughly washed all the filth off, that theory of his was immediately invalidated.

The lotus like object when unsullied by the filth, was worthy of being referred to as a work of art.

It was a Black Lotus.

The lotus had eight petals in various arrangements, and had an indescribable vividness to it. What had pierced Zhao Lingjun was likely one of the upturned leaves.

The Black Lotus was slightly heavy, looked neither gold nor jade, and even had dense clusters of veins on the petals. Zhao Lingjun couldn't discern what material it was made of.

Therefore he tried to test it with a penknife, scratching its surface slightly.

But what astonished him the most, was it appeared completely unscathed, not even fine scratches could be seen on its surface.

This discovery perplexed Zhao Lingjun, to his knowledge, there were very few materials harder than that the penknife.

This lotus wasn't your average item.

While thinking, Zhao Lingjun noticed some oddities on the lotus.

On each and every petal, he saw many strange symbols. At first he had thought it was just veins and put it aside. Now, after looking carefully, they weren't veins but strange symbols, which looked like ancient characters.

"Could this be an antique?" Holding the lotus and hobbling back to his bedroom, it occurred to him that the thing that injured his foot could have been an antique with historical value.

"If this is a historical antique, then wouldn't I have struck gold?" Zhao Lingjun dreamed joyfully. At the thought of two words, historical antique, it evoked his memories of the many news reports, reporting people getting rich after an unremarkable object in their home, turned out to be a priceless antique.

"I had a fortuitous event?" Filled with joy, grinning from ear to ear, Zhao Lingjun was elated. However a moment later he had another thought, "If this item really is a historical antique, then why would it appear in the sewer?"

Immediately Zhao Lingjun felt nauseous remembering that disgusting hell-like sewer.

This item, most likely slipped into his boots as the sludge poured in, and when he had ran home, it pierced his foot.

But why would it be in the sludge? Zhao Lingjun while wondering, remembered the weird feeling when he first stepped onto the sewer's floor.

At the time, he wasn't in the right frame of mind and was more concerned about the smell and knee high sludge. But now, thinking back, the ground was softer than concrete. He was now 80% confident that the floor wasn't made of concrete, but of natural soil.

These two words, natural soil, were the trigger for Zhao Lingjun to slightly understand why the Black Lotus would be there.

The Black Lotus would have been buried in the soil, and after the continuous erosion from the sewage water, the Black Lotus surfaced and remained among the sludge at the bottom of the sewer.

Then why would this thing be buried in the soil?

A thought sprang to his mind, this place was once a burial ground for the condemned. The Black Lotus probably belonged to one of those people and was buried along with the corpse.

Zhao Lingjun started to shiver all over, even the hand that held the Black Lotus was trembling vigorously.

His trembling was so bad, that the Black Lotus fell out of his hands. Trembling both mentally, and physically, Zhao Lingjun didn't even notice it falling.

When he finally came back to his senses, the lotus was no longer in his hand and was on the floor.

He then saw a scene beyond all imagination.

\*

The Black Lotus undoubtedly fell to the ground. However, this time when it fell, there was a lack of audio feedback, and unlike the first time, the 'ding' sound wasn't heard.

Zhao Lingjun already found this to be very strange, but when he saw then petals suddenly move, he was even more shocked.

"Could this thing be broken by my carelessness?" Wondered Zhao Lingjun, when seeing the Black Lotus silently fall apart into pieces.

But what truly surprised him was that the eight petals, moving in midair, didn't fall down. Instead, suddenly quickly oscillated around a point. The center, where the seed head would be in a normal lotus, was exuding a strange light.

"What's happening?" Zhao Lingjun instinctively reached for his eyes, and rubbed them.

But after rubbing, what he saw was even stranger.

The eight petals, aftering fluttering in the air, gathered together and reassembled itself.

After reassembling itself, the initial budding Black Lotus, was in full bloom.

The Black Lotus after reassembling itself into a fully bloomed lotus, remained floating in the air, causing Zhao Lingjun to go limp and slump onto the ground.

The lotus silently floated in the air, while the center gave off a brilliant rays of many colours. The light slowly converged into a multi-coloured radiant seed head.

“I’m not dreaming am I? Or perhaps hallucinating from excessive blood loss?” Zhao Lingjun brought his arm towards his mouth and took a bite.

“AHHH!!!”

A muffled scream exploded from Zhao Lingjun.

Finally confident that he was not dreaming or hallucinating.

That eight-petalled bloomed Black Lotus, was still floating silently in front of him, exuding a dazzling brilliance.

\*

“Did I perhaps pick up a legendary treasure this time?”

After an unknown amount of time spent blankly staring, Zhao Lingjun finally came to.

When he came to, his two legs were numb. Looking at his watch, he realized that he had foolishly stared at the Black Lotus for over twenty minutes.

Even after twenty minutes, the Black Lotus was still silently and tranquilly floating in the air, exuding its brilliance.

“Just what is going on?”

Aftering he had stared at the Black Lotus for over thirty minutes, Zhao Lingjun finally couldn’t resist any longer.

Zhao Lingjun unable to suppress his curiosity, reached out, and touched the floating Black Lotus, which was unwaveringly exuding its brilliant light.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 17 Blooming Flower

The sensation Zhao Lingjun received from touching the lotus with his fingers, was like touching the real thing.

Before, Zhao Lingjun had guessed that the Black Lotus was made out of an unknown hard metal. But now, he was baffled, it was as if he was touching a real lotus petal instead of a metal replica.

This kind of sensation, for no intelligible reason, made Zhao Lingjun associate it with a memory from his childhood. When he was a child, there was a pond in front of his home with a lotus, the lotus would sway as the light breeze swept across it.

Just as he was reminiscing, the light from the center of the Black Lotus pulsed in ripples, illuminating the room with an obscured vibrance.

“Whats happening now?”

Before he could react, he heard a loud thump, and a black metal box dropped on the ground before him, just a few inches from his leg.

No matter who it was, a black metal box appearing before them would cause them to quiver uncontrollably in fear.

This kind of feeling was more unnerving than a flower pot crashing down and smashing into smithereens from a high rise building just barely inches away.

Zhao Lingjun almost blacked out as he fell to the ground.

To Zhao Lingjun, the scene appearing before him, was just too strange.

Zhao Lingjun was sure that it was caused by a spirit of sort, and everything that just played out before his eyes was a figment of his imagination. It wouldn't be explainable otherwise, a black metal lotus floating, giving off light, changing

its shape, and finally a black box appearing, none of these would happen under normal circumstances, or even any. Therefore, Zhao Lingjun's first cause of action was to drag his limp legs, scream for help and hobble out of the apartment. However, just as he was about to put it into motion, he heard an annoyed snarl from below.

"Zhao Lingjun, what are you up to!? If you want to commit suicide by jumping of a building, go to the roof. Why are you jumping around in your bedroom. You don't want to let us sleep? We still have to work tomorrow, do you not have any sense of social responsibility?"

Zhao Lingjun knew that it was his neighbour from below, Lin Yiren.

Immediately after Zhao Lingjun heard Lin Yiren, he suddenly turned around.

"Was the thump created by the box real, and not my hallucination?"

Coming to the realization that everything may not be a hallucination, Zhao Lingjun couldn't resist taking another look.

The Black Lotus was calmly hovering over the black box, but the center was no longer exuding its brilliant rays.

"What happened to those vibrant and brilliant rays? Why did they suddenly disappear?" Zhao Lingjun once again couldn't resist but reached out and poked the floating Black Lotus.[\[1\]](#)

Once his finger grazed the Black Lotus, he hurriedly hopped backwards with his one good leg, in fear of the lotus materializing another box. Even if it didn't crush him, or flatten his feet, it was still not something to be trifled with.

However, his fears didn't transpire, and Zhao Lingjun only saw the Black Lotus begin whirling in the air.

He also noticed that the dull and lifeless middle part started to give off light again.

Another pulse of rippling light illuminated the room.

As soon as that happened, Zhao Lingjun felt like he was really going crazy, the black metal box disappeared right in front of his eyes.

Dumb struck, Zhao Lingjun couldn't accept that such a big thing appeared and

disappeared whimsically like a magic trick.

While in a daze, the multicoloured rays of light emitted from the Black Lotus all but disappeared.

After which, the Black Lotus slowly fell from the air, and dropped onto Zhao Lingjun's bedroom floor, making a 'ding' sound.

Zhao Lingjun rubbed his eyes in distraught, almost everything that caused him to be perplexed had all but disappeared.

Only that Black Lotus remained, lying on the floor, unmoving.

When Zhao Lingjun finally apprehensively picked up the Black Lotus, he noticed that the lotus had reverted to its original state, an unbloomed bud. Not only that, but the lotus was ice cold, totally unlike the lifelike feeling he had sensed at the start.

Zhao Lingjun then held it firmly with his left hand, and used his right hand to pull on a petal.

"How come it's like this?" Zhao Lingjun pondered, unable to figure out how the Black Lotus was able to disassemble itself, and reassemble into a fully bloomed lotus that emitted rays of multicoloured light.

Staring foolishly at the flower, Zhao Lingjun was tempted to see what would happen if he bit the lotus a few times. But considering the lotus unknown origins, and the fact that it was even steeped in sludge and mud for ages, Zhao Lingjun abstained.

After this ordeal, and all his physical exertions, Zhao Lingjun had already broken out in a sweat, and was drenched from head to toe.

The impact from all these things were too much for Zhao Lingjun to handle, and he felt the need to take a calming cold shower.

As the cold water trickled over his head, Zhao Lingjun had a sudden flash of inspiration. As if a hinged door creaked open.

Not even bothering to wipe himself dry, Zhao Lingjun hopped into his bedroom stark naked, still sopping wet.



He was afraid that the Black Lotus would disappear into thin air just like the black metal box.

Thankfully, the Black Lotus was still on the bedside table.

Zhao Lingjun quickly hobbled over to his table and grabbed it.

The Black Lotus as before was still icy cold, however Zhao Lingjun shuddered in excitement.

After taking a deep breath, Zhao Lingjun slowly turned over his palm and loosened his grip.

Released from Zhao Lingjun's grip, it fell onto the floor. Just as he had imagined, the lotus didn't make a sound.

The scene of the Black Lotus disassembling, followed by the petals revolving around the center, then forming a fully bloomed Black Lotus, and finally the myriad of colours exuding from the center of it, once again played out before Zhao Lingjun.

"As expected, it's like this." Zhao Lingjun exclaimed exhilarated, as he watched the silent floating Black Lotus.

\*

"What kind of madness befell this bugger today?" Lin Yiren also felt that he was pretty unlucky. Not only was he berated by a customer for no reason at all in the morning, he returned home to a apartment with the water supply and electricity cut off, and now, this happened.

Lin Yinren after restoring everything to normal with difficulty, was finally peacefully relaxing, but was interrupted by Zhao Lingjun who lived above. Lin Yinren could hear Zhao Lingjun tossing things around, causing a loud thump earlier, shaking everything like an earthquake, and now, this bugger is pounding the ground, jumping around like a monkey.

Lin Yinren really wanted to dash up to his apartment, and ask him why isn't he walking properly and hopping around like a monkey. But after remembering what Zhao Lingjun experienced today, he sympathised with him, and felt that he too was quite miserable, and let it go.

However, just as he had such thoughts, another loud thump was heard from above, and immediately jumped off his bed in fright.

Seeing the hanging light swaying above, his inner rage erupted, and screamed at the top of his voice. “MLGBD! Zhao Lingjun are you not finished yet!? Do you intend to rip apart your apartment or what!?”

“I’m sorry...” Lin Yiren heard Zhao Lingjun shout from above. “It’s an accident, it won’t happen again.”

“F\*ck you. If there is a next time, I will sprint up and slap you to death.” Lin Yiren hollered back as he depressingly climbed back into his bed.

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[1] I swear this guy is going to die from curiously touching stuff. Curiosity kills the cat

people. Don’t be like him.



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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 18 Opening the Box

Zhao Lingjun was pleased with his fingers.

Watching the black metal box slam onto the floor, Zhao Lingjun imagined that he possessed Midas Touch, and was euphoric.

Even the angry shouts from the utterly annoyed Lin Yiren, sounded like a symphony to his ears.

This euphoria was so addictive that Zhao Lingjun wanted to try replicating it again. However, Zhao Lingjun still decided against it, as knowing Lin Yiren, he would definitely stay true to his words and rush up with a murderous aura if Zhao Lingjun was to try again.

Looking at the floating Black Lotus, that was no longer giving off the multicoloured light. Zhao Lingjun was completely certain that if he touched that flower again, it would start rotating, exude that multicoloured light and finally the black metal box would disappear once again. After which, the Black Lotus would return to its original state and drop to the ground.

Zhao Lingjun was now certain of what made the Black Lotus bloom, and the black metal box appear.

The process of doing it was pretty simple, first to throw the Black Lotus onto the floor, and then touch it.

Seeing the black box giving off such a bone-piercing frigid aura even on such a hot day, Zhao Lingjun was hesitating on whether to open it, and examine its contents.

\*

The black metal box and the petals of the Black Lotus floating above it, both had similar engravings all over them, seemingly like an ancient script.

The black metal box looked quaint, and not from the present. However, the style of the metal box looked similar to a large suitcase.

It was not only similar in shape and size, but it also had a clasp to latch it.

When Zhao Lingjun was a student, whenever he went home, he had to lug a similar suitcase to this onto a crowded train. Therefore, he immediately understood how to open the suitcase, by unlatching the buckle.

Opening the box, seemed so simple.

If such a box was placed in front of Zhao lingjun at any other time, he would have unhesitantly opened it and examined its contents.

However, he witnessed the whole process of how the black box had appeared.

No matter how you looked at it, the box materialized from the Black Lotus.

But! The floating Black Lotus even when in bloom was not much larger than his thumb.

A small Black Lotus, materializing such a big box, was akin to a hen laying an ostrich egg.

It is instinctual to fear the unknown; to Zhao Lingjun, how the box appeared was really just too strange.

\*

After examining the box from the safety of his bed for a long time, Zhao Lingjun finally came to a decision.

Zhao Lingjun was afraid that a frightening big dumpling<sup>[1]</sup> would jump out of the box. Although the box didn't look very big, however even a thumb sized lotus could materialize this box. As such it wasn't out of the question even if the box contained numerous English speaking Jiangshi. <sup>[2]</sup>

Once he thought of such supernatural things, Zhao Lingjun trembled in fear. However, Zhao Lingjun still decided to persevere and open it, not wanting to regret it for his whole life. He felt that no matter who it was, his curiosity would outweigh the possible dangers, and wanted to uncover its contents.

Rather than being unable to sleep for the rest of his life, and be filled with

remorse, he'd rather face the dangers, even if a Jiangshi jumped out and killed him.

Therefore, Zhao Lingjun made up his mind to open it.

After deciding, Zhao Lingjun first hobbled over to his kitchen, retrieving a chopper.<sup>[3]</sup>

If given a choice, Zhao Lingjun would have retrieved an AK47 or a chainsaw like those from zombie games. Those two weapons, were not only good for murder, but great for self-defense as well.

But after searching, the best weapon Zhao Lingjun could find was merely a measly cleaver.

If a supernatural demon like the Jiangshi jumped out of the box, he would first chop its head then dash out of his house and call 110. (Chinese Police)

Zhao Lingjun played out that scenario in his head. While grasping the chopper in his right hand, he cautiously used his left hand to slowly unlatched the hasp.

Because the fastening appeared exactly the same as his large suitcase, he assumed that after unlatching the clasp, he had to lift up the lid personally.

Unexpectedly, the cover of the black box immediately sprang open after Zhao Lingjun unlatched the clasp.

Zhao Lingjun jumped back in fright, almost letting go of his chopper.

He had jumped back in fright because along with the opening of the box, a gust of wind blew his hair backwards.

A gust of air. Zhao Lingjun's first feeling was that it was an ill-omened wind.

But after jumping backwards, he realised that nothing terrifying had appeared from the box.

The black metal box just like a normal suitcase, laid open quietly on the ground.

\*

Seeing nothing terrifying leap out, Zhao Lingjun was overjoyed.

Zhao Lingjun presumed that since the Black Lotus was so magical, the black

box would contain something valuable.

Does it contain treasures worth more than what’s inside Du Shiniang’s<sup>[4]</sup> treasure chest, or is it a wearable golden mask that can transform one into Ultraman? Could it even be a gorgeous beauty asleep for a millennium?

Zhao Lingjun excitedly skipped towards the box.

“Just what was the original owner of the box up to?”

But, after taking a glance at its contents, Zhao Lingjun eyes rolled twice and nearly fainted.

---

[1] Big Dumpling – Slang from Ghost blows out the light, popular story in China. (Yes the same one in IRAS). It refers to a Jiangshi(refer to [2]), evil spirits, and such supernatural

things. [Click here to find out more about the story.](#)



[2] Jiangshi – Chinese style zombie. [Click here to find out more.](#)

[3] Chopper – Thinner than a cleaver, Chinese household knife. [Click here to find out more.](#)

[4] Du Shiniang – Lady from a popular story in China. Works in a brothel, amassed quite a wealthy sum through various means, and placed them in that treasure chest of hers. In the end it was thrown into the sea.

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## Chapter 19 [\[Click here to see title\]](#)

Contrary to Zhao Lingjun's wishful thinking, it didn't contain gold or silver treasures, or some golden mask that could turn one into Ultraman, or even a beauty asleep for a millennium waiting to be awoken by a kiss.

What had appeared before Zhao Lingjun's eyes was instead a decently long white rope of 1 meter, a short golden whip, a few red candles, and lastly, a neatly folded dress that looked like a very translucent nightgown.

That rope was similar to those Zhao Lingjun had seen in many films. The golden whip looked exactly like a specialised implement. Because the whole whip from end to end was less than half a meter, and the whip wasn't single tailed, and instead had multiple tails that looked like tassels. No matter how it was looked at, it wouldn't hurt a person.<sup>[1]</sup> The few red candles, reminded Zhao Lingjun of a SOD movie involving dripping candle wax.<sup>[2]</sup>

Without rhyme or reason, Zhao Lingjun pictured this.

A wretched man holding a lit candle in one hand and the short golden whip in the other.

In front of that man was a tied up female wearing that dress as translucent and thin as a cicada's wing.

"Unexpectedly after risking my life to open this box, it turned out to be this kind of collector's box."

If Zhao Lingjun had fantasized about this on a normal day, he would have had a sudden urge. However, the difference between reality before him and what he envisioned, made Zhao Lingjun want to impulsively streak naked on the roof.

After managing to exercise control over himself, and avoiding collapsing to the ground, Zhao Lingjun put the chopper down while wanting to cry but no tears

would flow.

For a moment, Zhao Lingjun yearned to lift the box up, then rush to his window and toss it out. However just as he had the intention of doing it, he had impression that there could be more items hidden under those implements.

Therefore, Zhao Lingjun removed the items one by one.

The first thing that was removed was the white rope.

Immediately upon taking it out, Zhao Lingjun couldn't help but curse, "MLGBD."

Although Zhao Lingjun couldn't discern what material the rope was made out of by sight, but now after touching it, he was almost certain that it was used by a pervert in the past.

The rope was soft beyond compare, to Zhao Lingjun, even if it was used to tie a person up, the sub wouldn't be too uncomfortable. He was incomparably depressed by the fact that the rope could have been used by a man from ancient times to tie up many beauties.

This was because, Zhao Lingjun up till now, hadn't had any intimate contact with girls other than holding a girl's hand during ice breaker games during university.

Although Zhao Lingjun normally brushed it off, but in the presence of such things, his heart couldn't help but be stirred emotionally.

This kind of emotion was exactly the same as when someone held your long time crush's hand and walked nonchalantly before you.

If Zhao Lingjun had continued scrutinising it, he most likely would have gone crazy from envy. Therefore he quickly removed the uppermost items, the white rope, golden whip, red candles, and the dress and placed them beside the black box.

After removing the four items, Zhao Lingjun could see everything inside the box.

\*

Many people believe that after failure comes success, in disappointment there



is hope. But sadly, sometimes after getting disappointed, an even bigger disappointment presents itself.

Seeing the remaining contents of the box, Zhao Lingjun was thoroughly disappointed.

After removing the four BDSM like props, only a few things were left, a glass bottle, stacks of bundled bamboo scrolls, and finally a worn out censer

Zhao Lingjun picked up the bottles and looked at it, finding a few small blue pills.

“Viagra?” Upon seeing its contents, this immediately came to Zhao Lingjun’s mind.

“Viagra even existed back then?” Putting down the glass bottle, Zhao Lingjun was even more convinced that the owner of the box was a pervert sex fiend.

That wretched man’s image once again appeared in his mind.

Zhao Lingjun took a deep breath, and finally managed to dispel that image.

“Then what are the bamboo scroll and censer for?” Shifting the bottle of Viagra aside, Zhao Lingjun turned his attention the other two items. He went for the bamboo sheet first, opening one bundle. To his surprise, the sheet was engraved with designs that looked like ancient characters.

“F\*ck! This must be a hand copied erotica of that era.

He immediately judged the bamboo sheets.

Then Zhao Lingjun took out the last thing remaining in the box, an old and worn out censer.

The weight of the censer threw Zhao Lingjun off, it was unexpectedly very heavy. At first he had tried to lift it single handedly, but the censer didn’t even budge.

Therefore, Zhao Lingjun tried again with both hands.

Once he lifted it up, he noticed that the censer wasn’t a censer, but a three legged pot. [\[3\]](#)

The three legs seemed as if they were made up of clouds ascending to the

heavens. Other than the three cloud looking legs, the rest of the pot was full of strange writing. However, this strange writing was not similar to those on the box nor the Black Lotus. It looked oddly similar to those oracle bone scripts that Zhao Lingjun used to see on TV.<sup>[4]</sup>

Its weight along with the greenish blue spots of patina, solidified Zhao Lingjun’s conviction that it was a genuine and authentic antique.

“It seems that I at least managed to find something valuable inside.” Zhao Lingjun was finally relieved after lifting the pot with both hands and taking a good look at it.

But then a thought struck Zhao Lingjun. “This guy had a hand written copy of pornographic material, a translucent nightgown, rope, whip, candles, and even Viagra to boost his vitality. Then what did he use this pot for?”

## Chapter 19 Ancient BDSM Collection?

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[1] Khuja says bullshit.

[2] SOD – Japanese AV Company. [For those kinkycurious people, click here to find out more.](#)

[3] Pot – Not the normal modern pot. But an ancient Chinese cauldron pot, like a medicinal pot, but not that big since it can fit in a large suitcase. [Picture of it here.](#)

[4] Oracle Bone scripts – Ancient Chinese writing normally written on bone and used for pyromantic divination. [Click here to find out more. Picture of it.](#)

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## Chapter 20 Three Dragon Tiger Steps

After sitting on the bed, and pondering with the pot in front of him for a long while, Zhao Lingjun still didn't have a clue what it was used for. He instead gained insights into why the owner of the Black Lotus was sentenced to death, and buried along with his belongings.

Zhao Lingjun was certain, that even if a girl was harassed in the modern period, at most one had to fork out some money under the table to get away. But in the past, it was more conservative than now. If a lady wore slightly more revealing clothing, she would be labeled a hussy by others. If one harassed or even touched a lady, he would have been dragged off and thrown into a bamboo cage, let alone such lascivious things as were in the box.

Therefore, this guy was probably caught by the law enforcement during a party, and was sentenced to death by beheading. After that, the things on his body were buried together with him in the mass burial ground.

The pile of 'tools' in front of him, lead him to such a conclusion.

\*

While Zhao Lingjun was hugging the pot and thinking, Longhu Shan and Sanqing Shan, the sacred and revered mountains of Daoism were both in havoc.

[\[1\]](#)

Longhu Shan wasn't called Longhu Shan previously, it was named Yunjin Shan. It was renamed to Longhu Shan in the middle Eastern Han Dynasty because of a man named Zhang Daoling[\[2\]](#). He had insights into the Dao of Alchemy, and chose Yunjin Shan to create a pill.

Not long after, his pill was completed, and it was rumoured that the clouds formed into a dragon and a tiger when it was completed. Therefore Yunjin

Mountain was renamed to Longhu Shan. He also founded the Tianshi Sect, and was conferred the title of First Celestial Master of Daoism by later generations. Since the Yuan Dynasty, Longhu Shan became the epicenter for all Daoist activities, and of course, along with it, Tianshi Dao became the first Daoist teaching in the Dao of Alchemy.

Since the time of the ancients, Sanqing Shan was also equally awe-inspiring. In the Eastern Jin Dynasty, Alchemist Ge Hong<sup>[3]</sup> setup a monastery specialising in concocting pills of immortality, making Sanqing Shan a gathering point for Daoist alchemists. However, only during the Northern Song Dynasty did Sanqing Shan become truly famous. During that period, the masses revered Daoism, and believed that Laozi the Supreme Old Lord and the Primordial Emperor<sup>[4]</sup> had enlightened Zhang Daoling. Therefore, at that time practicing Daoism was as prevalent as studying for university now. Flocks of Zhengyi Sect alchemists and Quanzhen Sect<sup>[5]</sup> alchemists converged on Sanqing Shan to study the Dao. But the number of Zhengyi Sect alchemists increased exponentially, and slowly converted those from the Quanzhen Sect. Finally, Sanqing Shan became another part of the Zhengyi Sect. Later on, Zhengyi Sect also specialised in the Yin Fulu<sup>[6]</sup>, such as creating undead, capturing souls and so on. In this aspect of the Dao, they were unrivalled under the heavens.

Daoists focus on eliminating the earthly desires, and refining one's temperament. They seek for the clear, tranquil, and laissez-faire state. Therefore, as disciples of an orthodox sect, they relentlessly immerse themselves in the Daoist teachings day and night, trying to reach that state and understanding the way of the Dao.

Longhu Shan and Sanqing Shan were genuine and orthodox Daoist schools, and their religious ceremonies, were of a much higher standard than that of Daoist Priests outside.

So for the disciples cultivating in the monastery on the peaks of these two mountains, they would wake up at the 5th hour of the day at the beat of the drum. They would then sweep the place, start their fast, take a quick bath, and dress neatly for the day. After which they would head to the monastery hall for the morning rites. In the evening, after breaking their fast and when the drum

beats again, they would have to promptly cleanse their body, tidy themselves and prepare for the evening rites.

Both mountain's morning and night scriptures were identical. At the fifth period of the day, the scripture was "Cheng Qing Yun", the "Cheng Qing" refers to the heavenly sight unique to Immortals, where the universe is as clear as jade, without a speck of dust. This is also what Daoists pursue. There are also three other things to strive for, living a simple life, having no earthly desires, and comprehending the Dao correctly. At this point with age, comes wisdom and a deep comprehension of the Dao. Therefore, legend has it that reciting this scripture can lead one to success in the Dao. This is what common people refer to as becoming an Immortal.

Legend has it, the evening chant "Bu Xu's" rhythm was like the heavenly sound of many Immortals flying through an ethereal void. Constantly reciting it purifies the soul and allows one to enter the inactive, laissez-faire state easily, consolidating that day's insights of the Dao.

When Zhao Lingjun had taken out those props he regarded as ancient sex toys, was exactly when Sanqing Shan and Longhu Shan were chanting their evening scripture.

The person leading the evening's chant on Longhu Shan was Tianshi Sect's present Master, Zhang Daoyuan. On Sanqing Shan, the one leading was Eldest Senior Disciple, Daoist Master Ling Feng.

Not only were these two men famous on their respective mountains, but they were also well known throughout the world.

The melody of Bu Xu, chanted by the two people, gave off an elegant feel. The words flowed as if it was part of a whole, lingering in the depths of the soul, allowing listeners to easily slip into the state of zen, free of earthly desires. Those Daoists that heard these two men chant and recite, couldn't help but lament, if only they had cultivated on Longhu Shan or Sanqing Shan, their progress would be infinitely better.

At the beat of the evening drum, the disciples of both mountains quickly assembled at their respective designated area for the evening ritual.

Longhu Shan was in Tianshi Monastery, while Sanqing Shan's was in Sanqing

Monastery.

Under the leadership of the two men, the disciples began chanting Bu Xu after three sounds of the drum.

\*

Li Yuanshan was a third generation disciple of the modern era. Thus he had to greet the person who was chanting, Zhang Daoyuan, as Ancestor Master.

When Zhang Daoyuan began leading the chant Bu Xu Li Yuanshan didn't perceive anything different with today's Ancestor Master.

Zhang Daoyuan's tone was still as simple and elegant as before. To Li Yuanshan, a pleasant song's novel would be lost after listening for a long time. Li Yuanshan had listened to Bu Xu for more than 15 years, from the time he joined at age 10.

How would you feel if every night for 15 years, you listened to this same tune?

Li Yuanshan didn't know how others felt, since his mind immediately flew to dreamland upon hearing Zhang Daoyuan chant Bu Xu.

Because of this, Li Yuanshan was touted as the best disciple of the third generation, and was Zhao Daoyuan's most favored disciple.

Zhang Daoyuan had proclaimed in front of all the disciples that Li Yuanshan had the best comprehension of all the third generation disciples. The reason was, because Li Yuanshan was the fastest to fall into a trance when hearing the chant. Not only was he the fastest, but his trance was also the deepest.

Today, like any other day Zhang Daoyuan began chanting Bu Xu, Li Yuanshan as usual also went into his trance-like sleep. However, just as he was about to fall asleep, three loud cries were heard.

For no reason, it reminded Li Yuanshan of that year when he was 20. He had secretly gone down the mountain to a small theatre to watch a film.

However, why would there be such cries in the Tianshi Monastery.

To his surprise, when Li Yuanshan opened his eyes, all his fellow disciple brothers were staring incredulously at Zhang Daoyuan.

The person who made the three loud cries was the one sitting in the center of the Monastery, Longhu Shan's master, Tianshi Dao's Leader, Li Yuanshan's Ancestor Master, Zhang Daoyuan.

Li Yuanshan only saw his Ancestor Master trembling, pointing at the sky in the distance with fingers. He had a complicated expression plastered on his face, with his mouth forming words soundlessly, not even a whisper could be heard.

Li Yuanshan foolishly turned around, looking towards the direction where Zhang Daoyuan pointed.

However what he saw was not any different from the norm. A darkened mountain in the distance, with the peak coarse and the slopes smooth, and a starry sky above.

"Could Ancestor Master have seen a UFO?" Li Yuanshan thought foolishly.

\*

When Longhu Shan's master, Zhang Daoyuan's three cries interrupted the evening rites, Sanqing Shan was even more chaotic.

Sanqing Shan should have also been chanting the Bu Xu at this instant. The newly initiated disciples, full of passion and zealousness should have been waiting for the chant to finish, where Daoist Master Ling Feng would then tell stories of how his Master had went down the mountain to eliminate demons and spirits.

Unexpectedly, Daoist Master Ling Feng had only chanted three lines before nothing else was heard.

When everyone raised their heads to take a look, Daoist Master Ling Feng was laying on the ground, frothing at the mouth, with the whites of his eyes showing.

"Did Master suffer from an epileptic attack?"

Everyone on Sanqing Shan turned to look at each other, before rushing to save their Eldest Senior Disciple.

After the third splash of cold water, Daoist Master Ling Feng woke up.

Immediately after waking up, his first sentence was, "Quick, quickly request for Master to leave his seclusion."

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For those who would like to know the timelines of the dynasties, [Click here](#)

[1] Longhu Shan (Dragon Tiger Mountain) & Shanqing Shan (Three Steps Mountain) – Famous Daoist Mountains in China. [Click here for Longhu Shan](#). [Click here for Sanqing](#)



[2] Zhang Daoling – First person in recorded history of Daoism. Click the links to know more of his deeds. [Zhang Daoling \(1\)](#), [Zhang Daoling \(2\)](#). [Tianshi Dao](#), [Wudoumi Dao](#), [Zhengyi Dao](#), are all the same thing. The author uses the different terms at some points of the chapter. ☐

[3] Ge Hong – Another famous Daoist, specialising in alchemy. [Click here to find out more.](#) ☐

[4] Lao Zi – [Click here to find out more.](#) ☐

[5] Quanzhen Sect – [Click here to find out more.](#) ☐

[6] Yin Fulu – Yin refers to the Yin of Yin Yang, where Yin means dark or negative. So Fulu is a darker form of Daoism. Fulu is a form of Daoism, where the practitioners are skilled at drawing and writing supernatural talismans and the like above. [Click here to find out more about Yin Yang](#). [Click here to find out more about Fulu.](#) ☐

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[\[Teaser\]](#)



## Chapter 21 Leaving Seclusion

“What?! You want to request Master to come out of seclusion?”

Daoist Master Ling Feng’s sentence stunned everyone present.

A person courageously spoke up, “Eldest Senior Disciple, Master is currently in closed door cultivation, and unless something monumental happens, he is not to be disturbed. Previously, when Second Senior Disciple drunkenly knocked on his door, he was sentenced to Yujing Feng’s<sup>[1]</sup> cave to reflect for three years and hasn’t come out. It’s not like you don’t know that the place is infested with insects during summer, and especially mosquitoes. We had even given him a lot of smokeless Qiang Shou brand insecticide, but it was of no use.”

“Okay. Okay. I know.” Daoist Master Ling Feng weakly waved, interrupting the long winded junior disciple. “I’ll visit Master myself. If anything happens, I will shoulder the responsibility.”

“Just what is so urgent?” Seeing Daoist Master Ling Feng seemingly fly out of Sanqing Palace, and even employ the Nine Lotus steps, the disciples at the scene were all flabbergasted. “That year when Yunnan<sup>[2]</sup> was in havoc from a Tong Shi Jiangshi, and Longhu Shan activated the Po Tian Jian, even then Eldest Senior Disciple wasn’t so anxious.”

“Exactly!” When the disciples were chattering amongst themselves, they suddenly noticed that the sky outside the temple lighted up.

They looked at each other in dismay and rushed out of the monastery to get a better look. There was a thin but bright horizontal beam of light above Longhu Shan in the horizon.

Many disciples on Sanqing Shan were dazed for a long time, almost like they were frozen in time.

“Po Tian Jian...”

At first, a few new disciples didn't understand what was going on, and assumed that someone on Longhu Shan was playing with a powerful spotlight. However, after hearing the other disciples mutter the three words, "Po Tian Jian" they too were stunned.

The entire skyline was illuminated by that light beam that was said to be visible up to a thousand miles. Although for the majority it was the first time seeing this phenomenon, but the three words, Po Tian Jian, were rooted deep in their hearts and known by all.

There was only one meaning when the Po Tian Jian appeared; and that would be that either Longhu Shan or Sanqing Shan had something that couldn't be dealt with by themselves.

Longhu Shan and Sanqing Shan were extremely powerful, what couldn't they deal with normally?

Therefore, within the past 100 years, the Po Tian Jian had only appeared three times.

The first time was when the Ban Family in Jiangxi, who were famous for exorcising and eliminating Jiangshi, irritated their enemies from Yunnan who specialised in making Jiangshi. They discreetly made a Tong Jia Jiangshi with malicious intent, then hired a third party to deliver it to the Ban Family out of malice.[\[3\]](#)

All Daoists' knew that a normal Jiangshi was merely a brainless animated corpse, it would just recklessly attack anything in sight. However, the Tong Jia Jiangshi was different. The Tong Jia Jiangshi's body was seemingly made out of steel, a normal Fulu practitioner's skills wasn't enough to injure it. Not only was it very strong, it was even able to withstand sunlight unlike a normal Jiangshi. In addition, it could even heed its creator's instructions.

Therefore the Ban Family were caught unawares and two of their disciples, who were tasked with getting rid of Jiangshi, ended up dead and hanging in the Tong Jian Jiangshi's hands. Although the Ban Family were very experienced in battling and destroying Jiangshi, but against that exceptionally ferocious Tong Jia Jiangshi, they were powerless. Therefore, they immediately sent messengers to Longhu Shan to plead for support.

The master of Longhu Shan at the time was very cautious, he mulled over how to destroy the Jiangshi for quite some time. Finally, he decided to activate the Po Tian Jian and request help from Sanqing Shan as they specialised in exorcising such demons.

The second time the disciples of the two mountains saw the Po Tian Jian was 30 years ago. It was rumoured that the Heishan Demon was sealed by Sanqing Shan's Master Ancestor, and his disciple Hongshan Demon, borrowed the power of the Heavens to breakthrough the seal. Even after sending out multiple experts, Sanqing Shan couldn't defeat them. In the end, as a last resort, Sanqing Shan's Daoist Master Xuanxu activated the Po Tian Jian to request for help.

The third time was a joke, supposedly a thief infiltrated Longhu Shan in the middle of the night to steal some valuable things to earn some pocket money. However, he accidentally activated the Po Tian Jian and was immediately caught red-handed by the elites of Longhu Shan. When the experts of Sanqing Shan rushed over, they saw Longhu Shan's Master, Zhang Daoyuan fuming with rage trying to recoup the losses from the thief. This was because the Po Tian Jian required a lot of resources to be activated.

From then on, Longhu Shan tightly guarded the Po Tian Jian. It was said that they kept it in a secret area, and was even heavily guarded at all times.

Normal disciples wouldn't even be able to go near Longhu Shan's Po Tian Jian, therefore when the Po Tian Jian illuminated the skies, everyone on Sanqing Shan had only one thought. "Something major has occurred."

\*

After seeing the Po Tian Jian, Daoist Master Ling Feng hurried to Yujing Feng

Daoist Master Ling Feng's master, was also the current Sanqing Shan's master, Daoist Master Xuan Xu. He was currently in Yujing Feng's Yu Xu Monastery, undergoing closed door cultivation. Additionally, Yujing Feng was the highest of the three peaks of Sanqing Shan, and its path to the peak was very precipitous.

If anyone was to see Daoist Master Ling Feng at this time, they would jump in fright from seeing this extremely long bearded, black robed daoist priest.

His speed when going uphill was that of a gust of wind, his feet didn't seem to

touch the ground, and he just floated up the hill like that.

In the blink of an eye, Daoist Master Ling Feng was already nearing Yujing Feng's monastery.

“Looks like Zhang Daoyuan, this guy, has been improving his Wang Qi<sup>[4]</sup> technique daily. The scene of a great treasure's qi towering in the sky also seems to have frightened him.”

Observing the Po Tian Jian, Daoist Master Ling Feng had this thought. However, while thinking, his movements didn't pause for even a fraction of a second.

A moment later, Daoist Master Ling Feng floated up to the door of Yu Xu Monastery, neither breathless nor red faced.

“It seems that you have improved yet again, your Nine Lotus Step has almost reached the Lotus Stepping stage.”

Just as Daoist Master Ling Feng roused his courage to knock on the door, an ethereal sound was heard from inside the monastery.

“Master.” Daoist Master Ling Feng was overjoyed at the unexpected good news. “Congratulations on successfully breaking through.”

“Ai. Come, let's speak inside.”

Daoist Master Ling Feng was truly elated, he assumed that his master had broken away from the Three Cycles of Reincarnation and attained Immortality or succeed in comprehending the Dao even more. However, his master's lifeless sentence planted doubt in his heart.

Daoist Master Ling Feng could only slowly push open the vermilion gate and enter with a heart full of doubt.

“It has been over a year since we last met, right?”

Upon entering the monastery, Daoist Master Ling Feng saw his white haired and white bearded master smiling at him.

When Daoist Master Ling Feng had entered, he was incomparably excited, because he hadn't met his master of many decades for over a year.

Therefore, when he heard the kind voice of his master, he had almost loudly

shouted, “Master, I missed you to death!”

As he took in his surroundings, he almost foamed at his mouth and blacked out like before.

The first thing that he saw when he walked in, were the three gigantic TVs, and below those three TVs, were three state of the art, high-tech BBK DVD players. [5]

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[1] Yujing Feng – One of the mountains making up Sanqing Shan. [Click here to know](#)

[more.](#) 

[2] Yunnan – Another place in China. [Click here to know more.](#) ☐

[3.1] Jiangxi – Place in China. [Click here to know more.](#) ☐

[3.2] Tong Jia Jiangshi – Souped up Jiangshi (changed the term from Chinese Vampire!!) ☐

[4] Wang Qi – It’s a method to view the Qi in things and to divine what is going to happen based on the aura/colour of it. [Click here to know more.](#) ☐

[5] BBK – China brand. [Click here to know more.](#) ☐

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 22 Pornographic Film

“Ling Feng, your Dao Heart is being disturbed.”

Daoist Master Xuan Xu laughed and said that sentence as Daoist Master Ling Feng stared bewilderingly.

Daoist Master Ling Feng’s Dao heart was suffering a bludgeoning, shivering from within. When he subconsciously touched his forehead, he had already broken out in cold sweat.

“If you can’t even see past a pornographic film, then I’m afraid your cultivation probably can’t improve.” Daoist Master Xuan Xu said, as he seriously looked at his most highly regarded disciple.

After being chided by his master, Daoist Master Ling Feng calmed himself and immediately returned to his calm and tranquil state. The soul stirring scenes shown on the three TVs disappeared, as if they were part of the mountain’s mist.

“Congratulations on breaking through the Three Cycles of Reincarnation and comprehending the Dao even more.” Daoist Master Ling Feng once again congratulated his white haired and white bearded master.

*Sigh*

Daoist Master Ling Feng upon being awoken from his bewildered state by his master, immediately knew that his master had seen through the hardest part of cultivation, breaking through the Three Cycles of Reincarnation, seeing past pornographic films. Therefore he naturally assumed that his master had broken through the Three Cycles of Reincarnation and became the most accomplished Daoist Master of Sanqing Shan in the past 100 years. However, it didn’t cross Daoist Master Ling Feng’s mind that his master had only sighed deeply before he continued on. “Fate dictates as such. I would have been able to break through it,

comprehending the Dao, and seeing past such things. Sadly there was an unexpected explosive outburst of a treasure's qi towering through the sky, it roused my greed, causing my heart to go astray, losing all my past efforts. It seems that I may never be able to see past this stage in the future."

After hearing this, Daoist Master Ling Feng's expression did a complete 180 degrees change. He knew that his master wasn't joking. For a Daoist's cultivation to go astray, he had to start from scratch, and even then, the amount of time and effort he had to put in was monumental. Looking at his master, sadly there wasn't time to try again.

Daoist Master Ling Feng was saddened, however he immediately remembered his purpose for coming here, and urgently asked, "Master, you also discovered that great treasure's qi?"

Daoist Master Xuan Xu smiled and replied, "Of course! Just now that qi given off by the treasure was so monolithic that even the Emei's [\[1\]](#) Sects Heavenly Mirror wasn't a match for it."

"How can it be?" Daoist Master Ling Feng's eyes turned white, and almost fell unconscious. "Master, you're saying that the qi from the South-East, is even more powerful than that of the Emei Sect's Heavenly Mirror?"

"Judging by the immense pillar of qi it gave off, it is indeed a few times stronger." Daoist Master Xuan Xu admitingly nodded. He then looked at the sky again before laughing, "Otherwise, would you think that that old Zhang Daoyuan would urgently activate the Po Tian Jian summoning us to Longhu Shan for a discussion?"

"..." Daoist Master Ling Feng looked at his master, utterly speechless.

Emei's Heavenly Mirror, was Daoists' strongest treasure known to date. When the Heavenly Mirror was once again unsealed, numerous Daoists hurried to Emei Sect, travelling day and night just to catch a glimpse of the Heavenly Mirror's qi. At the time, Daoist Master Ling Feng didn't have enough seniority, and thus after rushing to the Sect, he wasn't able to snatch a good view of the treasure.

But now master is definite that the treasure appearing in the South-East is undoubtedly much more badass than the Heavenly Mirror.

If it is stronger than the Heavenly Mirror, what kind of treasure could it be?

Daoist Master Ling Feng honestly had no idea what to say, and could only fatuously ask, “Since the treasure is so powerful, then why is it so calm and still after the sky was filled with the treasure’s qi.”

“I’m not certain either.” Daoist Master Xuan Xu shook his head and sighed. “Therefore, I think Zhang Daoyuan isn’t too clear about the situation either, which is why he activated the Po Tian Jian to discuss the matter with us.”

“Then what should we do?” Daoist Master Ling Feng looked towards his master. “Master, please instruct your disciple.”

Daoist Master Ling Feng was afraid that his master would say, “Forget it, let’s not wade in the muddy waters.” Because, when Daoist Master Xuan Xu had entered closed doors, in an attempt to breakthrough the Three Cycles of Reincarnation, he no longer had any attachments towards the mortal world.

However contrary to his expectations, Daoist Master Xuan Xu smiled and said, “You make a trip to Longhu Shan and represent me. It is fate that someone has obtained the treasure, but I don’t wish for it to be in the hands of a vile and treacherous villain. Therefore you guys had better find out what kind of treasure it is and what kind of person has it. In addition, I’m curious as to why the treasure’s qi suddenly disappeared mysteriously, without a trace of its former imposing might.

If Daoist Master Xuan Xu knew that Zhao Lingjun returning the BDSM-like items back into the black box, was the cause of the treasure’s presence disappearing, no matter how high his cultivation was, he would stumble to the ground.

\*

Still unable to figure out what the pot was for, Zhao Lingjun tossed all the BDSM-like props back into the black metal box.

Zhao Lingjun hurriedly kept the items because he was worried that a shameless person like Qin Ye would barge into his apartment, where he would be able to see the assortment of props lying around. At that point, even jumping into the Yellow River wouldn’t cleanse Zhao Lingjun. Afraid that whence morning



comes, not only would the whole office know but it would have even spread throughout the entire office building. Thereafter Zhao Lingjun of Meng Si Ni Company would be known as appearing honest on the outside, but a closet BDSM loving perverted sex fiend.

Out of the items, Zhao Lingjun didn't keep the three legged pot, the blue viagra-like pill and one bamboo scroll engraved with weird writings.

Only after careful deliberations, did Zhao Lingjun decide on leaving these items outside.

Although Zhao Lingjun understood how to activate the Black Lotus to materialize the box, but he was afraid that the box would disappear for good, just like how it appeared.

Towards those BDMS-like props, Zhao Lingjun would be unfeeling even if they were gone forever.

The highly valuable looking pot on the other hand was another matter, and Zhao Lingjun couldn't bear to lose it.

As for the viagra, it's safe to say that every men would be curious about it. Therefore, obviously Zhao Lingjun kept it, for future research.

Lastly the bamboo scroll. Zhao Lingjun wanted to search for a person capable of comprehending the inscriptions on it, to see whether it was truly as he imaged and had stimulating texts from the ancients.

After throwing everything other than the three items into the black metal box, Zhao Lingjun closed the box and prod the floating Black Lotus again.

As Zhao Lingjun expected, the Black Lotus once again exuded its multicoloured brilliance, and the black metal box dematerialized in the light.

After which the Black Lotus returned to its original form once again, and hit the floor with a 'ding' sound.

"Hahaha." He picked up the Black Lotus, and looked at the three items on his bedside cabinet before going to bed.

\*

The day was just too bizarre, after lying on his bed, Zhao Lingjun couldn't sleep

almost like he had taken steroids. Only after rolling in bed countless times, did he finally drift asleep.

In his sleep, Zhao Lingjun experienced countless strange dreams.

In the dream he experienced the most, he sold the pot for billions. Then, smartly dressed and driving a BMW, he quickly pulled up his car beside Hao Meili’s Polo, then in Hao Meili’s and Zhang Zhong’s shocked gazes, smugly say, “Baoya Zhen, Fatty Zhang, I quit, 88(bye bye)!”

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[1] Emei Sect – Fictional martial arts sect. Only takes in females. [Click here to find out a](#)

[little more.](#)



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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 23 Blue Pill

“How did you end up in such a state?”

“What were you up to last night? Experiencing life’s pleasures? You don’t want others to work today and decided to hop and stomp in your house?”

The next morning, with a limp, dull footsteps, and a pale complexion, Zhao Lingjun hobbled his way to the crowded bus stop. Immediately, Zhang Changsheng and Lin Yiren unhesitantly asked.

“I want to discuss something with you privately.”

Before Zhao Lingjun could even answer, Xiao Ping mysteriously pulled him aside.

“What’s wrong?” Zhao Lingjun eyed the excited Xiao Ping.

“Lend me the good stuff that you watched last night for a couple of days.” Xiao Ping blinked pleadingly at Zhao Lingjun.

Zhao Lingjun almost crashed on the floor from fainting.

“Did I not close the blinds when doing those things last night?” No matter how much Zhao Lingjun put his mind to it, he still didn’t know how Xiao Ping knew of those things.

“Quickly take it out.” Xiao Ping urged. “The bus is coming, it wouldn’t be convenient then.”

“What do you want to see?” Zhao Lingjun resignedly replied, full of suspicion that Xiao Ping was also a BDSM enthusiasts, and had planted a pinhole camera in his room.

“The pornographic film that you watched yesterday of course!” Xiao Ping exclaimed. “Don’t tell me you’re bashful about it?”

The whites of Zhao Lingjun’s eyes showed, almost dying. After a long time did

Zhao Lingjun finally awake from his stupor and reply, “How did you know I watched a pornographic film yesterday?”

“Look at you, moving lifelessly, a pale complexion, and last but not least, Lin Yiren just said that you were banging nonstop. Why don’t you tell me, what else could it but you watching pornography?”

“Exactly! Therefore quickly take out your good stuff.” Just as Xiao Ping said that, Zhang Changsheng and Lin Yiren circled Zhao Lingjun.

“I don’t have the pornographic film that you speak of.” Zhao Lingjun depressingly said to the three guys with glimmering gazes. “I was jumping around because my foot got pierced in the sewers yesterday.”

“What? You injured your foot?”

Hearing that, Zhang Changsheng immediately became nervous. After all, everyone would know what kind of place a sewer is, therefore he immediately asked out of concern. “How is it? Is it serious?”

“You don’t say.” Zhao Lingjun gave Zhang Changsheng a gloomy expression. “Didn’t you notice that I became Tie Guaili when I walked over? So? Is it serious or not?”

“Hehe...”

“F\*ck! I’m so miserable and you guys still can laugh. Are you even humans?” Zhao Lingjun wretchedly looked on at the three who couldn’t hold their laughter in.

“Haha.” Zhang Changsheng coughed before finally suppressing his laughter and replied. “How about this, I’ll help you apply for leave today. You rush to a clinic for a checkup and to get some vaccines. The sewer has a wide assortment of things, who knows what kind of bacteria is in it. If the wound is infected, that wouldn’t be too good.”

“Yea, it’s best to go for a checkup as soon as possible.” Xiao Ping seriously chimed in, completely oblivious to Zhao Lingjun’s change in expression. “That year in my hometown, there was a guy whose foot was pierced by iron. He didn’t notice it and unknowingly he died a year after.”

“F\*ck! You guys...” Zhao Lingjun looked helplessly at the three men, speechless.

After getting on the bus, Zhao Lingjun felt increasingly abnormal.

After finally arriving, Zhao Lingjun jumped off the bus.

By the time the commuters on the bus commented that his impersonation of a lame man was so good, Zhao Lingjun who was already far away yelled, “Help me to take the day off!” He then stopped a taxi and sped off.

\*

The taxi driver was a bespectacled middle-aged man, and had an aura of a learned man. He looked similar to Zhao Lingjun’s middle school Chinese teacher.

“To the nearest clinic, a slightly better one.” He instructed the driver as he boarded the car.

As a result the puzzled driver replied, “What is it you want? The nearest one? Or a slightly better one? The nearest clinic may not be a good one, a good clinic may not be the nearest. These two clinics aren’t necessarily the same clinic. How am I supposed to drive with such a destination?”

“You... You decide.” Zhao Lingjun blacked out from the driver’s criticism.

“As i see fit? How am I supposed to drive?” The taxi driver stopped the car and asked, “Which do you want? The nearest? Or a better clinic?”

“Then... the nearest one.” The glaring driver made the already depressed Zhao Lingjun want to cry.

“Then say that earlier. See how clear it is now?” The taxi driver pushed his glasses up, stepped on the accelerator, and with a cry of the engine, sped off.

In less than two minutes, the car pulled up at a small alley.

“We have arrived.” The bespectacled driver pushed his glasses again, before motioning to the alley.

“This is the nearest clinic?” Zhao Lingjun stared in disbelief at the rickety sign “XX Health” in the alley and wanted to cry but had no tears.

“Yup! See, it’s very near.” The driver replied.

“Then can we go to a better clinic?” Zhao Lingjun requested.

“Of course! The client is king.” The driver once again stepped on the accelerator, and after a few minutes, the car stopped at the entrance of “XX New Health”.

“This is a better clinic?” No matter how he pieced it together, it still was smaller than his hometown’s clinic.

“Isn’t it better compared to the previous one?” The driver shot a baffled look at Zhao Lingjun.

“Ya ya ya.” Zhao Lingjun paid the fare and swiftly got out of the car. If Zhao Lingjun had continued speaking with the driver, he was afraid that before he was at the clinic, he would have already been depressed to death.

\*

The sign of this clinic seemed to be cold and lifeless.

If not for the sign, with the number of elderly people entering and exiting, Zhao Lingjun would have mistaken it for a elderly home instead.

Zhao Lingjun was highly doubtful that this place could perform a full checkup, and if it even had vaccines for tetanus and such.

Since he was already at the doorstep, Zhao Lingjun decided to just go in and have a look.

*Meow*

As he entered the clinic, he heard a soft meow.

He then saw a small dirty white cat near the corner of the door, and it directed a pitiful look at him.

Zhao Lingjun adored cats and dogs from the start, and although this cat was slightly dirty, but that pitiful look was enough to kindle his compassion.

“It seems that you must be starving.” Zhao Lingjun sympathetically shook his head at the dirty and weak cat.

Zhao Lingjun really wanted to feed the cat a fish, but on him, he only had a sausage bread that had a bite missing.

The bread was supposed to be Zhao Lingjun's breakfast, but when waking up in the morning, his appetite wasn't too good, and packed it to go.

Not knowing whether it was to the cats liking, he pinched a little and tossed it to the cat.

To his delight, the cat meowed, and gobbled up the bread in a split second.

"It seems that you are really starving, haha. You don't even resemble a cat, and more like a dog." This dirty cat was interesting to Zhao Lingjun, therefore Zhao Lingjun threw what was left of the bread to it.

It meowed again

Before he could react, the cat like a tornado had swept through the bread that he threw, then begged with its eyes, desiring for more.

Zhao Lingjun was stunned, the piece of bread he threw wasn't smaller than the cat's stomach by much. However, in the blink of an eye, it was already in its stomach.

Locking eyes with the cat, he felt that the cat probably haven't eaten for many days.

"Pitiful guy." Zhao Lingjun looked at its gaze, and melted. Although he knew that he didn't have anything else that was edible on his person, he still couldn't help but check his bag.

Then Zhao Lingjun saw the glass bottle in his bag, in it had four blue pills.<sup>[1]</sup>

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Author note: It's the eve of the lunar new year, let me say some things. Secondly, issues with the plot, those who read my novel would know. My novel isn't like those where the lead is super powerful from the start (TL:and/or MC doesn't power up like most/every other chinese novel MC on steroids.). Therefore those looking for an invincible MC from the start (TL:and/or power ups easily) would inevitably be slightly disappointed. I prefer to write the process of how a person slowly becomes stronger, as well as the lead's normal and dull life, rather than him being invincible immediately, and proceeding to become almighty under the heavens, and XXOO (TL: You know... >.> <.< those things) with beauties.

End of what i translated. With some omissions.

TL Note: I don't translate most of his notes because I they aren't applicable. But for this I found it meaningful and would shed some light on the novel. I didn't translate it fully as some parts do not apply. I tried to translate the exact meanings for it.



[1] No! No! Nooooooo not the cat!\_

[\[Teaser\]](#)



## Chapter 24 [\[Click Here\]](#)

“If I give the cat one pill to eat, what would happen?” A bizarre notion silently wormed its way into Zhao Lingjun’s mind.

Curious, he couldn’t help but to search for the glass bottle deep in his bag.

After finding it in his bag, an evil intent flickered in Zhao Lingjun’s eyes.

Shaking the bottle, he heard the clink of the four pills inside. As he shook the bottle, he felt a bit like a perverted lecher holding a bottle of aphrodisiac while trying to tempt a young lady.

Especially when he looked at the cat’s delicate and pitiful expression, Zhao Lingjun firmly chided himself, cursing himself that he was lesser than a beast.

“Didn’t you bring this bottle of pills with the intention of finding a stray dog or the like to test it on? Although this cat is very pitiful, even if you were to leave it alone, it wouldn’t survive for much longer. Then again, the pill may just be viagra, perhaps the cat will be fine after eating it.” As he was chiding himself, a seductive voice appeared in his consciousness.

After hesitating for only a moment, Zhao Lingjun uncorked the glass bottle.

The pills gave off a fragrant sweet scent, causing Zhao Lingjun’s mind to clear. A whiff of the fragrance wafting from the bottle and he slipped into a state of tranquility.

Although to Zhao Lingjun, a pill that emits such a sweet scent most likely wouldn’t be poisonous. But when he poured out a pill from the bottle onto his hand, and stretched it out to the cat, deep down he wished that it would turn and run.

However, it wasn’t meant to be, and he was disappointed. As he stretched out his hand, the white cat pounced over to him.

Zhao Lingjun immediately felt a coarse but soft feeling flit across his palm.

When he looked at his palm, the pill was no longer there and the dirty white cat was lapping its tongue looking for more.

Knowing that the cat had eaten it, it suddenly occurred to him that he still didn't know the gender of the dirty cat.

"If a little girl ate the viagra, what would her reaction be?"

As this thought popped into his mind, Zhao Lingjun heard the cat meow.

Zhao Lingjun saw the cat tremble all over, then opened its mouth to violently cough.

Zhao Lingjun was shocked silly.

He simply couldn't believe his eyes, and everything that had just transpired before him.

The dirty cat had coughed up a ball of blue flame.

In utter disbelief, Zhao Lingjun rubbed his eyes, half suspecting that he had saw wrongly.

But as if the cat read his mind, it spat out two more flaming breaths.

This time, Zhao Lingjun clearly saw the cat breathe blue essence flames .

Before he could figure out what just happened, Zhao Lingjun noticed the cat's fur stand on end, and after a short moment, its dirty fur ignited with a blue flame roiling on it.

If there was another person beside him at this moment , Zhao Lingjun would have grabbed his neck and fervently asked, "What the f\*ck is going on?"

\*

But sadly, there was no such person to answer him.

Zhao Lingjun saw the blue flames on the cat's body roil for a few more minutes before it slowly died down.

As the blue flames slowly dissipated, Zhao Lingjun was shocked. The cat's body had slowly returned to normal, but its originally ash grey eyes had turned into a

dazzling blue.

Its eyes had turned into a brilliant sapphire-like blue.

“Just what kind of pill is this?” Seeing the cat’s shimmering sapphire-like eyes, Zhao Lingjun turned to the bottle in his hands with three pills remaining inside, and wanted to cry but had no tears.

But it didn’t stop there, and Zhao Lingjun wanted to cry even more.

Just as Zhao Lingjun thought that nothing else would happen, the cat meowed loudly.

The meow was so loud that it made Zhao Lingjun wonder if there was a megaphone on it.

After it meowed, it abruptly jumped into the air and somersaulted 17 or 18 times.

Seeing a cat do over 10 somersaults, Zhao Lingjun would have normally laughed till his stomach hurt. But right now, he couldn’t even smile.

When the cat was performing its 18th somersault, Zhao Lingjun suddenly noticed that the cat was already totally different from when he first saw it.

When he first met the it, all he had seen was a dirty little cat that looked pitiful and weak.

Now, although the cat was still dirty, it seemed to be as lively as a dragon and majestic as a tiger.

“Could this pill be a godly supplement?” The transformation of the cat had inadvertently placed such an idea in Zhao Lingjun’s head. “But how did its eyes suddenly become sapphire-like?”

As he pondered, he became curious and wanted to take a closer look at its eyes.

But when he looked ahead, all he saw was a butt.

A small, dirty cat’s butt.

The cat which was originally facing Zhao Lingjun, had suddenly turned around.

While Zhao Lingjun sat clueless as to why the cat had turned and faced its butt

to him, the cat dashed off.

\*

Zhao Lingjun gawked foolishly.

He had never seen such a swift cat.

He had always known that cats and dogs ran very quickly, but the speed of this cat was truly too incredulous.

When it ran off, all he saw was an ash grey lightning-like after image.

In his confusion, the cat had already disappeared out the door.

Zhao Lingjun instinctively turned and gave chase.

Compared to the cat, Zhao Lingjun's speed was like a turtle.

When he stepped out of the clinic's courtyard door, he once again saw that dirty white cat.

The cat had already stopped running.

However, Zhao Lingjun was on the brink of fainting, and could only see stars.

It only took Zhao Lingjun three steps to reach the clinic's courtyard door from where he was, it wasn't even enough time to light a cigarette within that short moment.

But the cat had appeared over a hundred meters from the door, in front of a garbage dump.

"Is that still a cat? It isn't the Flash is it?" Zhao Lingjun mumbled to himself as he stared incredulously at the cat.

## Chapter 24 Cat's Transformation

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 25 Demon?

While Zhao Lingjun was still contemplating how long he needed to close that 100 meter gap, the cat dashed towards the garbage dump.

This was a normal garbage dump, every residential area would have a designated area like this. However, on the dump, were no less than ten cats of different colours.

In addition, the cats were much bigger than the white cat Zhao Lingjun was staring at.

The small dirty cat and the large group of cats, were as if a kindergarten kid had met a bunch of highschoolers.

But the little white cat charged aggressively towards those ten or so larger cats, with the impression of wanting to first rape then kill them.

Zhao Lingjun was stunned, "Was the pill that the cat ate not an ancient viagra, but instead the legendary strongest aphrodisiac from folktales, Horny Goat Weed?"

He was a little mournful watching the small white cat rushing up, expecting the aphrodisiac intoxicated cat to get swatted to death by those ten or so large cats.

Before Zhao Lingjun could even blink, a tabby cat started flying.

Cats run on the ground, of course they don't fly, thus Zhao Lingjun was under the impression that he saw wrongly.

However, even before he had the time to rub his eyes, a second cat started flying.

It was a black cat.

This time, Zhao Lingjun had clearly seen it.

As the little white cat rushed towards the dump, those ten or so other cats noticed their uninvited guest. Therefore they also reacted and dashed towards the white cat.

That black cat was the fastest of the pack after the tabby cat and was next in the lead.

As the black cat neared, it swiped its claw towards the little white cat, but even before its claw was even close enough to injure the white cat, it flew away.

In that moment when the black cat neared and stretched out its claw, the white cat had already swatted the black cat's body with its paw.

The black cat then let out an ear piercing shriek while flying off.

Followed by the third, then the fourth.

Zhao Lingjun foolishly looked on, watching the small white cat casually wave its paw, followed by a cat flying off while yowling like a pig being killed.

By the time the sixth cat flew off into the distance, the few remaining cats had already retreated into a corner of the garbage dump, trembling all over, lying flat on the floor, not even daring to move a muscle.

As for those six cats who flew off, they were like nylon bags that were thrown out; they lay limply on the ground breathing erratically.

“Is this cat possessed by Li Xiaolong or perhaps Huang Feihong?”[\[1\]](#)

Zhao Lingjun had this notion when the small white cat slowly walked towards the remaining shivering cats, who were plastered onto the floor too afraid to even move.

\*

Zhao Lingjun thought that the small white cat would proceed on to do some funny business with those cats that couldn't even move. Instead, the white cat coldly meowed and gave a glare at those cats before turning and started running towards Zhao Lingjun.

Zhao Lingjun turned in fright and ran for dear life.

He had already seen the little cat's magical performance. Although he may not

necessarily fly off after a swat like the six cats, but Zhao Lingjun would still rather not personally test it .

But after turning tail and entering the hospital's door in three steps, Zhao Lingjun was dumbstruck. The white cat appeared not far away from him.

"You... You don't come any closer." Frightened by the cat's speed, Zhao Lingjun broke out in cold sweat. In a moment of fright, he had forgotten that the cat wasn't a human.

After blurting it out, Zhao Lingjun was really too ashamed. But what really made Zhao Lingjun nearly collapse was that white cat seemingly understood him. Not only did it not rush towards him, it had instead stopped, and even retreated with a wronged expression.

This baffled Zhao Lingjun.

Observing the cat's wronged look, Zhao Lingjun couldn't help but ask, "You understand what I'm saying?"

After saying that, even Zhao Lingjun himself felt silly. In this world, how could there be a cat that could understand the human language.

But the cat's reaction, nearly made Zhao Lingjun splay flat on the ground.

Zhao Lingjun had seen the cat nod its head.

If you saw a cat nodding at you, what kind of reaction would you have?

In any case, Zhao Lingjun froze for a moment.

Seeing Zhao Lingjun freeze, the cat nodded even harder.

"Coincidence, coincidence! This must be a coincidence." After a long pause, Zhao Lingjun came to and kept telling that to himself.

He didn't dare to believe that it was real, and decided to test it.

"If you really can understand me, then walk to me and let me touch your head." Zhao Lingjun stooped down and conversed with the cat.

\*

As the cat happily ran towards him, Zhao Lingjun felt that he was going crazy.

He didn't expect that after speaking, the cat would immediately meow, then happily run towards him.

Seeing the cat stop in front of him, Zhao Lingjun started to see stars from dizziness. After stretching his hand out for so long, he still didn't dare to pat the cat's head.

"Heavens, is this truly real?" Zhao Lingjun helplessly sighed as he looked at this cat that was blinking at him, seemingly wanting to be petted. "You are really able to understand humans? This is really too incredible. It can't be that you can even speak it right?"

"Heihei."

Barely finishing his sentence, Zhao Lingjun heard a ringing laughter.

Zhao Lingjun screamed in fright, "Demon!", and immediately stood up to run.

To Zhao Lingjun, this was just too terrifying. The cat who could seemingly understand humans could even laugh like a girl.

Just as he turned around to run, he almost knocked into another person.

\*

A beautiful girl dressed in white, with a tinge of fright colouring her expression asked Zhao Lingjun, "Demon? Who are you calling a demon?"

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[1] Li Xiaolong & Huang Feihong – Li Xiaoling = Bruce Lee no explanations needed. Huang Feihong is another Chinese martial artist (arguable lesser known by the masses). [Click](#)

[here for Bruce Lee. Click here for Huang Feihong.](#)



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[\[Teaser\]](#)



## Chapter 26 Lin Qianxun

Zhao Lingjun admired the girl in front of him.

She had a small, delicate nose, pouty lips, a well-formed oval shaped face, long eyelashes above her big, intelligent eyes, a slender body, protruding where it should, and nipped-in at the correct parts. She was a lady that was beautiful no matter what standards you used.

In addition, the first impression you had was of elegance and purity. When he turned around, Zhao Lingjun had smelt her body's exquisite fragrance.

Normally, if Zhao Lingjun saw a beauty such as this, his knees would turn to jelly, his mouth would be full of cotton, his eyes would betray his lustful desires and would start indulging in his fantasies.

However, all that he felt instead, was cold sweat pouring out of every single pore, and a chilliness all over.

The beauty was wearing a snow-white dress, and upon Zhao Lingjun seeing her, he thought of the cat whose fur was also white.

“Could that blue pill be a pill that could miraculously transform an ordinary cat into a terrifying demon cat? At this point in his train of thought, Zhao Lingjun quickly spun around.

When he turned to look, he became even more terrified, to the point that his soul had left his body, leaving behind a lifeless husk.

The white cat from before, was indeed no longer behind him.

“Heroic and admirable person, please let me off.” He wanted to say this to the girl cloaked in white when he turned back to face her.

However, he instead saw the beauty's expression, her charming face had a

faint silly smile and at her feet lay the white cat.

“Hello? What are you doing?” The beauty whose face was tinged with a charming pink asked Zhao Lingjun who kept turning around like a crazy person.

“I... I...” Zhao Lingjun had already damned the white clothed beauty to be the transformed white cat. But now, with the white cat lying at her side, all well and dandy, Zhao Lingjun was at a loss and didn’t know what to say.

“Hehe, you’re quite interesting.” She blushed a little. “I have actually been watching you from upstairs for a short while and I noticed that you seem to like this white cat...”

“From upstairs?” Before she could finish speaking, Zhao Lingjun had interrupted her.

“Yup, from over there.” The beauty faintly smiled and pointed at the three-storey building behind with her thin and slender white hand.

“You have been watching me from over there for awhile?” Zhao Lingjun blankly asked. “What were you doing up there?”

“Hehe.” The beauty shyly covered her mouth and laughed. “Have you not realised what kind of clothes I’m wearing?”

“...” Zhao Lingjun carefully scrutinised her clothes and almost slapped himself twice.

Zhao Lingjun only now realised that he only saw the colour of her clothes and didn’t realise that the beauty was wearing a white doctor’s coat.

“You’re this clinic’s doctor?” Looking at the girl with the white cat next to her, Zhao Lingjun really felt ashamed at asking such a foolish question.

“Yes. I am this clinic’s internist.” She stretched her hands out towards Zhao Lingjun and smiled, “I’m Lin Qianxun, nice to meet you.”

“I’m Zhao Lingjun.” Shaking her hand, Zhao Lingjun blushed red from his neck up to his ears from feeling her warm jade-like hand.

“Hehe.” Lin Qianxun laughed at the beet red Zhao Lingjun. She then glanced at the white cat, which was staring fixedly at Zhao Lingjun. “The white cat seems to really like you as well.”

“It seems so.” Zhao Lingjun blushed even harder. He obviously didn’t dare to thicken his skin and shamelessly admit that he had used the cat as a guinea pig to test the ancient blue pill. Of course that included not admitting the cat turned into the Flash, gaining Li Xiaolong’s body and finally seeming to understand human tongue.

“You seem to also love the little cat.” Lin Qianxun gazed tenderly at the white cat lying beside her. “I even saw you talk to it.”

“En. Seeing it’s lonely and hungry look, I wanted to bring it home and raise it myself.”

Zhao Lingjun lied without a moment’s hesitation.

As he finished his sentence, the cat, originally lying beside Lin Qianxun, let out an exceptionally excited meow and jumped towards Zhao Lingjun’s bosom like an artillery shell.

Before he could react, the dirty white cat was already hanging onto him.

As Zhao Lingjun subconsciously cradled the cat in his embrace, his white shirt had already been ripped by the dirty cat’s white claws. Not only that, but now the cat’s dirty fur had stained the front.

\*

Zhao Lingjun’s heart was bleeding.

This shirt of his was one that he had just bought, and had only worn it once. But right now, the shirt had a dirty cat hanging off it.

Zhao Lingjun really wanted to throw the cat away.

But at this moment Lin Qianxun bafflingly said, “It seems that this cat is really intelligent.”

“...” Zhao Lingjun just then remembered that the cat in his embrace had just swatted multiple cats like flies. If he were to actually throw the cat, who knew if it would swipe its claws twice at him. That would cause more trouble than it’s worth.

“Yup! At first glance, I already had the feeling that it was intelligent.” On the surface, Zhao Lingjun put on an act, pretending that he loved the cat, and even

pet it. However, inside, he was depressed about his shirt and his inability to do anything.

As he petted the cat, it snuggled closer against Zhao Lingjun's chest, lying unmoving deep in his bosom. This made Zhao Lingjun even more depressed.

Zhao Lingjun wanted to cry but had no tears as he carried the cat who was slyly pretending to be dead.

On the other hand, Lin Qianxun was glad as she watched Zhao Lingjun cradle the pitiful cat.

"It seems that the cat really loves you. If you're willing to bring it home and care for it, I'll be relieved." Lin Qianxun said with a look of gratefulness.

"You'll be relieved? What do you mean?" Zhao Lingjun questioned, truly perplexed by the female doctor's words.

"You don't know this, but this cat is really very pitiful." Lin Qianxun petted the cat's head and replied. "The cat was abandoned here by someone. After watching it for many days from upstairs, no one wanted to adopt it. Not only that, but the cats outside bullied it as well..."

Before Lin Qianxun could finish, Zhao Lingjun understood why the cat had suddenly sent the cats at the garbage dump flying. If it was him being bullied by others the whole day, and not able to eat. He'd also have sent them flying immediately after gaining exceptional martial arts. He would then follow it up with one sentence, "Now you know I, your grandfather is awesome, in the future don't let me see you, otherwise you'll face the consequences."

It seems that the little guy was terribly bullied by those bigger cats. Remembering the pitiful state it was in and how it had almost inhaled the bread, Zhao Lingjun was moved and empathized with it. His ruined shirt no longer throbbed his heart as much.

But in his heart, he was still unsettled.

Generally, most elderly folk loved to raise a cat or a dog. The area also had a lot of elderly folk bustling around in the morning. How could the cat not be adopted?

Thus he had interrupted Lin Qianxun, “Why was no one willing to adopt it even after so many days?”

Glancing at the cat lying in Zhao Lingjun’s embrace, Lin Qianxun let out a sigh with a hesitant expression.

Finding it odd, Zhao Lingjun was about to ask Lin Qianxun what the matter was. But before he could, Lin Qianxun blinked her big eyes, gazed into Zhao Lingjun’s and asked, “You don’t believe in superstitions do you?”

“Superstitions?” Zhao Lingjun was slightly dazed from her stare, but felt that it was a little ominous.

“En.” Lin Qianxun blinked again and kept her gaze fixed on him, and repeated her question. “Do you believe in certain superstitions? Such as, when raising certain cats, it would hinder the host and such?”

With her intense stare, Zhao Lingjun was even more lost, but he had never cared about those superstitions to begin with and confidently said, “I don’t believe in such superstitions.”

“Then that’s good.” Lin Qianxun cheerfully replied.

“...” Seeing Lin Qianxun so delighted, Zhao Lingjun curiously asked, “What do superstitions have to do with the cat not being adopted?”

“En.” Lin Qianxun nodded, raised her slender fingers and pointed towards the tail of the white cat.

Following her finger, he discovered that the white cat’s tail was half black.

“The elderly here all believe that if a cat’s tail is half black, it is unlucky. That a half black tailed cat is a harbinger of bad luck, causing calamity to befall its owner. There’s nobody here that would voluntarily adopt such a cat.” Lin Qianxun stated.

“How can it be? Isn’t it just a little black? This superstition really is too baseless.” Zhao Lingjun glanced at the cat and then realised that it was probably abandoned because of its half black tail.

He sighed inwardly, feeling that the cat was even more pitiful. Zhao Lingjun couldn’t help but ask Lin Qianxun, “Do you also believe in that superstition?”

“I obviously don’t believe in it!” Puzzled, Lin Qianxun looked at Zhao Lingjun.

“If you don’t believe in it, then why did you not adopt the cat?” Zhao Lingjun asked perplexedly.

“Hehe.” Lin Qianxun looked at Zhao Lingjun and couldn’t resist laughing. “You thought I was afraid of that kind of hearsay? Actually it’s not that I don’t want to adopt the cat, but I live in the hospital, and according to the hospital’s rules, we can’t raise animals inside. Additionally, our Head has mysophobia, so whenever he sees an animal, he would itch all over. Therefore I can only sneak out when I’m free to feed the cat. But sometimes, even if I put food for it to it, the cats outside would come to steal it after I leave. Thus I was hoping that a kind hearted person would adopt this pitiful cat. Unexpectedly, I found one, you.”

Zhao Lingjun’s face turned red again after hearing her story. He felt that he wasn’t fit to be called a kind hearted person after his thoughts and deeds earlier.

But Lin Qianxun mistook his expression.

Seeing his whole face quickly flush red, Lin Qianxun smiled, a glow lighting up her face, and said, “You’re such an interesting person, you seem to get embarrassed easily. Oh right, I forgot to ask, what are you here for?”

“I came here to get a checkup.” Zhao Lingjun suddenly remembered his purpose for coming.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 27 Checking his foot

“A checkup?” Lin Qianxun started.

“Yup.” Zhao Lingjun smiled bitterly. “Why else would I come to such a place?”

“What kind of illness ails you?” Lin Qianxun pursed her lips and smiled while examining Zhao Lingjun from head to toe.

As she smiled, her delicate nose wrinkled slightly, like a pond of water that had a light spring breeze blowing across its surface.

Her fresh and pure smile caused Zhao Lingjun to stare dazedly at her, but her intense scrutiny of him from top to bottom made him subconsciously look down at his pant’s zipper.

Zhao Lingjun remembered a guy from university, who once wore red underwear but had forgotten to zip his pants. As he went around campus, many girls stared at him and he had even smiled bashfully at them while feeling proud of himself. Only when he had returned to his dorm, had he realised that his front fly was open. If not for Zhao Lingjun and friends restraining him, that guy would have already rushed to the balcony in a bid to commit suicide from shame.

Once he looked down, his worries dissipated. His zipper was zipped up properly. But when peeking at Lin Qianxun, who was still sweeping his body up and down with her pair of doe eyes that seemed to speak words, Zhao Lingjun couldn’t take it anymore and asked with a flushed face. “What are you looking at?”

However Lin Qianxun didn’t reply and instead ordered him to stretch out his hand.

“Stretch out my hand? What do you want to do?”

“Just stretch out your hand since I asked you to do it.” Lin Qianxun’s tone

made Zhao Lingjun's whole body to turn into jelly.

Zhao Lingjun reckoned that if any normal guy were to see a beauty like Lin Qianxun using such a tone to request something, he wouldn't be able to reject it no matter what.

Similarly, Zhao Lingjun too was unable to reject it. However Zhao Lingjun could only helplessly say, "Look at me, how am I supposed to stretch out my hand?"

"Hehe." Lin Qianxun laughed when she realised the predicament he was in.

This was because of Zhao Lingjun's two hands, one was clutching his bag and the other was cradling the cat, so he had no way to stretch out either hand.

After laughing, Lin Qianxun removed the bag from his hands and carried it in hers.

Before he could react and figure out why Lin Qianxun had helped him carry his bag, she had already reached out her soft, silky hands and grabbed his own.

Zhao Lingjun's blush travelled to the tip of his ears, feeling his heart beating so hard that it felt close to jumping out of his throat..

"You..."

Wanting to ask why she had suddenly grasped his hands, Zhao Lingjun opened his mouth to speak. But even before he could speak a word, she had already started.

Lin Qianxun's fair complexion, was covered with a tinge of red

Red faced, Lin Qianxun instructed Zhao Lingjun to breathe deeply and to be less nervous.

Hearing her, Zhao Lingjun suddenly understood her intentions, it turns out that Lin Qianxun had grabbed his hand to take his pulse.

Upon his realization, Zhao Lingjun was utterly ashamed. He quickly tried his utmost to breathe deeply a few times, hoping that he could calm his beating heart.

His each and every move was captured by Lin Qianxun, and the corner of her lips curled in a smile.



After a short moment, Lin Qianxun released Zhao Lingjun's hand in astonishment and commented. "Your pulse is normal, and judging by your complexion, you don't seem to be ill."

"I only pricked the sole of my foot." Zhao Lingjun replied, still blushing. "I came to check whether it was infected and such."

"Hehe."

After the words had left Zhao Lingjun's mouth, both Lin Qianxun and Zhao Lingjun couldn't stifle their laughter.

"Then I'll bring you to see a surgeon." Lin Qianxun told him, after laughing for a moment.

"Sure." Zhao Lingjun replied as moved to retrieve his bag from Lin Qianxun.

However, Lin Qianxun smilingly waved the bag around and said to him, "Just continue cradling the cat properly. I will help you hold your bag. It's settled."

Watching the beautiful girl help him carry his bag and swinging it back and forth, Zhao Lingjun finally understood why those executives loved to hire a beautiful secretary for themselves.

This was because, a beauty helping to carry his things and taking care of him was just too blissful.

"In the future, if I become rich, I would definitely find a beauty similar to Lin Qianxun to be my secretary." Following Lin Qianxun into the consulting room, Zhao Lingjun couldn't help but dream about it.

A short moment later, that thought of his was immediately overthrown.

"One is not enough, I should have at least two. One to carry my bags, and another to chat with me, and to massage me and such."

\*

"Normally this small neighbourhood clinic of ours doesn't have many patients." Lin Qianxun said as she brought him into the room. Inside was only a single doctor, draped over the table, dozing off.

This was a doctor who couldn't be any older. The doctor's hair was completely

white.

Zhao Lingjun reckoned that the wrinkles on the doctor's face when wrung out could fill up a bowl with water.

"Uncle Zhang, Uncle Zhang."

Only after Lin Qianxun shouted for him twice, did the old doctor respond, with a hint of anger.

As the old doctor slowly raised his head and groped for his presbyopia glasses at an even slower pace, Zhao Lingjun judged that it wouldn't be overboard even if Lin Qianxun was to address him as 'Grandpa Zhang'.

"Oh, Ah Xun, it's you." After wearing his presbyopia glasses, the old doctor who was addressed as 'Uncle Zhang' by Lin Qianxun happily looked at her and replied. "How come you have free time to come and visit me again?"

"Hehe, don't I visit you everyday?" Lin Qianxun beamed.

"That's true." The old doctor's eyes turned into slits as he smiled and replied. "I haven't finished eating the osmanthus cake you brought for me yesterday. Did you bring delicious things for me again?"

"Nope! Today, I brought my friend for a checkup, his foot was pierced."

"Friend?" Only then did the old doctor notice that there was another person beside Lin Qianxun.

The doctor looked dubiously at Zhao Lingjun for a long time before he smiled and said, "Your friend is really intriguing."

A blush quickly crept up from Zhao Lingjun's neck to his ears.

Zhao Lingjun thought that it was really too embarrassing. "Your friend, a grown up male, is unexpectedly cradling a cat. The cat was even covered in dirt. Hahaha, he's really interesting." In his mind, he imagined that the old doctor interpreted it as such.

At this moment, Zhao Lingjun wanted to place the cat down. However, the cat just laid unmoving in his embrace as if it had fallen asleep.

Zhao Lingjun truly hoped to find a hole to crawl into.

Luckily for him, the old doctor laughed at this moment. “Heihei. Which part of your foot is injured? Remove your shoes and let me examine it.”

Zhao Lingjun swiftly removed his shoe on his injured leg.

As he was raising his foot up for the doctor, Zhao Lingjun saw the old doctor removing his glasses, rub his eyes, then replacing them on his face. Zhao Lingjun also noticed that Lin Qianxun was also staring at him bafflingly.

“What’s wrong?” Zhao Lingjun paused for a moment. He then shifted his gaze towards his foot, and the sight made him want to die in a hole.

It turned out that in his haste, he got the wrong foot, and raised his uninjured foot out.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 28 Beautiful, Really Beautiful!

“Sorry, I mixed up the injured leg.”

Flushed from embarrassment, Zhao Lingjun speedily removed his other shoe and raised his foot.

“How did you get such a big injury on your sole?”

Lin Qianxun who had been bent over and clutching her stomach in laughter, jumped in fright from seeing the wound, without a trace of her former smile.

Although the wound on his foot had already formed a scab, Lin Qianxun could still imagine how it looked like before it had scabbed over.

“Yesterday, my apartment complex’s sewer was clogged up, and so I went down into the tunnels to help them unclog it. Who would have known that I would get injured inside.” Zhao Lingjun gloomily explained to Lin Qianxun.

After Zhao Lingjun had explained, Lin Qianxun wanted to laugh, but the seriousness of the wound wasn’t something to joke about. Looking at the wound, she couldn’t laugh even if she wanted to.

“Don’t panic.” The old doctor surnamed Zhang smiled vaguely and soothed her upon seeing her anxiety. “Although the youngster’s wound looks terrifying, his luck was not bad. Only the flesh was injured, and it didn’t damage his major blood vessels or meridians.”

The old doctor smiled gently and asked Zhao Lingjun what his name was.

“My name is Zhao Lingjun.” Zhao Lingjun felt that when seeing a doctor, questions such as name, age and such were normal procedures, and thus he answered the old man honestly.

“How old are you this year?”

“I’m 25 years old.”

Old Zhang doctor’s second question wasn’t far off from his expectations.

The next question he expected the old doctor to ask was what injured him.

But the old doctor’s third question made him sweat profusely.

“Youngster, do you have any siblings? Are your parents healthy?”

“I’m the only child, and both my parents are well and healthy.” Confused, Zhao Lingjun still replied politely.

“Oh.” Doctor Zhang was satisfied and continued to ask while gently smiling, “Do you have a girlfriend?”

“Girlfriend?” Zhao Lingjun now was dumbstruck.

Not matter how he pieced it together, Zhao Lingjun couldn’t figure out how that was even related to his foot’s injury.

“Uncle Zhang!!...”

Before he could reply, Lin Qianxun had interjected with a red face.

“Heihei.” Old Doctor Zhang laughed at her.

“I’ll help you bathe the cat. Carrying it home like that wouldn’t be very convenient.”

Lin Qianxun quickly spoke to Zhao Lingjun before the old doctor could put in a word.

“Sure, sorry to trouble you.” he said while bowing his head slightly, Zhao Lingjun figured that if he was going to carry the cat home, carrying a clean one was a bit better.

Finishing his sentence, Zhao Lingjun heard the cat he held meow. Then the cat which had been playing dead was obediently carried away by Lin Qianxun.

\*

“Right, youngster, where did we stop just now? Let’s continue.”

Watching Lin Qianxun carry the cat out as if she was escaping the situation, Zhao Lingjun relaxed. However, Doctor Zhang didn’t seem to give up on getting

an answer out of Zhao Lingjun.

“Just now?” Zhao Lingjun not knowing whether to cry or to laugh, took out a piece of tissue and wiped his stained shirt, while replying the doctor. “Just now you asked whether I have a girlfriend, but how is that related to my injury?”

“Heihei. “ Old Zhang Doctor looked at Zhao Lingjun and replied with a question of his own. “So, do you or do you not have a girlfriend?”

“I...” If anyone had repeatedly pushed Zhao Lingjun to answer such questions, he would definitely have pulled out his middle finger and yelled, “How the f\*ck does it concern you?”

But the person asking him was a white-haired, good natured elderly doctor. Therefore after choking for a long moment, Zhao Lingjun could only helplessly reply, “I haven’t had a girlfriend.”

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As he replied, Wu Xiaoye’s image flashed in Zhao Lingjun’s heart.

Zhao Lingjun wanted to sigh, but before he could sigh, the old doctor had followed up with another question that almost choked Zhao Lingjun to his death.

“How do you find Ah Xun?”

“Ah Xun?” Zhao Lingjun’s heart rate started increasing again.

“Yup. What do you think of her?” the old doctor beamed.

“She...” Zhao Lingjun’s face once again blushed a deep shade of crimson.

“Speak, speak.” the old doctor urged. “A young person shouldn’t beat around the bush.”

“She is beautiful, and her character is virtuous.” Being pressed by the old doctor, Zhao Lingjun could only thicken his skin and blurt it out.

“How can her strengths be so few.” The doctor was smiling so hard that the wrinkles of his face seemed to increase. “Let me tell you, lad, not only is she beautiful, and virtuous, but she isn’t bad tempered and can even cook well. Whoever marries her can thank his past life’s good karma.

“This...” Zhao Lingjun couldn’t help but ask. “Old Doctor Zhang, I came to have my foot checked, why are you talking about all this?”

“Oh, your foot.” Staring at him, the old doctor finally seemed to recall such a thing.

After examining the wound, Old Zhang Doctor gave his diagnosis. “Your wound doesn’t have problems, but just to be safe I’ll give you a tetanus shot and some antibiotics to take and you’ll be fine.”

“Really?” Zhao Lingjun looked dubiously at the old doctor. “You only took a quick look, and didn’t even ask me what item pricked my foot, and you decide that there’s no problem? How can you tell that I didn’t get infected by diseases and such?”

“Heihei.” The old doctor laughed at Zhao Lingjun. “Lad, you shouldn’t doubt a senior doctor with over ten years of experience. However, as a precaution, we will give you a call to check on your condition in a few days. So you should give me your name card.”

Upon the old doctor saying this, Zhao Lingjun’s face turned crimson and speedily took out one of his name cards and passed it to the doctor. At this moment, Zhao Lingjun finally felt a sense of professionalism from the old doctor.

Old Zhang Doctor took a quick glance at the name card before smiling at Zhao Lingjun and said, “At times, you young people may find the elderly like me to be more muddled as we age. But for some things, our eyes can see clearer than you young ones.”

After finishing, he profoundly looked at Zhao Lingjun and continued, “A flesh wound can be easily treated with the right medicine. But an opportunity once missed, may never present itself again.”

At this moment, even a dim-witted, dense person would know what the doctor meant. Therefore Zhao Lingjun could only explain himself. “Doctor Zhang, please don’t misunderstand. There is nothing going on with Doctor Lin and I, we only just met.”

“Oh? Is that so...?” The old doctor wasn’t startled in the least, and started writing on Zhao Lingjun’s medical record. He then said, “Then you should keep in contact and get to know each other more.”

“...” Seeing the doctor’s stubborn stance, Zhao Lingjun didn’t know whether to

cry to laugh. If the old man wasn't wearing a doctor's white coat, Zhao Lingjun would have really assumed that this place was the district's matchmaking building.

\*

"What are you guys chatting about? Both of you are chatting so happily."

Zhao Lingjun had wanted to tell the old doctor that with Lin Qianxun's beauty, she wouldn't even consider a guy like myself. But before he could, Lin Qianxun returned to the consultation room with the cat.

Lin Qianxun's cheeks were still rosy as she entered, she cradled the cat and blinked at Zhao Lingjun.

But when his eyes moved to the cat, he was shocked silly.

Its fur was like shiny like satin and its eyes looked like two sapphires. It looked exactly like a white fluff ball.

Is this the same cat as before?

"Hehe. How is it? Beautiful, right?" Seeing Zhao Lingjun foolishly staring at the cat in her embrace, she proudly exclaimed. "Unbelievable, right?"

"Beautiful, really beautiful."

As he said this, his gaze wasn't on the snow white cat, but instead on the area just above the cat.

Because the cat had snuggled tightly against her body, that thing of Lin Qianxun's which was originally already sticking out, was sticking out even more. It was almost at the point of bursting out of its restrictions and escaping to freedom.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)



## Chapter 29 Not a Normal Man?

“This friend of yours is really intriguing.” remarked Old Doctor Zhang as he smiled and observed Zhao Lingjun cradle the cat and limp out of the hospital. “This guy seems to be good all around, the only quality he lacks is that of a domineering male. But that is good as well, when both of you get together, he should listen to you and wouldn’t be harsh.”

“Uncle Zhang, what are you saying!” Lin Qianxun spluttered as she blushed red as autumn apples as she studied Zhao Lingjun’s slowly disappearing silhouette.

“Heihei.” Old Doctor Zhang’s eyes turned to slits as he laughed. “You may be able to hide it from other folks, but not me. I, your Uncle Zhang, have seen you grow up since you were but a wee child, and I have never ever seen you so nervous towards anybody. In any case, each time you saw him, you were beaming from ear to ear, so even if it wasn’t me, they would be able to surmise that you liked the young man. At any rate, you’re old enough, it’s time for you to find a boyfriend. This friend of yours is really not bad, your judgement isn’t bad, not bad at all.” chuckled the old doctor.

“Uncle Zhang, you’ve only met him once, how can you be so sure about that?” Lin Qianxun asked bashfully with her face hidden.

“That cat he was embracing, is the same one that had been abandoned here a few days ago, right? You were even feeding it frequently.” Old Doctor Zhang smiled gently. “Did you see his expression when he was carrying the cat? Although he appeared to ache for the loss of his shirt, at the same time, he didn’t have a hint of ire on his face. With just this, you can see that he’s an honest and compassionate person. Also, think about it, yesterday was such a hot day, but he had even helped to unclog a sewer. Only by working hard and enduring bitter hardships, would a person know the pleasure of helping others.

Other than that, when his foot was injured, he had visited the hospital alone. With his foot in that state, every step would bring him immense pain. This youngster is a man who has endured adversity and has shown resilience in the face of hardships. I like him, I like him very much.”

After Old Doctor Zhang finished, he looked at Lin Qianxun’s reserved expression and couldn’t help but laugh again. “Ah Xun, Uncle Zhang is an experienced person, I know that some things have to be cherished and fought for by oneself. After they are missed, you may never get a chance again. Trust me, that lad is really not bad.”

“I know. When I saw him feed all his bread to the cat, I already knew that he was a kind hearted person.” Lin Qianxun admitted softly, while blushing from her neck up to her ears. “It was probably his breakfast, but...”

“But what?” Old Zhang Doctor prompted.

“But I don’t know if he has a girlfriend...” Lin Qianxun with her head lowered, spoke in a tiny voice.

“Hahaha!” Old Doctor Zhang burst out in laughter, causing the shy Lin Qianxun to sneak a peek at him.

“Relax.” Old Doctor Zhang patted his chest as he assured her. “I can guarantee that that youngster doesn’t have a girlfriend.”

“How would you know that?” Lin Qianxun once again lowered her head shyly.

“Heihei. Didn’t I ask him earlier? He said no.” Old Doctor Zhang replied. “Actually, even if he hadn’t answered, I would have already known that he didn’t have one.”

“What?! How?” Lin Qianxun curiously asked.

“Didn’t I say it earlier? Everything about him is good other than lacking some manly features. A young lad like him, even if he had a significant other, probably wouldn’t dare to say it out loud.” Old Doctor Zhang smiled and replied.

“Therefore, as long as you make the first move, he will definitely be yours.”[Fallen: Me and my friends call this FMA, First Movers Advantage :P]

“Uncle Zhang...” Lin Qianxun was so embarrassed that she wanted to find a

corner to hide in. “So what if I like him? I only have his name, and I don’t know where he lives or where he works.”

“Heihei. Relax.” Old Doctor Zhang laughed. “Everything has been prepared by me.”

Old Doctor Zhang, looking pleased with himself, then brought out Zhao Lingjun’s medical record and name card and waved them at Lin Qianxun. “The medical records has his residential address, and the name card I secured from him has his number and his workplace.

“Remember, take the initiative!” Old Doctor Zhang reminded her.

As Lin Qianxun’s face became an even brighter shade of red, she quickly grabbed the medical record and name card, and ran off at the speed of light. Watching her dash off, Old Doctor Zhang, who was sitting there, pleased with himself, said in his heart. “Although I may be old, but my judgement is still as good as it ever was. These two cute kids are both to my liking. Ah Xun, even if you didn’t didn’t bring me food often, I would have still helped you out.”

If Zhao Lingjun had heard the conversation between Old Doctor Zhang and Lin Qianxun, he would have probably died twice.

The first death would have him dying of shame when Old Doctor Zhang had praised him so much. Although Zhao Lingjun could be considered a good person, he wasn’t nice enough to unclog a sewer in such weather of his own volition.

The second time would be dying from overwhelming bliss.

Zhao Lingjun, never in his imagination, would think that Lin Qianxun, who was as beautiful as angels and goddesses would like him at first sight.

\*

Zhao Lingjun wasn’t born with supernatural hearing, so when he left the hospital, he obviously couldn’t eavesdrop on their conversation. Even so, he still felt like dying.

At first, every step would bring monumental pain streaking up from his injured foot, causing him to grit his teeth with each and every step. But now, the places that hurt had increased to two, his initially painful foot, and now his buttocks.

Zhao Lingjun always had the misconception that only children were afraid of injections. However that shot for the tetanus vaccine had changed his views.

While cradling the cat, each step made Zhao Lingjun want to sit on a wheelchair and sit still, alleviating the pain from his bum and foot.

However, in comparison with his other pain, his physical pain was nothing.

Every step he took, required him to breathe deeply a few times to calm and control his boiling blood.

Zhao Lingjun had already berated himself many times, calling himself a beast. But the picture of Lin Qianxun's blouse ready to burst open at the chest at any time was stuck in his mind, unable to be forgotten.

In Zhao Lingjun's mind, he was a normal man both mentally and physically. If it was towards any other person he could have forgiven himself. However, Lin Qianxun was too fresh and pure, and she even had such a kind smile. He felt that fantasizing about her, would be akin to sully her purity.

Also, somehow seeing his incomparably pitiful state made Zhao Lingjun a little disappointed when he thought of Lin Qianxun. To have her see him in that state, made him wish he could crawl into a hole and hide.

These few feelings compounded together already made Zhao Lingjun feel like he'd rather die than continue living. But at that very moment, he happened to hear some girls whispering as they walked past him.

"That guy is so girly."

"Yea, he's even copied girls and is carrying a cat."

"Exactly, who knows? Maybe he is gay."

"Look! Look at the way he is swaying his hips when he walks. One look says it all, he isn't normal." one girl murmured to the other.

"Ew, so disgusting. Let's move away from him."

"But that cat he is carrying is pretty cute, it's like a fluffy snowball. Also, its eyes are blue, and they sparkle like sapphires.

"..."

Luckily for him, an empty taxi came by just in the nick of time. Otherwise, Zhao Lingjun really would have killed himself from depression by smashing his head onto a wall in the district.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 30 Immortal Cat Hero

As he lay on his bed, Zhao Lingjun felt slightly relieved, but his gloomy mood soon returned as he remembered how empty his wallet was.

Zhao Lingjun would normally take a bus back to the apartment complex, but today he had given in to the impulse and flagged a taxi and returned by car. When it was time to pay the fare, he realised that his pay for the past two days had just vanished with the driver.

During university, he had taken an elective psychology class because the teacher was hot.

One of his hot teacher's lessons to alleviate depression was to lie down, close your eyes, and imagine yourself on a sunny beach and fall asleep

But when Zhao Lingjun closed his eyes, what came to mind wasn't sand and sun, but Lin Qianxun and Wu Xiaoye.

When he thought of Lin Qianxun in her doctor's garb, cradling the cat, Zhao Lingjun's heart rate soared and his mouth went dry. On the other hand, when he thought of Wu Xiaoye, he felt chills all over, and desperately wanted to crawl out of bed and slap his mouth and write "I am contemporary's Chen Shimei"<sup>[1]</sup> a hundred times.

After the images repeated endlessly in his head, Zhao Lingjun grew increasingly miserable until he could stand it no longer, wanting to commit suicide.

Therefore, Zhao Lingjun chose to get up and pour himself a glass of ice cold water, to calm his disturbed and agitated state of mind.

However when he opened his eyes, he got the shock of his life.

Two blue eyes were centimeters away from his own, swiveling.

“What the f\*ck!” Frightened, he immediately sat upright on his bed, but in his hurry he forgot and accidentally shifted his weight onto the buttock that had been injected. Grimacing in pain, he took a deep breath then depressingly spoke to the white cat inches away from him, “Why did you silently get on my bed, do you want to frighten me?”

*Meow* The white cat blinked at Zhao Lingjun with an expression of being wronged and leapt off the bed.

Noticing the black on its tail as it leapt off, Zhao Lingjun once again felt pity for the abandoned cat.

Feeling sympathy for it, he proceeded to embrace the cat in a hug.

*Meow*

The white cat was surprised when Zhao Lingjun shot up from his bed, but when it was embraced, it rubbed itself happily against him.

“Hehe.” Zhao Lingjun chuckled as he was tickled by the cat burrowing into his arms. “Little guy, why are you so adorable? Those who said you would bring disaster are really lacking in foresight.

After laughing, his mood improved by leaps and bounds. As he looked into the cat’s blue eyes that were carefully observing him, he suddenly remembered an extremely important matter.

In the blink of an eye, he retrieved the glass bottle from his bag.

In the glass bottle, the three remaining blue pills were quietly sitting at the bottom.

“You’re really able to understand me?”

Zhao Lingjun eyes darted back and forth between the glass bottle and the white cat in his embrace.

As soon as he finished asking, the cat vigorously nodded a few times.

At this moment Zhao Lingjun chuckled, he found that a cat vigorously nodding was really too funny.

“It seems that these blue pills are more miraculous than viagra.” After

chuckling, Zhao Lingjun thought of how people would immediately make a phone call to a mental hospital if he had told them that the pills in his hand could make a cat understand humans. Not to mention telling them that it granted the cat an overwhelming strength like Li Xiaolong.

Thinking of the cat's display after it ate the pill, Zhao Lingjun couldn't help but give a sweeping glance over his bedroom.

Finally, his gaze stopped on two dumbbells beside his desk.

"Since you understand me, could you help me fetch those two dumbbells?" Zhao Lingjun nodded towards the dumbbells and said to the cat in his arms.

\*

At some point or another, a male would have fantasized about becoming as buff and muscular as Arnold Schwarzenegger. Just after Zhao Lingjun graduated, he too had once dreamed of having muscles that made cute girls drool when he took off his shirt.

Therefore these two dumbbells had been part of his life for a long period of time.

But he realized that dreams were merely dreams, and if dreams were easily achieved, they wouldn't be called dreams. So, Zhao Lingjun worked out less and less with the two dumbbells.

Therefore on the surface of the dumbbells, a thick layer of dust had settled on it.

Although it had been a long time since he used them, but he could remember their weight clearly. The two dumbbells were bought in order for Zhao Lingjun to train into the muscle man of his dreams, and they each weighed 15kg.

When the white cat jumped out of his bosom, Zhao Lingjun guessed that it could at most carry a few pounds.

However, Zhao Lingjun was astonished to the point where his eyeballs were almost popping out of their sockets. The small cat had only nudged the two dumbbells lightly, but miraculously, they had rolled over to his feet.

"What strength!" He gaped at the scene before him. The original spot where



the two dumbbells sat had large indents in the floorboards. In disbelief, Zhao Lingjun took a deep breath.

After a long while, Zhao Lingjun finally regained his senses.

“Can you push heavier objects?” Seeing how easy it was for the cat to push the dumbbells over, Zhao Lingjun asked the cat.

The cat immediately nodded, and before Zhao Lingjun figured out what it was doing, it had already ran to the wardrobe in his bedroom.

\*Creaaaaaaak\* Before Zhao Lingjun could realise what it was doing, he heard a grimace inducing sound.

He then saw his wardrobe start to move slowly.

His eyes widened in disbelief, and he almost fainted.

Although the wardrobe had been in his room since he had moved in, Zhao Lingjun knew first hand how heavy it was.

Because when he had just moved in, he had an idea of decorating his house and wanted to move the gigantic wardrobe to another spot. However, even after expending all his strength, it wouldn't even budge an inch.

But right now, a wardrobe that a young and able bodied man was unable to move was being pushed around by a small cat.

Is this even a cat? Is this not a super saiyan cat?

Just as he thought this, he heard another creak that suddenly changed to a crisp Kacha.

After which the cat stood petrified, not moving an inch.

“What's wrong?” Seeing the cat suddenly stop, Zhao Lingjun asked nervously. He thought that the cat had overexerted and strained its muscles.

A few minutes later, Zhao Lingjun saw the cat embarrassedly slide its paw off the cabinet slowly.

[TL: Psst may not be clear, but cat switched from pushing wardrobe to a cabinet]

After its paw was off the cabinet, Zhao Lingjun noticed an additional two dark holes in it.

Zhao Lingjun was flabbergasted.

Only when the cat embarrassedly leaped back onto his lap, did Zhao Lingjun believe that everything that had just happened was real.

\*

The cabinet was too heavy, and the cat's paws were too small.

Therefore, although the cabinet had moved with a push, the cat's claws had also pierced it.

"If this cat were to claw someone, would anyone even be able to withstand it?"

Zhao Lingjun was scared witless at the two holes in the cabinet and asked the cat on his lap, "Will you always listen to me in the future?"

The cat nodded loveably.

Zhao Lingjun stared blankly at the cat on his lap and somehow had thought of the giant condor from The Return of the Condor Heroes. [\[2\]](#)

Because Yang Guo had that giant condor, he was thusly named the Condor Hero. Now that Zhao Lingjun had a cat which could move as quickly as the wind, and had a similar matchless strength, wouldn't he then be called Immortal Cat Hero?

"That's good." Shaking himself out of a daydream so happy that he could die, Zhao Lingjun finally returned back to reality and told the cat. "Then it's settled, in the future you will follow me. But since you're following me, you obviously need a name. How about I give you one?"

*Meow* The cat nodded frantically, with a cheerful look.

"Why don't I name you Wang Cai?" [\[3\]](#)

"..."

"Ah. You don't like it? There's no need to play dead if you don't like it. Since you don't like it then let's change it. How about La Xi?"

"..."

“Oh? You still don’t like it? Looking at the cat on his lap which played dead when he had mentioned the names Wang Cai and La Xi, he laughed. “I didn’t think that your standards were so high. Even Wang Cai and La Xi were rejected by you. Then... how about Xiao Bai?”

“Meow...” The cat meowed in grief, and finally stopped playing dead.

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[1] Chen Shimei – Chen Shimei is a byword in China for a heartless and unfaithful man



(Taken directly from wikipedia). [Click here to see the link.](#)

[2] The Return of the Condor Heroes – A really old Wuxia novel. An actual Wuxia novel. It is pretty famous and there have been drama adaptations of it. It’s also part of a trilogy.

[Click here to find out more.](#) ☐

[3] Wang Cai & La Xi – Common boring names for pets. Wang Cai in Chinese means ‘making luck prosper’ and the second, La Xi is a transliteration of Lassie, an English name.

Xiao Bai – Little white if translated directly. The even less creative name. ☐

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 31 Boorish Man

“Haha. In that case, you will be Xiao Bai from now on.” Zhao Lingjun started to laugh excitedly as he thought of how he had gained such an awesome cat as a follower.

But his laughter died when he glanced at the glass bottle in his hand.

The remaining three pills in the bottle were emitting a gentle glow.

“After the cat had eaten one pill, it became so powerful. If I were to eat one, would I gain such powers as well?” An idea slowly started germinating in his head.

\*

No matter what kind of man Zhao Lingjun was, even he had once possessed a desire to become a hero.

The three blue pills in the bottle were an inexplicable temptation to Zhao Lingjun.

If one reached a height of strength that could send Mike Tyson flying with a single blow, it would be difficult even if he wanted to avoid being famous or a hero.

Zhao Lingjun was obviously a normal man, and held the desire to be a hero admired by the masses.

But Zhao Lingjun felt that he was trapped between a rock and a hard place.

“If this medicine had only been researched on animals, it could be only meant for animals to become war machines. What if the pill had no side effects when eaten by cats and dogs? But what happens when it’s eaten by a human...? What if it had adverse side effects? Maybe even my lifespan would be shortened, the

type where I wouldn't be able to live for long or wind up a vegetable? If, by chance, I died immediately upon ingesting it, wouldn't I be unable to see Wu Xiaoye again? What if my eyes transformed into blue sapphires like the cat's and frighten Wu Xiaoye?"

"Safety first." Zhao Lingjun's mind was about to explode from the depression he was feeling. After hesitating for a long time, he finally came to a decision not to eat the blue pill just yet.

"Let's wait two days and see if Xiao Bai has any adverse reactions before I make a decision." Zhao Lingjun sighed resignedly and stuffed the glass bottle back into his bag. "I'm in no hurry, and I have a magnificent cat by my side. Even if I don't eat it, making a fortune isn't too hard. There's no point in taking such a risk now."

Although he had already come to a firm decision, Zhao Lingjun still felt uneasy as he replaced the glass bottle in his bag, a sense of loss like a piece of flesh had been cut from him.

After lying on his bed for a few minutes, Zhao Lingjun once again thought that putting all the pills in his bag wasn't such a good idea.

"What if the glass bottle falls out, or gets stolen? Wouldn't I suffer a gigantic loss?"

Immediately after he thought of this, Zhao Lingjun scrambled out of his bed and flipped over every single moveable item in his house to find two small glass medicine bottles. He then split the three blue pills into the glass bottles, with one in each.

After splitting the pills, Zhao Lingjun took two of them and placed one in his bedside cabinet and the other in his wardrobe. The last bottle was returned to his bag.

"As long as my person and my house doesn't get robbed together, there would be at least one pill remaining. Even if my house was broken into, the pills were split into two locations, and hopefully both wouldn't get stolen."

Zhao Lingjun now was confident that his plan was foolproof, and after putting the last bottle into the bag, he heaved a sigh of relief as his tension melted away.

But as he placed the bottle into his bag, he noticed the bamboo scroll inside.

Zhao Lingjun had actually planned to bring the bamboo scroll to work in the morning. He wanted to search online for similar characters and compare them with those on the scroll at the office. Of course, the best case scenario was that he would find a perfect match. But his plans were foiled and put at the back of his mind when he was frightened by the trio in the morning.

“Since the blue pills are so miraculous, these bamboo scrolls shouldn’t just be ordinary things. Perhaps deciphering the writings can uncover the pill’s origins and purpose.” Seeing the bundled bamboo scroll, Zhao Lingjun couldn’t help but slap his thighs in excitement.

He wished he could grow wings and fly to the office, or an Internet cafe to go online and search for related information on the characters.

However, when he slapped his thigh in excitement, a piercing pain shot through his nerves, like a flash flood bursting out and threatening to engulf anything and everything in its path.

“F\*\*\*\*\*ck!”

Zhao Lingjun only then remembered the plight he was in, as miserable as getting punched by the Seven Injuries Fist. [\[1\]](#)

\*

“Did the sun rise in the west today? Why are you up so early?”

The next morning, Zhang Changsheng, who thought that he had woken up very early, found to his great surprise that Zhao Lingjun had already arrived at the bus stop before him.

“Are you uneasy because you took a day off yesterday?” asked Xiao Ping, who was behind Zhang Changsheng.

“Uneasy? My pay is so low, and I slog everyday. A day off would make my conscience uneasy?” said Zhao Lingjun as he sarcastically sneered in his mind, “MLGBD. If not for me being so exhilarated that I was unable to sleep any longer, and that I had to use the Internet in the office, why would I be up so early?”

“Then why are you up so early?” Zhang Changsheng asked. “During the past six months, you have never been so early before. Right, how did your check up yesterday go? You’re fine right?”

“Probably because I slept too much yesterday, I couldn’t sleep much last night.” At the mention of the clinic, Zhao Lingjun’s mood plummeted. “Although there weren’t any problems, but that tetanus vaccine was really too potent. When I woke up earlier, my buttock was still aching.”

“Haha.” Zhang Changsheng chuckled, unable to hold it in.

“What are you laughing at? You heartless sons of a bitch!” yelled Zhao Lingjun furiously, this group of people gloating at his demise and laughing at him was really too much.

“Shhh, be more civilized.” Zhang Changsheng eyes signaled as he caught sight of something over Zhao Lingjun’s shoulder.

“Civilized your head”

“The person of your dreams is coming.”

“Coming my ass, don’t bring her up to scare me.” Zhao Lingjun exclaimed in a loud voice, with no f\*cks given. “You believe that I’m so easily cheated? You use this trick every single time, can’t you be more creative? You bunch of people... Anywho, so what if I’m not civilized? Who knows maybe Wu Xiaoye loves boorish men.

But just as he finished yelling out his load, he realised that everyone was quiet, and were even looking like they were trying their best not to laugh out loud.

Zhao Lingjun felt a faint premonition descend upon him.

Zhao Lingjun then turned his head, and saw Wu Xiaoye silently standing not far from him, blushing furiously.

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[1] Seven Injuries Fist – Is a martial art from a novel. The novel is *The Heaven Sword and Dragon Saber* from the last book of the Condor Trilogy. [Click here to find out more.](#)



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[\[Teaser\]](#)



## Chapter 32 The Company's Number Two Beauty

Zhao Lingjun didn't know when she had arrived, but it was clear as day that she was standing there.

Zhao Lingjun was flabbergasted.

In the company, Wu Xiaoye was reputed to be an ice queen. Therefore, everyone at the bus stop stifled their laughter and prepared to watch a good show.

But the events that followed fell drastically short of their expectations.

Even though Zhao Lingjun's outburst was so loud that people could hear it even from a distance of 10 meters, Wu Xiaoye pretended that nothing had been said.

She even gave Zhao Lingjun a rare smile and softly asked. "I heard that your leg was injured yesterday and had requested a day off to visit the doctor. Are you okay?"

Everyone who knew them almost fell to the ground in astonishment.

The ice queen, who had never taken the initiative to talk to someone, had actually talked to Zhao Lingjun of her own accord. Not only that, but she had even seemed concerned for his well being. Today's events were truly too miraculous.

Zhao Lingjun's immense happiness was like a great mountain pressing against him, and in his moment of ecstasy he couldn't speak properly.

"No... No, I'm... No, I'm fine." Zhao Lingjun could only stammer, flummoxed beyond the capability to form a full sentence

"It's good that you're fine." She replied as her supple black hair gently billowed

from the early morning breeze. As she studied him with her pair of big black eyes, a faint feeling of weakness gripped Zhao Lingjun.

\*

“You didn’t feel anything unusual yesterday right?” “I... I didn’t.”

“MLGBD, are you a pervert? Did you watch too much of that island’s films during the past two days and become abnormal?” In the research and development office, Zhao Lingjun depressingly watched Zhang Changsheng reenact his conversation with Wu Xiaoye. He itched to pierce Zhang Changsheng with a pitchfork. But, the ache coming from his buttock and foot served as a reminder to Zhao Lingjun that if he tried to attack Zhang Changsheng, he would probably suffer instead.

At this point of time, Zhao Lingjun’s biggest regret was not bringing Xiao Bai to work, and commanding it to swat this pervert away.

“Haha, your display was really not up to par. It was just a question about your health, and not asking you to rent a hotel room. Did you have to be so nervous?” Zhang Changsheng looked at the dejected Zhao Lingjun, and laughed until he got a cramp. “You’re really a disgrace to our department.”

“That aside, it seems that Wu Xiaoye holds you in high regard.” After laughing his fill, a hint of jealousy coloured Zhang Changsheng’s tone. “For others, it is very difficult to even strike up a conversation with her. But she took the initiative to ask about your well being. Could it really be ‘the pavilion closest to the water enjoys moonlight first’?<sup>[1]</sup> Or did you commit outrageous acts against her?”

“Do your head!” Zhao Lingjun exclaimed. “I’m but a youth socialist who lives by the Five Disciplines, Four Graces, and Three Loves.<sup>[2]</sup> Don’t think that I’m the same as you, with a mind full of vile thoughts.

“You’re a good youth of society, and my head is full of filthy thoughts?” Zhang Changsheng chuckled after hearing those words. “I wonder who watched my wondrous film previously, and even happily asked me to share it.”

\*Ring ring\* Just as the downcast Zhao Lingjun was about to grab a book on the table and clobber the guy in front of him, the office phone rang.

“Quickly answer the phone, and stop spouting so much nonsense.” Zhao

Lingjun gloated. “Maybe the customer relations people have met with some thorny problem, and are calling to seek on-site technical support.”

“F\*ck! Shut your crow mouth.” Before Zhang Changsheng picked up the phone, he screamed, “I only said a few words. Do you have to curse me to such an extent? You’re too hateful; cursing me to have to travel on-site to help troubleshoot!”

Zhao Lingjun chuckled and remained silent. However in his heart, Zhao Lingjun was satisfied.

Others may not know what it means to travel on-site to help troubleshoot, but Zhao Lingjun was extremely familiar with this term.

Normally when a client was faced with huge issues, where their equipment wouldn’t operate normally and the customer service department couldn’t solve it over the phone, they would then redirect the issue to the research and development department to go on-site to troubleshoot it.

As for issues that even the customer service department couldn’t handle, they were normally very problematic. Not only that, but since the client’s equipment was not functioning properly, most of them were under a great deal of stress and wouldn’t be nice to the person who came to fix it.

In addition, going on-site to a factory environment was much worse than the office. This was especially so when the weather was as hot as it is, it was basically insufferable torture.

Therefore, this kind of technical support was the most unrewarding job in existence. The worst experience Zhang Changsheng had was when he and another person from the customer service department were locked by the client at the repair site for a week. Even their meals were taken in the workshop. When the problem was solved and Zhang Changsheng returned to the office, he no longer looked like a human.

Thus at the mention of on-site troubleshooting, Zhang Changsheng’s expression worsened.

But after picking up the phone for a few seconds, his expression lightened.

“Someone’s looking for you.” Zhang Changsheng tossed the phone to Zhao

Lingjun.

“Looking for me?” Skeptical, Zhao Lingjun duly accepted the phone. Zhao Lingjun hadn’t worked for a long time, and mainly acted as a support for others. Normally, very few people would call to find him.

“Hello?”

“Is this Zhao Lingjun?”

“Yes, speaking.” Zhao Lingjun asked, “Who might you be?”

“You can’t even recognise my voice?” A slightly angry voice replied. “I’m Meng Xue the receptionist.”

“Oh. So it’s Sister Xue.” Zhao Lingjun replied with a syrupy sweet voice, “Why are you calling me now?”

Zhao Lingjun finally recognised the voice on the other end of the line was the company’s receptionist Meng Xue.

Meng Xue was the company’s second most beautiful lady.

Normally most beauties after wearing the company uniform wouldn’t look as mesmerizing.

But Meng Xue was an exception.

It was safe to say that every normal man working in the building would think of Meng Xue when they thought along the lines of attractive in uniforms.

Her snow white skin when donning the company’s uniform could make any man commit a crime. Even if every man in the company had such impulses, nobody dared to take advantage of her.

In addition to Meng Xue being the boss’ distant niece, she also hailed from Chengdu, not only was her appearance fiery, but her temper was equally explosive and vehement.

As such, in the company, it has always been Meng Xue bullying others, and not the other way round. As such, her other nickname besides uniformed beauty was ‘little enchantress’. Although she was hot tempered, somehow though her relationship with Zhao Lingjun was pretty good.

Meng Xue was one year older than Zhao Lingjun, therefore spouting the two words 'Sister Xue' made her as cheerful as a sunflower. Sometimes, she would even share her snacks with him.

Unexpectedly, Meng Xue seemed to have taken the wrong medicine today. When Zhao Lingjun shouted Sister Xue over the phone, she coldly replied, "What sister? Am I really that old?"

"What happened this time?" Puzzled, Zhao Lingjun couldn't solve the mystery of why she had suddenly changed into a different person.

"What happened?" Meng Xue coldly replied. "After a day of not seeing you, you made some gains, eh?"

"What gains? Zhao Lingjun was even more befuddled.

"Come to the front desk, someone's looking for you." After saying her piece, she cut the line before Zhao Lingjun could even reply, too lazy to even say anything else.

"What is going on today?"

Zhao Lingjun really couldn't understand what riled the office's little enchantress so much.

\*

"Xue..."

Zhao Lingjun hobbled to the front desk as fast as his injured legs could carry him. He intended to rush to Meng Xue and loudly shout the two words, 'Sister Xue'.

Although Zhao Lingjun didn't know why she seemed to be angry with him, he thought that as long as he still coated his 'Sister Xue' with sugary sweetness, she would be appeased.

But Zhao Lingjun only yelled the first part before he went quiet.

\*

A charming lady was standing at the front desk, opposite of Meng Xue. On the other side of the desk, Meng Xue was glaring coldly at this charming lady.

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[1] the pavilion closest to the water enjoys moonlight first – Short story: First Mover’s Advantage. Longer story: It means that the one who is the closest to a person or thing is the first to get some benefits. This is a chinese idiom which sounds very poetic... But I



can’t come up with a similar phrase in English...

[2] Five Disciplines, Four Graces, and Three Loves – Short story: Mainland China brainwash. Long story: a policy implemented in the 1980s to brainwash. [Click here to see what it actually entails! It’s a short read.](#) ☐

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 33 Luck With The Ladies?

“Why did you come here?” Zhao Lingjun was filled with joy as he recognized the beauty in front of Meng Xue.

Unexpectedly, the charming lady was Lin Qianxun from the clinic the day before.

“Hehe. I had to run some errands today and was near your office, so I decided to drop by to check on you.” Lin Qianxun softly smiled.

Lin Qianxun’s smile that was directed at Zhao Lingjun made him warm all over, and he nearly blurted out “My little brother feels weird”.

Unlike the day before, she wasn’t wearing her doctor’s coat, but it seemed as if an even stronger weapon was at her disposal.

She wore a light yellow high-collared skin-tight short sleeved blouse and a pair of low rise jeans. Hugging her curves, the twin pieces of clothing outlined her perfect body.

Her gentle and pure face simply completed the picturesque ensemble. With her looks, form fitting clothes, and body’s curves, it gave Zhao Lingjun his first look at what they called the perfect combination of an angel’s face and a devil’s body.

It took Zhao Lingjun a few deep breaths to break his gaze away from her body and regain his composure.

“You...?” Zhao Lingjun intended on asking how she knew his workplace, but only managed to blurt out ‘you’ before a cavalcade of footsteps resounded from behind him. A bunch of highly excited people rounded the corner, clearly engrossed in a heated discussion.

“Is there really a beauty?”

“There is definitely a super beauty, Xiao Zhang from the marketing department caught a glimpse when he came in earlier.”

“If you dare to bluff us, we’ll toss you from the window.”

Zhao Lingjun heard these voices not far off behind him speaking.

When Zhao Lingjun turned around, he saw Zhang Changsheng, Lin Yiren, Xiao Ping and many other colleagues with their mouths hanging agape, widened eyes staring at him as though he was a beast.

Seeing so many people rush out and appear, Lin Qianxun’s face quickly reddened.

“...” At that moment, Zhao Lingjun also didn’t know what to say.

Suddenly, Zhao Lingjun heard a cold snort.

The snort was from Meng Xue, and when Zhao Lingjun wheeled to face her, he was met with a frosty cold expression staring back at him.

“Do you guys not need to work?!” Meng Xue’s voice resounded as she glared at the group of guys behind Zhao Lingjun.

Zhao Lingjun could only feel a murderous aura saturate the area, followed by an instantaneous plunge in temperature.

“Oh. We only came out to visit the washroom, and coincidentally passed by.”

Shameless to the core, the group immediately dispersed with much fanfare.

“Sorry about that.” Zhao Lingjun told Lin Qianxun with a red face. “My colleagues all love to joke around. They don’t have any ill intent.”

“En.” Lin Qianxun, whose face matched Zhao Lingjun’s, nodded, and handed him a paper bag and a plastic bag.

“What is this?” Zhao Lingjun said as he foolishly took the bags from her.

“The paper bag contains osmanthus cakes that I personally made, and in the plastic bag is cat food that I bought for your cat.” A hint of bashfulness crossed her face as Lin Qianxun replied. “Is that white cat doing well?”

“Oh, the cat?” Zhao Lingjun felt a lot better when she inquired about Xiao Bai. “It’s doing just fine! It’s drinking and eating normally and is even quite



obedient.”

“Hehe. Then when you’re free bring it over to visit me.” Lin Qianxun shyly invited him.

“Sure! No problem.” Zhao Lingjun replied, more than happy to agree.

But just as he finished speaking, he heard two coughs from Meng Xue at the desk.

“Then... Then I shall not hold you up from working any longer. I’ll leave first, let’s keep in touch.” Lin Qianxun sensed that the atmosphere wasn’t too good and decided to leave first.

“Sure! I’ll bring Xiao Bai over to visit you next time.”

“Xiao Bai? Hehe.” Lin Qianxun paused for a moment before finally catching on that the ‘Xiao Bai’ mentioned was that cat and burst out in a cute laugh.

\*

“What? Don’t tell me you want to kiss her goodbye.” Meng Xue flared up when she saw Zhao Lingjun reluctant to part with Lin Qianxun as he sent her off to the elevator.

“Sister Xue, what’s wrong with you?” Zhao Lingjun was perplexed as to why Meng Xue looked so cold and frosty. He was starting to wonder whether it had come. If not for that, why else would she be acting like everyone owed her five hundred thousand?

“Who’s your sister? Don’t act so close with me.” Meng Xue coldly shut him down. “I didn’t think that you had such skill in you to even hook such a beauty.”

“What are you talking about?” Meng Xue’s scolding had coloured Zhao Lingjun’s face scarlet. “She and I are just normal platonic friends.”

“Normal friends?” Meng Xue stared blankly, before furiously replying. “You think I’m a moron? What normal friend would come to your office to find you? She even brought handmade things for you.”

“It’s the truth... We only met yesterday.” Zhao Lingjun mumbled. “She’s a doctor at the clinic I visited yesterday.”

“Really?” Still skeptical, Meng Xue stared at Zhao Lingjun, but her complexion had gotten brighter compared to before. “Then what about the cat you guys were talking about?”

“Oh, that cat? It’s an abandoned cat that was at the clinic.” Zhao Lingjun explained. “Yesterday when I went to get a checkup, I took pity on the cat and brought it home.”

“Oh? I didn’t know you were so compassionate.” Meng Xue’s frosty expression started to slowly thaw. “Then where are you keeping the cat now?”

“In my apartment of course.” Zhao Lingjun replied, puzzled at this line of questioning. “I can’t bring it to work, can I?”

“Haha, then what if it pees or poops on your bed?” Meng Xue burst out in laughter.

\*Gasp\* Watching her frosty expression melt into beautiful unstoppable laughter, Zhao Lingjun couldn’t help but sigh. Women truly were strange animals. Her cold and frosty expression was immediately replaced with a beautiful smile and laughter, happening in the span of a few minutes.

“In two days, it will be the weekends. Let me into your room to see that cat of yours.” Meng Xue said after laughing her fill.

“Ah... You also want to take a look at it?” Zhao Lingjun was still confused why Xiao Bai, whom he adopted attracted so much attention.

“What? I’m not welcome?”

“Of course you’re welcome, you’re more than welcome.” Zhao Lingjun immediately agreed, as she seemed to be on the cusp of flaring up again.

“That’s more like it. Then it’s settled, I’ll go to your dorm room to visit your cat this weekend. You not better run wildly with it in your arms.” Meng Xue said as she sent a thoughtful glance at Zhao Lingjun.

“Okay.” Zhao Lingjun helplessly agreed.

\*

A real, unimaginary beauty was going to enter his own apartment.

On the way back to his office, Zhao Lingjun didn't feel the slightest bit happy at this new development.

This was because Meng Xue was the company's publicly known beauty that could only be seen from afar but not touched. In addition, Zhao Lingjun's room was just beside Wu Xiaoye's. If Wu Xiaoye misunderstood...

Thinking of this point, Zhao Lingjun broke out in cold sweat.

\*

"What are you guys doing!?"

The preoccupied Zhao Lingjun jumped in fright as he opened the company's door.

The normally ghost town like office, was now unexpectedly incredibly crowded with people. Those people were even looking at Zhao Lingjun like he was a martian, wide eyed and swept his body up and down.

Zhao Lingjun unconsciously looked down at his fly, but the fly on his pants was not the issue.

"That beauty just now came to look for you?" A group of people asked immediately, ignoring Zhao Lingjun's question.

"Yup." Zhao Lingjun replied as he continued walking. "What's wrong?"

"You still can ask us what's wrong?" The group chorused with looks of indignation. "In the past we believed that you were an honest person. Who would have thought that you would sit on two boats. That beautiful lady even came to the office to find you. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"We are only friends." Zhao Lingjun replied lazily, not interested in explaining it to them. "Go back and do what you're supposed to do. Stop wreaking havoc around me."

"Normal friends. Only the dead will believe such a phrase." The group stared at him with a look that screamed 'I'm not stupid'.

"Fine, then think of it however you want." Zhao Lingjun started typing on his keyboard, ignoring those busybodies.

“Ah, so amazing.” The group looked at each other and said. “Let’s leave.”

“Go ahead, I won’t be sending you out.” Zhao Lingjun replied without even lifting his head.

“En. Let’s go tell Wu Xiaoye about it.” Someone said as they walked out.

*Crash* Zhao Lingjun fell off his chair.

\*

Only after spending several minutes explaining his relationship with Lin Qianxun and promising to treat everyone to a meal did the group including Xiao Ping and Lin Yiren finally agree to keep Wu Xiaoye in the dark.

Looking at the bunch of beasts in human clothes walk out contentedly, Zhao Lingjun wanted to cry but had no tears.

But before he could do anything, he noticed Zhang Changsheng staring into a mirror and sighing deeply.

“Why are you sighing to so much this early in the morning?” Zhao Lingjun asked the lamenting Zhang Changsheng.

“Why don’t you tell me? I’m handsomer than you by a country mile. Even my pay is higher than yours. Why are beauties like her finding you instead of me?” Zhang Changsheng stroked his beard and depressingly replied. “Why don’t I have any luck with the ladies?”

“F\*ck...” Zhao Lingjun froze and fell off his chair again.

After a long pause, Zhao Lingjun finally steadied his heart, and resolved to never care about this perverted guy. He then proceeded to go online to check for clues on his bamboo scroll’s writings.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 34 7th Street

Zhao Lingjun remembered an ad that said, “Get on the internet, the internet can give you anything and everything you want!”

It was said that the internet could transform a pig faced person into Prince Charming or an ugly witch into a beauty with a mysterious seductiveness to her. Through the magic of the internet and its magical transformation abilities, it was even possible to change the current trend. Not even history’s most powerful mages could perform such wizardry.

Even after busying himself for half a day, trying to compare ancient writings with those on his bamboo scroll, Zhao Lingjun was left empty handed. But he had faith in the internet’s omnipotent powers and didn’t give up easily. Finally, he managed to find a place called 7th Street, which seemingly had an ancient language research association in its compound.

7th Street was no stranger to Zhao Lingjun.

7th Street wasn’t a small alley nor a street. In the past, a guy named Zhou Dong had indirectly acquired the marketplace, and later on when the business failed, he sold it off to a businessman who made it into a gold antique trading floor. The place wasn’t too far from Zhao Lingjun’s office and when he first joined the company, he had passed by that area. But that place had a problem, there were more fake antiques than real ones. In addition to that, Zhao Lingjun didn’t have any money at all to spend on such displays. Therefore after his first visit, he didn’t bother going again. Zhao Lingjun also didn’t realise that the place had an ancient language research association.

Taking a taxi to 7th Street from the office only cost about 10 or so yuan. After considering for a few seconds, Zhao Lingjun decided to go.

The company’s monthly bonus, compared to the possibility of unravelling the

secrets of the bamboo scroll, wasn't attractive in the least.

Therefore, after lunch, Zhao Lingjun belched and told Zhang Changsheng who was dozing off on the chair, "Boss, help me to request for this afternoon off, I have something urgent I need to attend to."

"Are you kidding?" When he heard Zhao Lingjun, Zhang Changsheng, who had been close to sleep, jolted upright. "You have already asked for leave yesterday, and it's not like you don't know Hao Meili's tricks. Don't you want your bonus for this month? If you really take leave again today, I'm afraid that you won't be able to get your bonus."

"Whatever, let her deduct it then." Zhao Lingjun replied as he packed his bag. "Anyway it's just a few hundred yuan, I, your father here doesn't care."

"It's only a few hundred yuan?" The stunned Zhang Changsheng blurted out, wanting to have a good talk with Zhao Lingjun. But to his dismay, by the time he could respond, he could only see Zhao Lingjun's back with a bag on it.

"This guy talks so big now. Even ignoring the monthly bonuses." After thinking for a long time, Zhang Changsheng came to only one conclusion. "He is definitely going on a date with the lady from this morning. But this guy is really too wretched, even after taking the afternoon off, he ate at the company first before going off."

\*

"What? You want to take the afternoon off? Don't tell me you're going on a date with that nurse from before?"

Zhao Lingjun wanted to sneak out during lunch hour, but was caught red handed by the receptionist, Meng Xue. Even without prior consultation, Meng Xue's conclusion coincided with Zhang Changsheng's.

"She's not a nurse, but an internist." As he said this, Zhao Lingjun realized that he made an earth shattering mistake.

Because as he spoke, a layer of frost slowly settled over Meng Xue's face, and masked her whole face.

"No, no, don't misunderstand." Zhao Lingjun explained hurriedly, as he saw

her face immediately change like the weather. "I'm going out in the afternoon to run some errands, and not to go on a date with her."

"Really?" Hearing his explanation, her cold and frosty face had visible signs of thawing. "You're not lying to me, are you?"

"Of course not!" Zhao Lingjun bitterly smiled. "Even if I ate a leopard's gall bladder, I still wouldn't dare to lie to you."

"Then what are you going out for?" Meng Xue asked with a trace of a smile.

"I..." Hesitating, Zhao Lingjun didn't know what to tell her.

"Good, good, Zhao Lingjun so you've learnt how to lie to others eh?" Meng Xue's expression changed once again when she saw him hesitating.

"I'm not lying to you, I'm just making a trip to 7th Street." he hurriedly explained himself.

Even a pig when in a hurry can jump a wall. In Zhao Lingjun's moment of desperation, he had a sudden burst of inspiration, "I heard from a friend that 7th Street had an ancient language research association, and he had happened to obtain an ancient scripture on a bamboo scroll. He sent the scroll over to me, in hopes that I could have it checked out at the association, where hopefully someone is able to read it."

"Really?" Meng Xue looked at Zhao Lingjun half disbelieving. "You're not lying to me?"

"I swear to God that I'm speaking the truth." Zhao Lingjun shamelessly said.

"I don't believe you." she pouted.

Zhao Lingjun nearly crashed to the floor with a bang. "Then what can I say to make you believe me? Don't tell me swearing to God isn't enough and you want me to add Buddha's name to it as well?"

"Hehe." Meng Xue laughed. "Wait for me a little while and I'll believe you."

"Wait for you here?" Zhao Lingjun felt a little faint, without a clue as to what she was up to.

"En, before I come back, you're not to leave. Otherwise... you better not let me

see you again.” Meng Xue said as she put on a fiendish expression and wagged her finger at him. “If not... you’ll get beaten up each time I see you.”

After saying her piece, Meng Xue ran into the office with a trail of thuds following her. A short moment later, Zhao Lingjun saw her running back, and started to pack her things on the receptionist desk.

“Just what are you doing?” Zhao Lingjun foolishly asked the busily packing Meng Xue.

“I took a half day leave as well.” Meng Xue beamed.

“You took the afternoon off? You also have something on?” The dense Zhao Lingjun asked.

Meng Xue beamed at him, unreplying, she said, “Let’s go.”

“Go? Us?”

“Yup, didn’t you want to go to 7th Street?”

“Yea... But what about you?”

“Obviously I’m tagging along with you to go to 7th Street.” Meng Xue craftily smiled at Zhao Lingjun, “How else would I know if you’re lying and was actually going on a date with that doctor?”

“...” Looking at her pleased expression, Zhao Lingjun almost fainted to the ground.

\*

“Hey handsome, may I know where 7th Street is?”

After getting off the taxi and walking a few steps, Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue heard someone ask.

Zhao Lingjun turned his head and saw four guys carrying bags of different sizes standing near him; they looked like car mechanics.

When Meng Xue turned around to look at the four guys, she almost burst out in laughter.

Zhao Lingjun too was almost at the point of bursting out in laughter and only after taking in two deep breaths was he able to hold it in.



The one who asked Zhao Lingjun was a fat man looking Maitreya<sup>[1]</sup> with an amiable smile plastered on his face. Beside the fat man was a thin bamboo pole looking person. Beside that thin person was a dwarf shorter than 1.5m. The last guy beside that short man was a giant taller than 1.8m.

If one was to look at any of the four of them by their lonesome, maybe Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue wouldn't find it funny. But, when the four before them, appeared together, their appearance truly resulted in a comedic effect.

But what truly made Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue almost burst out in laughter was that the four people each wore a pair of sunglasses that covered half their face.

"Isn't that 7th Street? Zhao Lingjun after having a hard time holding back his laughter, gestured towards a marketplace full of shops no more than 50 meters away. In front of it, stood a rusty metal signboard, with two words '7th Street' written in flamboyant cursive calligraphy.

"Oh, so it's just here. Looks like we didn't go to the wrong place." The forever smiling fat man said to the thin bamboo pole guy.

"Where are you guys from?" Zhao Lingjun suddenly felt their accents were very familiar, and asked.

"We are from the Wuxi prefecture." The Maitreya looking fat man replied.

"What a coincidence?" Pleasantly surprised, Zhao Lingjun replied. "I'm also from there."

"Really?!" The fat man's gang of four exclaimed.

"Haha. Who would have thought that I would meet people from my hometown here!" Zhao Lingjun excitedly said. "It's really a coincidence! I'm also going to 7th Street, why don't we go together?"

"Sure, let's go." The fat man walked and looked at the Meng Xue, Zhao Lingjun couple and said, "Your girlfriend is very pretty."

Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue both blushed a deep shade of red.

"Oh right. What are you guys here for?" Zhao Lingjun quickly changed the subject.

“Ohh. We came to do some business.” replied the fat man on behalf of his group.

“Oh I see. So you guys are businessmen, I had thought you were comedians.” As Zhao Lingjun replied, a group of people entered the door of 7th Street. He then continued, “Then I shall not hinder you guys from striking it rich anymore. I shall go run my own errands.”

“Just as the mountain endures, and the river flows, so too shall we meet again. Farewell.” said the fat man on behalf of his group as he respectfully sent off Zhao Lingjun.

\*

“Those four guys from your hometown are very intriguing.” said Meng Xue as she looked at the party of four at some stores ahead looking left and right. “What a ‘Just as the mountain endures, and the river flows, so too shall we meet again’. I even wondered if they were part of the Seven Freaks of Jiangnan.” [\[2\]](#)

“Just ignore them.” Zhao Lingjun gloomy looked left and right, “Just where exactly is this ancient language research association?”

7th Street wasn't that big, and only after spending about 10 minutes, Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue had wandered the whole 7th Street. But their fruits of labour came to naught, and didn't find anything like an ancient language research association.

“Why don't we ask someone since we can't find it?” Meng Xue smiled charmingly at Zhao Lingjun and ran sweetly towards the nearest stall. She then used a seductive voice and asked the owner, “Big Brother, may I know if there is an ancient language research association around here?”

“Ancient language... research association?” The middle aged man who was setting up his stall stammered after being loudly called Big Brother by Meng Xue. After dazing for a long time, he finally raised his hand and pointed behind them. “The place you're talking about should be there.”

Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue followed the direction the middle aged man pointed at.

All they saw was a shabby, dilapidated two storey building. Hanging above the

door/entrance was a sign that was so mottled that the initial/original colour couldn't be identified. But the words written on it were still clear enough to be read.

“Ancient relic research association?” Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue both dumbly stared at the sign.

“That friend of yours indeed. Even ancient relic research association can be misread as ancient language research association.”<sup>[3]</sup> After a short moment, Meng Xue who was in a good mood said as she smiled at Zhao Lingjun. “Is his brain made out of wood?”

“I...” Zhao Lingjun looked at her, speechless. He wanted to find a hole to bury the person who said that the internet was omnipotent.

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[1] Maitreya – A Buddhist God, is always portrayed smiling. [Click here to find out more.](#)



[2] Seven Freaks of Jiangnan – A group of seven strong weirdos in the first novel of The Condor Trilogy. [Click here to read more.](#) ☐

[3] In Chinese the difference between the two is only one character, ancient relic blah blah – 古文物研究会, ancient language blah blah – 古文研究会. ☐

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## Chapter 35 The Four Big Bandits

“Well, it seems that your friend was wrong. What should we do now?” Meng Xue blinked, and looked at Zhao Lingjun with a sparkle in her eye. “It’s evident that there isn’t an ancient language research association here, and you can’t help your friend now. How about you take me to your dormitory to see that cat of yours?” Meng Xue urged Zhao Lingjun.

“Since there is an ancient relic research association, perhaps there would be someone who knows about ancient writings.” Zhao Lingjun felt slightly uneasy as he rejected Meng Xue’s enticing proposal outright.

However, Meng Xue didn’t flare up, instead smiled, and turned around towards the door, “Sure, let’s go and see whether this ancient relic research association has some weirdo who studies ancient writings.”

\*

“Robbery! Robbery! Males stand on the left, females on the right and transsexuals in the middle.”

As they were about to enter the association to try their luck, a loud bellow echoed through the marketplace.

When they turned to look, they noticed the four comedians from before. However, on their heads were long silky stockings, obscuring their facial features. In their hands were black guns of varying lengths and sizes, with a fiendish aura emanating from the four of them.

The bustling plaza immediately plunged into a deathlike silence, as if everyone had been petrified in a split second. Everyone stopped what they were doing and stared blankly at the four in long silky stockings.

The hushed atmosphere was broken by a roar of laughter.

Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue looked towards each other and laughed. How could it be possible for someone to rob a bustling bazaar in broad daylight?

They both wanted to go up to the four jokers and ask if their boss had ordered them to perform a comical skit to liven up the atmosphere.

Before they could go up to ask, someone had already went up on their behalf.

“Haha, who got you guys to perform a skit here? Have those stockings on your heads been used by girls? Or are they new?” The one who went up to ask was the middle aged man minding the stall, whom Meng Xue had just asked about the ancient language research association.

The stall owner seemed to be delighted at the sight of the tall, short, fat, and thin foursome. As he asked, he even walked up to the fatty with the intention to touch and see if the gun he was holding was real.

“Haha.” The crowd of onlookers erupted in laughter, returning liveliness back to the plaza.

“Haha.” The fat man joined in the laughter, but didn’t reply to the middle aged man’s question. However, he also didn’t prevent the man from touching the gun in his hand.

“This prop gun of yours looks so real.” The middle aged man commented as he touched the gun, feeling a little strange.

“Really?” the fat man laughed as he replied. He suddenly ripped the gun out of the man’s hand, aimed at his thigh and squeezed the trigger.

“Yup, did you buy it?... Ah!.....”

Before the middle aged man could finish his sentence, the crowd heard a ‘bang’ explode from the fat man’s gun. The middle aged man staggered back and fell down like his leg was slammed by a gigantic hammer. As the man was falling, a fountain of fresh red blood splurged out of his thigh.

The middle aged man only had time to shriek like a dying pig, unable to even try and stop his thigh from bleeding before he passed out.

Everyone in the plaza, including Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue, were stunned.

“Heihei. Who still wants to test if our guns are real?” The fat man with a

stocking around his head was still smiling like a Maitreya. But at this moment, no one felt that the four of them looked funny anymore.

After a few seconds, a few ladies let out shrill screams, which weren't inferior in any aspect to Hao Meili's from that day at the sewer.

Those still dazed were immediately snapped back to reality by those shrill screams.

Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue both had a thought flash through their heads, "To think that these few men were actually robbers." The whole of 7th Street exploded into noise and movement, engulfing it in chaos.

After the ear-piercing screams, several women started wailing and screeching like the siren of fire trucks as they ran towards the exit of 7th Street.

Awoken by the shrill screams, many people held a notion of calling the police, but before they could reach for their phones, a series of muffled bangs echoed.

The sound was like someone dribbling a basketball above your apartment at night, deep and powerful.

As Zhao Lingjun heard the sound, he saw a fountain of blood spray out from the backs of the few women who were running towards the exit. Like a kite whose thread was cut, the women fell forward and ceased to breathe.

An icy feeling gripped Zhao Lingjun, as if a bucket of ice cold water had just been poured over him. As he turned to look at the foursome, the thin man beside the fat man was lowering a bizarrely shaped gun with an attached scope, coldly staring at the motionless women on the floor. It was like he wasn't looking at humans, but rather at insects.

A deathly silence descended. A few timid people immediately had their legs turn into jelly and fell to the ground; some even fainted on the spot.

"My personal record is hitting three moving objects in a second. In addition, I don't leave anyone alive if I shoot them with my gun," the thin man said emotionlessly towards the crowd, "If you don't believe me, feel free to try me."

Before his grand proclamation, many people had already taken out their phones, ready to call the police on the sly. But when they heard him, they

immediately stopped in their tracks, not daring to even move an inch.

Although the four were dressed up like jokers, right now, nobody dared to question whether their words were genuine or not.

The scent of fresh blood drifting through the air and the unmoving bodies of the women not far from the exit of 7th Street were the best answer to prove their authenticity.

Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue were frozen in place; their minds a complete blank.

“Even the most aggressive criminals on television aren’t as cruel as these four.” Everyone was haunted by this thought.

“Let me repeat myself once more, men on our left, women on our right. Last but not least, transsexuals in the middle.” The fatty said as he still kept his amiable and friendly expression from before. It was almost as if he was courteously asking everyone.

Immediately after the fatty finished speaking, everyone started moving briskly.

Before Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue came back to their senses, the crowd was already split into three neat rows.

Other than the two of them, all the men were already on the fat man’s left, and the women on his right.

“Oh? So it’s you, *bro*.”<sup>[1]</sup> The fatty was puzzled why there were people who didn’t move, but after taking a good look at them, he immediately recognized Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue.

The fatty smiled amiably at Zhao Lingjun, but Zhao Lingjun felt a shiver crawl up his spine and immediately tugged on Meng Xue, pulling her behind him.

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[1] *bro* – The Chinese word doesn’t exactly mean bro, but there isn’t a good English word for it either. It has the nuance of ‘person from my hometown’, and so I’m going to use

‘bro’ italicised whenever this is used.



[\[Teaser\]](#)



## Chapter 36 The Perverted Game

Zhao Lingjun was afraid the thin man would raise his gun and shoot twice at Meng Xue and himself, turning them into a string of candied haws.<sup>[1]</sup>

But the fat man instead waved them over, “Hehe, I forgot you guys from my hometown were here. Don’t just stand there, come over here.”

As Zhao Lingjun hesitated, he saw the thin man motion them over with his gun. Trembling from head to toe, he could only helplessly walk over with Meng Xue.

“*Bro*, thanks for pointing us in the right direction. On behalf of our relationship as *bros*, help us out with one more thing.”

Zhao Lingjun looked at the personification of Maitreya in front of him. This man was actually a person with total disregard for the life of others, and before he could agree or disagree, a giant duffel bag was thrown at him by the fat man who was holding out a hammer for Zhao Lingjun to take as well.

“Help us pack the gold antiques into the bag.” said the fat man as he smiled. “How about it? That’s not too hard right?”

Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue simultaneously turned to glance at each other and knew that they both wanted to kick the fat man, a wolf in sheep’s clothing to death. However, they both also knew that if they were to disagree, the outcome wouldn’t be any better than those women lying at the entrance with cavernous holes in them.

Therefore, after glancing at each other, Zhao Lingjun could only silently take the hammer from the fat man’s hand.

*\*Crash... Crash\**

As Zhao Lingjun began to smash open the glass display cases, and started throwing gold rings and necklaces as well as other gold valuables into the duffel bag, the fat man and his team didn't sit idly by.

As before, the thin guy held onto his oddly shaped gun with an emotionless expression, coldly staring down everyone.

The tall man at the back of the team ran towards the door of 7th Street and shut it. He then bundled the four dead women who were shot by the skinny guy earlier and dragged them together by their hands; he dragged them to the middle where everyone could see clearly.

The way the tall man carried the four women was like dragging four chickens who had been gutted.

Each of the four women's bodies had a vast hole as big as a bowl. As the tall guy dragged the four bodies, black and red clotted blood and shattered organs poured out from those holes, leaving a trail of black and red.

Their eyes were dilated, bulging with an ash grey colour, and in their mouths was blood that was starting to clot.

*Urghh*

More than half of the people, after seeing the state of the women being dragged by the tall guy, were unable to stomach the sight and started to retch.

Some had even momentarily lost control of both their bladder and bowels.

The whole plaza plunged into chaos with a rancid odor permeating the air.

\*

"What? Are you disgusted?" The tall man tossed the four corpses like ragdolls in the middle of the two lines. He then walked over to a balding man who was puking especially hard, to the point of puking bile.

"No..... It's... not... disgusting..." Spluttered the bald man as he trembled even more when he saw the robber walking towards him.

"Oh really?" said the tall man as he grinned wickedly.

In the blink of an eye, the tall man had already kicked the bald man in the groin.

Before anyone could realise what was going on, they heard a snapping sound, and the bald man was curled up into a ball like a cooked prawn. With a crash, he fell backwards onto the vomit laden ground, and remained both soundless and motionless, as if he had entered into a coma.

“The kind of people that I hate the most are lying baldies.” The tall man walked up to the seemingly dead baldy and wiped the filth off his leather shoes on his body, and spoke up towards the crowd, “If anyone else pukes, I’ll make him eat his own vomit.”

\*Blarghh\* Out of those present, some couldn’t help but start retching, but when the tall guy swept across the crowd with his gun, there was not a single person who dared to puke it out, not even a mouthful of saliva.

“Actually we humans and animals aren’t very different. Our society is basically a dog eat dog world. If you wish not to be preyed upon, then do not be weak; be strong and stand above those who are weak.” The fat man stepped on the corpses of the four women and laughed. “It is the truth that everyone will die someday, but you guys have the choice of dying now or dying later.

The fat man paused dramatically and continued, “It’s simple, those who don’t listen to us are choosing to die now. Those who listen to us, choose to die later.”

“We don’t wish to die. We will do as you ask, anything you want.” After the fat man’s proclamation, many started crying, kneeling in the disgusting vomit and grovelled before him.

“Good! Since everyone doesn’t want to die now, then follow my instructions.” the fat man smiled and said. “At the count of three, all the males are to take off their leather belts and tie their own legs. Then use your underwear to gag your own mouth. All the females are to lie on the ground and raise your hands and feet to the sky.”

As the fat man’s voice thundered, the women on his right all laid on their backs with their limbs reaching for the sky, and the men on his left, quickly took off their belts.

But when these men used their belt to tie their feet firmly, they were stunned.

“Big... Big Brother.” The first person who tied his legs stammered as he noticed a problem. “After tying my legs, how am I supposed to remove my underwear? How am I supposed to gag myself with it?”

“You really can’t figure out how to gag yourself?” The shorty behind the leader coldly laughed, walked forwards a few steps and trained his gun at the guy’s forehead.

“I figured it out! I figured it out!” He quickly yelled as he trembled from fright. After which, a tearing sound was heard. The man had forcibly torn apart his underwear and then hastily stuffed it into his mouth.

The shorty’s gaze swept across the men, and the plaza was filled with sounds of underwear being torn.

After a short moment, other than two people, all the men were gagged with their own torn underwear.

“It seems that the two of you want to pass on.” The tall guy beamed coldly and started to loosen the muscles in his hands and legs.

“Big Brother, please spare me.” one guy said as he fell onto his knees and grovelled. “I have never worn underwear, so I don’t have anyway to gag myself with it.”

“F\*ck! I also really hate those who don’t wear underwear.” The tall guy knocked him unconscious with a single kick and looked towards the other. “How about you?”

“I... I already stuffed it in.” the other guy ambiguously replied. “My thong is smaller than normal underwear, so when stuffing into my mouth it’s as if nothing is there.”

“F\*ck! F\*ck your mother, didn’t we say that transsexuals are to stand in the middle!” The tall guy sent a punch flying and the transsexual plopped unconscious onto the floor.

“Good, since the rest of you are so cooperative, then let’s play a game.” The

fat man pointed towards the males who were gagged with their torn underwear.  
“This game is called, Stand & Sit.”

After a pause, the fat man smiled at the women who were lying on their backs and said, “The rules of the game are: When I say start, you guys have to crawl as fast as you can over to the women, and crawl onto them. Remember, that on each woman, only one person can be on top, and when I count to ten, whoever is not on top of a woman, will be...”

*Kacha* The fat man drew his finger across his throat.

Everyone started sweating as they knew what the fat man’s gesture meant.

“Alright, since nobody has any questions. Then I shall announce... Game Start! One... two... three...”

The fat man announced the start of the game by surprise.

All the men with torn underwear in their mouths were frozen blankly. After a short pause, those quicker on the uptake, striving to be first and fearing to be last ran towards the women on the other side.

But because their legs were firmly tied, most of them fell face first to the ground amidst the chaos after their first stride.

However they didn’t stop moving, using their limbs to crawl in the direction of the women on the other side as fast as the wind.

“Haha.” The foursome laughed at the crazed men crawling on the ground.

*weewooweewoo*

As the four of them laughed melodramatically, a shrill sound came from outside 7th Street.

The men who were frantically crawling towards the women suddenly paused.

Zhao Lingjun who was breaking the final two display cases also stopped.

Because everyone could hear the the sound getting closer, and that sound was clearly the siren of a police car rushing over.

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[1] string of candied haws – Snack/sweet in China. AKA the women got skewered. [About](#)

[it.](#)





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[\[Teaser\]](#)



## Chapter 37 The Black Hawk

The shrill sirens stopped close to 7th Street, maintaining their distance from the big entrance.

A police bullhorn blared through the air.

“To all the criminals inside, you’re already surrounded. Your only option is to lay down your arms and surrender yourselves.”

“The police are here.” Meng Xue whispered to Zhao Lingjun, her spirits lifted slightly.

However, Zhao Lingjun just tugged her hand and told her not to do anything reckless. He maneuvered his body to shield her from the robbers.

He didn’t want her to see the devastating state the four women were in. If he had not undergone tempering previously in the sewers, Zhao Lingjun would have already puked his guts out the instant he saw the four corpses in front of the fat man.

Furthermore, the reason why he told her not to do anything reckless was because he had a vague intuition that something wasn’t quite right.

When Zhao Lingjun had glanced over at the robbers, he had noticed that there wasn’t the slightest hint of panic on their faces, but rather a shadow of excitement.

“So old school.” Zhao Lingjun heard the tall guy who was in the middle of the men and women say. “Why do cops everywhere shout the same old thing every time.”

“Heihei.” The fat man at this moment had counted to five, and stopped to laugh as he heard his accomplice’s comment. He then looked at his watch, nodded towards the tall and short guys, and said, “The police here can already

be considered not that bad. They're half a minute earlier than those from our previous heist. You guys go and settle it."

"Understood." The pair turned to give each other a look of affirmation, then carried a duffel bag with them to the entrance of 7th Street.

"Alright, let them busy themselves with that, and we shall continue our game." A sinister smile split the fatty's face as he looked at the unmoving group of men on their hands and knees. Completely ignoring the sordid puke covering them, and the fact their mouths were stuffed with underwear, he started the count again, "Six..."

However, when he started counting again, all the men's attention was directed at the duo heading towards the door.

The pair's actions were swift, and the moment they stopped near 7th Street's gigantic iron door that was shut, another order reverberated through the police bullhorn, "Put down the weapons in your hands..."

As the fatty had counted 'seven', the tall and short duo had already taken out four black things from the duffel bag.

"Ah~~ Not good! Quick, retreat! Drop to the ground!"

The voice from the megaphone which was demanding their surrender suddenly became incomparably panicky.

"Those four black things couldn't be grenades, right?" Zhao Lingjun trembled in fear as he thought of such an outcome, the tall and short duo were already beginning to strut back to the fat man's side.

"It wasn't grenades?" Zhao Lingjun breathed a sigh of relief as he noticed the two of them leisurely walk back. But at this moment, the ground started rumbling violently.

It seemed as if the whole of 7th Street was suddenly shaking; Zhao Lingjun stumbled as he lost his balance and almost fell face first. Four tremendous rumbling sounds immediately followed, and exploded in everyone's ears. Zhao Lingjun felt like his eardrums had been repeatedly smashed by an iron hammer. Even the loudest firecrackers he played with when he was younger didn't even come close.

Zhao Lingjun was dazed to the point his mind was a blank slate. When he raised his head to look, all he saw was towering flames outside the plaza. The sky was ablaze, and some unknown fragments slowly floated down.

The big iron gate of 7th Street shook visibly as if something was battering against it; shaking so hard that it was visible to the eye. After which it creaked so hard that it caused people to grimace.

“Lunatics! They’re all lunatics!!” As Zhao Lingjun steadied himself, he only had such a thought in his head. “They even have explosives, and they threw them just like that.”

“Eight...”

All the men crawling on the floor were stunned; nobody thought that the robbers were deranged to such an extent. The fatty had even continued counting as if nothing out of the ordinary happened.

When they heard him count to ‘eight’, the men who had their souls scatter from their bodies from fright suddenly became infused with vigour, and crawled towards the women lying on the floor as if their lives depended on it.

“These guys have hand grenades; they aren’t even afraid of the police and dared to bomb them, what else could they not do?” All the men on the floor only had such a notion in their hearts. They knew that the only way to live was to crawl as quickly as possible and lie on top of the nearest woman.

“Ten...”

But they were instead stupefied, after counting to eight, the fatty had jumped straight to ten.

When the count of ten was up, only a few people had crawled to sit on top of a woman, and the majority were still lacking a few meters.

“You... Why didn’t you count ‘nine’ and immediately jumped to ten? Those people not on top of a woman started snivelling.

“Heihei, it’s my domain, I make the final call.” the fatty laughed. “Therefore you can only blame yourself for being too slow, and not me.”

“Ah...” Many people upon listening to his explanation immediately fainted on

the spot.

Even while crying and yelling, the others almost flew over to the women on their hands and knees. Some of them, upon realizing there was no one left for them to climb atop, became crazy and started wailing sorrowfully in grief.

Zhao Lingjun looked at those people wailing in a disordered state and felt disgusted, but at this moment, fear was his biggest emotion.

He was afraid that the thin guy would raise his gun and shoot those that didn't get onto a 'chair' to death.

But at this moment, Zhao Lingjun saw the fat and tall men beckon him over.

"Let's go, *bro*." The fatty directed a smile towards Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue and said. "Send us off again."

\*

"Just what is going on today?"

Xiao Ping had the habit of taking a short nap after eating lunch everyday, and everyone in the office teased him that his pot belly was formed exactly because of this.

But Xiao Ping enjoyed it and ignored them, and went to nap as usual. Midnap, he was suddenly awoken by many police sirens passing by the road below the office. When he looked out of the glass window, he noticed that other than ordinary police cars, there was a heavy black police van. All the cars were speeding over to an area with rising thick smoke, not far in the distance.

"It's the direction of 7th Street, what is happening there?" Xiao Ping shivered. "Even the Black Hawk was dispatched."

\*

"According to the news, there are four gold robbers in 7th Street. They are armed with firearms, and even have powerful weapons such as grenades. This time everyone has to be doubly careful."

In the heavy black police van, seven people with similar black outfits were sitting in it. Their outfits only exposed the nose, eyes and mouth, and the person speaking was sitting nearest to the driver. He is the current team leader of the

Black Hawk, Wang Zhaoping.

“Understood! Captain, but aren’t they just four thieves? Do we have to be so nervous? On the way here, you have already repeated it three times.” pointman Li Yaosheng languidly asked. “When the time comes, we can just find a vantage point and let Little Fu snipe those four.”

“Heihei.” The sniper, Fu Shun laughed non committedly.

“Anything that can go wrong, will go wrong, and it’s always wise to play safe.” Wang Zhaoping looked at his team members and said, “I feel that this time, it won’t be so simple. I’ve never heard Old Qian so anxious over the phone before.”

“He is always like that, when isn’t he anxious?” Li Yaosheng laughed. “The men under him aren’t bad at arresting whores and prostitutes and such, but can’t cut it if they were to meet someone who was slightly stronger.”

“Exactly, perhaps they were so scared of a few homemade grenades that they pissed in their pants.” They rumbled with laughter. “How could they compare with us, the Black Hawk. We are the strongest armed force. Besides, there are only four criminals and there are seven of us, what is there to be afraid of?”

“Heihei.” Wang Zhaoping looked at the six men across him and couldn’t help but join the laughter.

If anyone was to hear their conversation, they would find them to be arrogant, but Wang Zhaoping knew that they had the ability to be. He knew that facing these youths full of vigor, even if he continued warning them, it would enter one ear and exit the other. This was because, they were currently like an unsheathed blade, the only thing capable of changing them was the tempering of time.

Therefore after laughing, Wang Zhaoping only said one last sentence, “Be careful when you’re doing things, don’t injure the hostages by any means.”

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 38 A Shooting Incident

“A minute ago, they stole a car and escaped with two hostages.” As Wang Zhaoping and his team were exiting the heavy black police van, they saw the city’s Criminal Police Head, Qian Wen’s pale white face in front of them, lying against a wrecked police car, trying to light a cigarette.

His hands were trembling so badly that he couldn’t even light it after many tries.

When he heard Qian Wen say such words, Wang Zhaoping was afraid that his six men behind him would make some untimely jeer.

But when he turned back to look, the six youngsters were wide eyed, staring incredulously at the state of the crime scene.

\*

“Have we arrived in Iraq?” Li Yaosheng looked at the four craters in the ground in disbelief, unable to trust his eyes.

The air was filled with the stench of gunpowder from the highly explosive bombs and there were several tattered cars all over. These two things meant that the bombs which exploded here, weren’t ordinary self made grenades.

“Desert Eagle, AK-47, modified rifle.” Fu Shun examined the bullet holes all around, and identified the firearms that the robbers used.

As the firearms used were identified, the rest of the Black Hawk’s men couldn’t help but suck in a deep breath of cold air each time a new weapon was identified.

“Were those criminals here to rob or to fight a war?” Li Yaosheng exclaimed as he heard more and more weapons being identified. He felt that the situation was

queer and something was amiss.

“Didn’t I ask you to stall them?” Wang Zhaoping after pausing for a while in astonishment, asked Qian Wen.

“Delay?! Stall?! How was I supposed to do that?!” Qian Wen, triggered, started roaring back at Wang Zhaoping. “They didn’t even have any intention to negotiate with us, and after only shouting out for the second time, four highly potent explosives came flying out at us. The situation was really too unnatural, as we were about to try and discuss the conditions with them, they immediately took two hostages and charged out guns blazing.”

“Calm down, calm down a little.” It was the first time Wang Zhaoping saw Qian Wen so agitated.

“F\*ck your calm down!” Qian Wen screamed in despair. “With only one exchange with them we lost eight people. Eight people!”

“Even with so many people barricading the door, they managed to kill eight people on the way out?” All the Black Hawk’s men felt that it was really too incredulous.

“You said there were two hostages with them?” Wang Zhaoping took a deep breath and asked the sobbing Qian Wen. “How are the rest of the hostages?”

At this moment, there were more and more police cars arriving at the scene. The Black Hawk team also noticed that from time to time a badly mutilated person would be brought out in a stretcher and sent off in an ambulance.

“They have a man and a woman as hostages.” Qian Wen said as he continuously punched the mangled police car, after a few counts, his fist was already bleeding profusely with lacerations all over. However, he didn’t seem to feel any pain at all and continued. “The rest of them are inside, you can go take a look.”

\*

The strong metal door of 7th Street was bent from the shockwave of the blasts from earlier and the Black Hawk team entered to take a look inside.

After taking a step into 7th Street, they stopped in their tracks, doubting their

very eyes.

From the entrance of 7th Street to the shopfronts, there was a trail of blackish red decaying blood. It was like a grand dark red carpet laid out for the famous to walk on. At the end of the trail, there were four female corpses who were discarded in a heap that looked just like tattered gunnysacks.

But what made the men from Black Hawk tremble to the depths of their hearts were not the corpses, but the lifeless people crying and screaming in vomit and excreta.

Over ten men were tied at the legs by a belt, their bodies covered in filth; with mouths stuffed with underwear and pants pooled around ankles, leaving lower bodies naked. Their butts raised and atop ten or so women who were lying on their backs with their limbs raised in the air. The men were in the same situation, but instead of on a 'seat', were instead rolling in the filth close to those 'sitting'. It seemed like they were trying to dismount those atop the women and mount one themselves.

Be it those atop the women or those rolling around in the filth, or even the women who were lying on the floor unmoving, like they had been shocked into idiocy; their eyes dull and lifeless, and only knew how to cry and shout.

Even when the policemen went to their sides to help them, they didn't even dare to stand up, and only cried and screamed, "Don't kill me! I'm already on a 'seat'."

"I want to kill them." Li Yaosheng said emotionlessly and had already turned and walked off.

"..." The rest of the Black Hawk team remained speechless, but when they turned to look at one another, a murderous glimmer was apparent in everyone's eyes.

"Which direction did they escape in?" Li Yaosheng dashed to Qian Wen and asked with red eyes.

"They ran towards the direction of Siping, Bureau Chief Ma and the rest of the top dogs have already dispatched men to stop them." Just as Qian Wen finished, the rest of the Black Hawk team had caught up with Li Yaosheng.



At exactly that moment, they heard a loud screeching from a car braking not far in the distance.

A rundown Santana suddenly braked and stopped across the street.

Upon seeing the rundown Santana, Qian Wen's face drained of colour.

"Get down! Quickly get down!" Wang Zhaoping and his team raised their guard, but before they could speak, Qian Wen was already yelling at the top of his voice.

Wang Zhaoping and his team immediately reacted and dropped flat on the ground, and in that split second, everyone's ears were blasted with two bangs.

When Wang Zhaoping was finally prone on the ground and turned his head to look, Li Yaosheng and Qian Wen were spraying out a large cloud of fine blood mist.

Wang Zhaoping's eyes immediately went bloodshot.

"Kill them all!" screamed Wang Zhaoping. In his moment of bloodlust, he had already forgotten that the robbers had two hostages with them.

Immediately after Wang Zhaoping screamed, a third muffled gunshot was heard.

*Bang bang bang* The members of the Black Hawk who were quick on their feet started returning fire. But at this moment, Wang Zhaoping heard Fu Shun who was beside him, let out a low groan. He also heard the rumble of the Santana's engine, along with a maniacal laughter.

"Hahahaha. Is this even the legendary Black Hawk? Your reactions are so slow, you might as well call yourself Black Sparrow instead. Hahahaha."

*Bang bang bang* Every single policemen onsite immediately rained bullets at the Santana, but their target was already out of sight.

Because as the first gunshot rang out, a few intense and pungent tear gas bombs were thrown out at the same time. When the third shot was fired by them, all the policemen were already engulfed in that gas and unable to open their eyes.

As he heard the maniacal laughter slowly fade into the distance, the extremely

humiliated Wang Zhaoping thought of shooting himself in the head. When he finally crawled up and got onto his feet, on the ground beside him, Fu Shun was bleeding out and his pupils were slowly dilating. He could only heartbrokenly scream, “Ambulance!”

\*

“Haha! Those people are really too noob.” The tall guy laughed fanatically as he toyed with the pins. It was evident that the tear gas grenades were thrown by him. “There were rumors that after Hardboiled Detective stepped down, the Black Hawk’s quality has gotten worse and worse with each passing year. Looking at them right now, it really seems to be the case. Look at those damned people, Blacky already shot three bullets yet they haven’t even readied their guns.

“Their reactions were really too slow.” said the thin person who was called Blacky. He was still emotionless as he gazed at his gun in his left hand.

“Haha, I reckon that when they saw us pull up, they had already peed in their pants.” the shorty chimed in. “Blacky, the Black Hawk of now are more like a Black Bird, you must be especially disappointed.”

The thin man glanced at the gun in his hand but didn’t reply. The Maitreya like fatty instead laughed and said, “It was rumoured that Hardboiled Detective could turn four houseflies in his line of sight into eunuchs in just one second. But sadly, I didn’t expect his successors to be so worthless.”

“I think that this Hardboiled Detective was exaggerated by them.” The tall man said as he threw the pins out of the window, and took out some hand grenades from his bag and played with them.

“Haha. I reckon that they wouldn’t have ever thought that we would circle around to catch them off guard.” the short man said to the fat man sitting beside him as he drove. “That *bro* of yours? How come he is suddenly so silent? Don’t tell me he has already suffocated to death?”

“Hahaha, the trunk is so big, how could one suffocate in there?” The tall man sitting at the back laughed and smacked the cushioned seat and hollered over to the back, “Hey boy, are you dead? Isn’t it blissful squeezing with a beauty back there? Your *bro* didn’t mistreat you right? But even if it is so pleasurable you

should at least utter a reply.”

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 39 At The Crossroads Of Life and Death.

Along with Meng Xue, Zhao Lingjun was forcibly stuffed into the trunk of the car, it was so dark and stuffy inside that he couldn't see anything. On the journey, as the car bumped and jolted, Zhao Lingjun felt that his five viscera and six bowels<sup>[1]</sup> were about to be jolted out of his body, but in the end, he didn't die.

From the trunk, Zhao Lingjun could clearly hear the tall man speaking and the gunshots from the back row of seats.

At that moment, he had wanted to scream madly and curse at them, "*F\*ck your mother!*". He had wanted to use the most malicious vulgarities to curse them to die a tragic death.

But at that exact point of time, although only his neck was stiff, he didn't dare to move any other part of his body.

\*

The party of four criminals relied on their heavy firepower and their accurate marksmanship to rush out of 7th Street. Just as they had exited, the shorty flagged down a passing Santana. With shorty's gun waving in his face, and the hellish scene of men and women behind them in 7th Street, crying and yelling, the driver got out of his car and ran for his life.

The tall man then tossed both Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue into the trunk with one hand.

When they had roused from their stupor, the tall man had already slammed the trunk shut.

Just as Zhao Lingjun tried to get up, an immense force pressed onto him and squeezed him and Meng Xue into a clump.

He felt his nose press against a soft bump under a thin cloth. His mouth was suddenly pressed against an exceptionally soft area veiled by a thin cloth. That area even seemed to be giving off faint heat.

The sides of his face felt something soft, like cotton or silk, which made him think of what Meng Xue wore today, a white pair of casual pants. Many girls who had a figure such as hers, with long legs and a pair of perky buttocks, loved to wear such pants. This was because the colour gave off a relaxing and pure look, and the soft and thin pants easily traced the perfect lower bodies of those girls, accentuating their natural curves.

Meng Xue was the exact definition of a beauty with long legs and a perky butt; her white casual pants that were thin and soft accentuated that as well.

This kind of thin and soft fabric obviously couldn't dissipate the faint body heat Meng Xue was giving off.

Without a second thought, Zhao Lingjun knew where his head was rammed into the middle of, and what his nose and lips were pressed against.

He felt all the blood in his body rush to his head, threatening to explode, and desperately tried to move away from what he was pressed against.

Sadly, the two were in such a cramped area, and when he tried to move, his whole body couldn't even budge. In the struggle of trying to extricate his head from Meng Xue, his lower body inadvertently shifted closer to her instead.

A certain part of his body bumped into two soft things, and he immediately felt a change in it

Although he had only lightly bumped into those things, the part of him that had bumped them roused unrestrainedly, like a beast awoken from its slumber, and pushed against the two soft things. As for the two soft things, the valley in the middle was also emitting a faint body heat.

Even through his thick jeans, he could also figure out what part of Meng Xue's body it was.

His whole body turned rigid, like a dead corpse

Never in his imagination, would he have expected his head to be pressed in

between Meng Xue's two legs and that part of his that was stirring to be against her lips.

If the car was travelling on a smooth and paved road, perhaps by keeping his neck rigid, Zhao Lingjun wouldn't make contact with Meng Xue's most intimate area, and may be able to keep his cool. But the short man driving the car was wild and unbridled, especially when he jammed the brakes or accelerated hard, Zhao Lingjun's mouth and nose would accidentally slam into her incomparably matchless soft and moist area that emitted heat. Not only that, with each bump of the car, his erect part would lightly smack her soft lips.

Zhao Lingjun's heart was full of conflicting emotions that he no longer knew what he felt. On one hand, he was so ashamed that he wanted to die, and on the other hand, he was euphoric. The tangled mess of the two emotions made him feel like he was sailing in an choppy sea, one moment he was tossed into the air, and another he plummeted into the deep dark abyss of the sea.

The only thing he could to, was to try his best not to let his nose and mouth press against that part of Meng Xue's, hidden under a veil of thin fabric, her most intimate area.

Although he really wanted to use the most malicious of curses in his grasp to curse those four people laughing in the car, he didn't even dare to mouth the words, let alone open voicing them out.

This was because, his face was already so close to Meng Xue's most secret of areas, and if he were to open his mouth to talk, it would result in him blowing hot air on it. Other than that, he felt that his actions would be akin to nibbling that area of hers.

If that really happened, although Zhao Lingjun didn't know how she would feel, he knew without the shadow of a doubt that he wouldn't be able to take it.

Because his own intimate area had already grown so much that it was on the verge of exploding.

When the car suddenly braked again, his lips plastered itself on Meng Xue's soft and moist intimate area, and his erected area once again pushed against her lips. After almost blanking out from his euphoria, there was only one thought left in his head, *"Meng Xue would definitely think I'm a perverted lecher."*

\*

Just as he thought so, the pressure that he had felt on him throughout the journey suddenly lightened.

The trunk was suddenly opened, and the piercing rays of light caused Zhao Lingjun, who had been in the dark for so long, to be blinded for a moment.

As he was about to struggle, Zhao Lingjun was picked up by someone and thrown onto the ground like a ragged gunny sack.

All of a sudden, he felt like his five viscera and six bowels were about to gush out of his body and spew out from his mouth. Still blinded, and unable to open his eyes, a weight was ruthlessly dropped onto him.

“Ahhhhh!”

He screamed unbearably.

When he slowly opened his eyes after getting used to the light, he realised that the weight on him was Meng Xue, and the fat and tall man were above them grinning. In the tall man’s hands, were Zhao Lingjun’s bag and that duffel bag stuffed full of gold treasures.

The Santana however, was moving forward without them.

With his new found strength, Zhao Lingjun got to his feet while supporting Meng Xue.

*“MLGBD! Fight me!”*

After he stood up with Meng Xue in his embrace, he only had such a thought left.

But the fat man pointed his gun at Meng Xue, and Zhao Lingjun froze in place.

Zhao Lingjun then calmed down, because although he wasn’t afraid of dying, he didn’t want to drag Meng Xue along with him.

“Why don’t you guys release her?” Zhao Lingjun said to the fatty, as he took a deep breath and looked at the completely flushed Meng Xue, whose head was hanging low and not speaking. “Don’t you guys want a hostage? I’ll suffice as your hostage.”

“Heihei. What are you saying, *bro*?” the fatty smiled and replied. “I only wanted to have a good chat with you. Also, this is a desolate area in the countryside, your girlfriend over there can’t exactly go back by herself, right? After I have a good chat with you, I’ll send both you and your girlfriend back home.”

Only when the fatty had explained did Zhao Lingjun realise that they were in a desolate suburb. In front of him was an expansive river, and his group was standing on a long bridge spanning across that expansive river.

*“How did you guys drive here so quickly? What about the police? Why weren’t there no blockades? Where are the other two going with the car?”*

Just as he was thinking of such things, the tall man gave a slight push and pointed under the bridge. “The cops are coming, we should move.”

“Move?” Zhao Lingjun broke out in cold sweat. “Where are we going?”

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[1] five viscera and six bowels – This is a Traditional Chinese Medicine term, in short all

his innards. [Click here to read in depth about it.](#)



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[\[Teaser\]](#)



## Chapter 40 My Only Hobby is Women

“Head in that direction.” The fat man laughed and pointed at the grassy river bank under the bridge.

“How would I get there?” Zhao Lingjun looked left and right for a path downwards, but couldn’t find a safe passage down.

But just as Zhao Lingjun asked this question, the tall man forcefully shoved him from behind.

“Ahhh!” Meng Xue suddenly cried out in surprise. With a thud, Zhao Lingjun fell onto the riverbank filled with tall grass.

“Haha, now do you know how to get down?”

The tall man laughed at Zhao Lingjun who was flat on his back on the riverbank.

The riverbank that Zhao Lingjun fell on was full of soft mud and tall grass. During his three meters fall, his world turned black and when he hit the ground, he almost died from the impact. Jolting upright after a long moment, Zhao Lingjun gasped for air like a fish out of water, and spat out a mouthful of mud and grass from his mouth that reeked of a bloody taste from earlier. Just as he was about to jump onto his feet and curse, “F\*ck your ancestors,” Meng Xue came flying from the bridge to land beside him.

His first reaction was to quickly help her up, and when he saw that she didn’t suffer anything too serious, he breathed a sigh of relief.

“Your girlfriend has such a strong personality. She jumped down herself without me having to push her.” As he was helping her up, the fatty and tall man also leaped off the bridge and landed beside them.

“*Bro*, you’re fine, right?” the fat man smiling as usual said. “Come, follow me.”

\*

It just so happened to be early summer, the grass on the riverbank were crazy tall, no less than half a man's height.

Meng Xue and Zhao Lingjun followed behind the fat man in the waist high grass, with the tall man trudging along behind them with the two bags.

The riverbank's soil was moist at places, and as Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue stumbled through, they would accidentally step into a muddy pit after every few steps. Therefore, not long after they started, both the lower half of their pants were wet and sticky, plastering itself to their legs. With each step they took, it felt like there was a monster licking both their calves with a cold tongue, which was exceptionally discomforting.

But what was truly the most unbearable, was the tall grass. Due to the sweltering weather, both Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue wore short sleeved tops, and walking through the tall grass with their exposed arms felt like getting cut by a small knife, itchy and painful at the same time.

Not long after walking, Zhao Lingjun noticed that Meng Xue's white arms had numerous scratches from the grass.

When seeing her arms turn red and her face with an expression full of suffering, a pained feeling rose in his heart for no rhyme nor reason.

*"Even if I have to risk my life, I must keep her from harm's way."* He told himself in his heart, unable to bear the sight.

\*

After trudging in the overgrown riverbank for almost an hour, Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue's strength and willpower were about to falter. At that moment, they saw some bungalows along the riverbank.

The fat man laughed and pointed at the houses made of stone slabs that looked like makeshift houses made by farmers who reared ducks and geese. He then said, *"Bro, we're here."*

*"Why did they bring us here?"*

Zhao Lingjun's heart was full of doubts as he was pushed into one of the

houses.

At this moment, he heard the fat man ask the tall man, “How long do they need before they arrive?”

“They still need roughly half an hour.” the tall man replied after taking a look at his watch.

Once he heard their conversation, Zhao Ling finally understood why they were here. It was either a prearranged spot to exchange the stolen goods, or the rendezvous point for the other two, the short and thin man to regroup after leading the police on a wild goose chase.

Understanding this, Zhao Lingjun immediately committed every single nook and cranny of the house to memory.

In the house, other than the kitchen stove for cooking, there was nothing else worthy of mention. The houses really seemed to be a resting spot for fisherman or a farmer’s makeshift house. Near the window was an area filled with a thick layer of wood and straw, which seemed like the previous dweller’s bed.

“The hell? It’s still pretty comfortable.” said the tall man after he threw the two bags onto the kitchen table and planted his butt on the straw bed, removing his mud laden boots.

Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue both looked at each other, both with the desire to remove their mud filled shoes and rest their bodies. But they didn’t know what the two robbers intended to do with them by bringing them to such a place.

“Heihei.” As they were hesitant, and didn’t know what to do, the fat man laughed. “This time, it’s thanks to you, *bro*, for paving the way. It was only because of you that the journey was so smooth.”

“Since you say we are *bro*s, why did you do this to me?” At this point, Zhao Lingjun could no longer hold himself back and said everything bottled up in his chest. “Since you are safe now, you should be freeing us, right?”

“Don’t be in such a hurry.” The fat man said, with his permanent Maitreya like expression. “Let’s talk and chitchat. We haven’t introduced ourselves. For better or for worse, the two of you have already joined us thus far, let’s get to know each other.”

“He’s called Gao Jun.” Uncaring of whether Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue were interested in listening, he pointed at the tall guy who had taken off his boots and was airing his stinky feet and said. “He was formerly a Wushu champion in Liang Guang.<sup>[1]</sup> Basically, in a one versus one melee combat, he is unmatched, not even a combat instructor from the Special Forces is his match. His hobby is to find strong people to fight for the thrill of combat.”

After hearing him introduce Gao Jun, Meng Xue and Zhao Lingjun both started sweating.

At this moment, Zhao Lingjun remembered how the tall man had dragged the four women’s corpses with one hand, and how he had kicked the bald man flying into oblivion. He felt that the fat man wasn’t exaggerating in the least.

“The thin man wielding the modified sniper rifle you saw earlier is called Blacky.” As before, still not caring about Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue’s interest, he continued. “He was previously in the country’s Special Forces, before he left and joined a private military company overseas. His hobby is killing people, especially those highly skilled with guns.”

“As for that shorty, he’s called Li Hao, a demolition specialist. At a young age, he grew up in a munitions factory specialising in manufacturing grenades. His explosive grenades and smoke bombs are the best available, even the best on the black market doesn’t even come close to his. His hobby in contrast, is slightly debased, he just loves money.

Still smiling, the fat man continued speaking. But as Zhao Lingjun listened, his heart slowly sank to the bottom of the ocean.

The reason why his heart sank, was not because the fat man was describing how extraordinary his team was. He had already witnessed first hand how devastating these four people were back at 7th Street. Instead, the reason why his heart sank, was because he felt that the fat man was telling him too much.

He felt that if he was a criminal, if anyone knew too much about him, he wouldn’t let them leave alive.

He couldn’t help but take a peek at Meng Xue.

Her eyes were already full of trepidation.

At this moment, the fat man who was still smiling, continued talking.

“I’m Ji Jijun, I don’t have any extraordinary strengths, just that I have more connections with others, and am able to buy things that ordinary people aren’t able to. Able to receive some jobs that others never receive offers for. As for my hobby, there is only one...” He paused after speaking to this point, and looked at Meng Xue beside Zhao Lingjun, “and that is women, beautiful women.”

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[1] Liang Guang – Basically a short form that means two provinces, Guang Dong and



Guang Xi, aka he is a champion in Wushu in both provinces.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 41 Perverted Desires

If the fat man surnamed Ji had made Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue shiver when he introduced the members of his team, his introduction of himself froze them solid.

With just the fatty's gaze falling onto Meng Xue's body, she trembled, as if she had been stripped naked by his eyes. As his eyes slowly swept across her body, she felt like a slippery worm was crawling across her. On her exposed white arms, a layer of goosebumps immediately appeared.

When the fat man's gaze landed on Meng Xue, Zhao Lingjun couldn't help but turn to look at her as well.

Since she was young, Meng Xue was pampered and didn't have much experience in life, thus after the long and difficult trek, her clothes were drenched in sweat. Her thin blouse and pants were stuck to her body, and her exquisite figure was in plain sight.

Drenched by her sweat, so much so that even her lacy underwear was faintly visible, her current alluring state could easily rouse the nefarious heat in anyone. Any psychologically normal male would immediately want to strip her and ruthlessly tear her panties that were already surely drenched with sweat. Then mount her, and relish in her futile struggles and helpless cries.

The normal man that Zhao Lingjun was, one look at her and he felt a ball of raging fire rise from within the depths of his body, ready to erupt at any moment.

\*

As the fat man's gaze was still lingering on Meng Xue's body, Zhao Lingjun pounced at him.

At this moment, in his heart he had only one thought, “*Charge!!!! All out!*”

He knew that he wasn’t a match for Gao Jun, but he hoped that his sudden revolt would catch the fat man unaware and subdue him. Even if he couldn’t subdue him, hopefully the confusion would buy time for Meng Xue to escape.

Him being the reason Meng Xue went to 7th Street, he felt that even if he had to put his life on the line, he mustn’t allow a gem like her to be sullied by the fat man.

As he pounced on the fat man, Zhao Lingjun shouted at her, “Quick, run!”

But immediately after the word ‘run’ left his mouth, he was stunned as he lost sight of the fat man. He then felt a thump at the back of his head like a heavy hammer slamming into him.

The world before him spun and turned dark. His mind spun, his body lost strength and in the end, slumped to the ground.

“Hahaha.” After a moment, regaining control of his body, he strained his head and looked around. In the room, the fat man was blocking the only exit, the door, blocking Meng Xue who looked like a frightened fawn in the headlights.

Looking at Meng Xue who was looking at him helplessly, even his heart started bleeding.

“Haha, *bro*, what is this about?” the fat man asked, acting as if he didn’t notice the murderous intent in Zhao Lingjun’s eyes, who was struggling to get onto his feet.

“Haha.” Sitting on the straw bed, Gao Jun burst into laughter, and looked at Zhao Lingjun sympathetically. “Compared to the rest of us, his skills are only slightly inferior. If we were to fight, who knows, maybe I would be the one on the ground. Hahaha, you wanted to grapple him? You overestimate yourself.”

From the beginning until now, Meng Xue had lightly bit her lips, not saying a word. But as she helped him up, Zhao Lingjun could feel her hand trembling faintly.

“*Bro*,” The fat man looked at Zhao Lingjun like how a cat looked at a mice. “friends are like limbs, while wife and children are like clothes. My only hobby is

this, won't you let me satisfy myself?"

"Don't tell me you brought us here, just to get her?" As Zhao Lingjun said this, he could feel Meng Xue's body who he was leaning against, tremble. Feeling this, his heart was brimming with rage.

"Of course!" replied the fat man as his gaze rested on Meng Xue's perfectly round twin peaks. "Seeing your girlfriend today is the thing that excited me the most."

"Then why did you bring me along?!" Zhao Lingjun roared at the fat man. "Why didn't you just shoot me to death earlier?!"

"Because I felt that it would be more interesting with you present." said the fat man, smilingly. "Have you ever tried doing another man's woman in front of them?..."

"You..." Before the fat man could finish, Zhao Lingjun snarled and charged at him.

But a seemingly effortless kick later, Zhao Lingjun was already clutching his stomach on the ground.

"Hehe, looking at you, you've never felt such things before right?" Looking at Zhao Lingjun clutching his stomach and gasping for air on the ground, a sadistic and engrossed expression appeared on the fat man's face. "You may not know this, but pounding the brains out of a woman with her partner helplessly looking on at his own woman's expression getting f\*cked out of her living daylight, while hearing her moans and shrieks from under you, that kind of euphoria is just out of this world, it's like ecstasy."

"After experiencing it just once, you'll be addicted to it." Upon speaking up till here, he paused, and took a look at Zhao Lingjun who had finally spat out a mouthful of blood and gasped for air.

"You pervert!" After taking a deep breath, he desperately spat out these two words from his mouth.

"Pervert? Hahahaha." The fat man maniacally laughed and stepped on Zhao Lingjun's head.



“Ah...” Trembling all over with fear coursing through her whole body, Meng Xue wanted to run, but only after a step, she was shoved by the fat man onto the straw bed by the window. The tall man then used one hand to press her face into the thick layer of straw.

“Hahaha.” Seeing her struggle desperately under his hand, the tall man laughed loudly. He then grabbed hold of her pants and gave it a strong downwards pull.

“I beg you... please don’t...” Along with her screams, a tearing sound made its way to Zhao Lingjun’s ears.

Hearing this, he forcibly turned his head under the fat man’s leather boots, ignoring the lacerations that carved themselves onto his face.

Upon seeing Meng Xue being pressed down onto the straw bed, he froze.

\*

Meng Xue’s face was full of transparent and sparkling tears, and her snow white pants had already been torn off.

A pair of beautiful, slender and long legs, glistening with the lustre of jade was completely exposed to the air.

Along with it was a pair of sweat soaked light yellow cotton panties closely sticking to her well rounded buttocks, the last bastion of cover for Meng Xue’s most intimate part.

“F\*ck! So f\*cking delicate, so f\*cking perky! Boss Ji, you really have foresight, even I can’t take it anymore.” the tall man exclaimed as he stared foolishly at Meng Xue struggling, and her exposed snow white, well rounded, and perky bottom.

*Gulp* The fat man gulped as his two eyes were fixed on Meng Xue’s panty clad bottom, her two perky buttocks only hidden by that. He then firmly commanded the tall man, “Strip her naked!”

## Chapter 42 [Click to see title]

As soon as he commanded, the tall man rolled Meng Xue over.

Meng Xue desperately struggled, trying to kick the tall man away, but with her strength, it was like love taps to the tall man. With only one hand, he firmly held her two hands, and he easily used his knee to pin her two incessantly flailing legs.

In just a short moment her four limbs were immobilized, and the only thing left that she could do was to wiggle her body.

Compared to her when she was planted face down into the straw bed, she was even more alluring with her body now facing upwards and her limbs pinned.

Especially since she was wiggling, her short sleeved blouse was already rising upwards, revealing her shapely and snow white skin. Also, when she wiggled, her originally well rounded, firm and perky breasts became even more apparent. But what truly ignited the fires of lust, was her now exposed delicate, smooth and snow white flat stomach, and her slightly bulging intimate area, only covered by a thin light yellow panties.

Her exposed exquisite snow white skin accompanied by her perky bulge at her most intimate area, stupefied the tall man.

In his life, the tall man had seen many women. Many of them were also similar to Meng Xue, with long slender legs, trim waists, round, firm, perky, and ample breasts, and last but not least perky snow white buttocks. But never in his life did he come across a woman with such exquisite and delicate snow white skin as her.

Meng Xue's exposed skin already had beads of sweat all over, and in some

places, was slightly dirtied from the straw. Even though she looked like this, her delicate snow white skin was still glowing just like the best silk in the world, it was as if pinching anywhere would cause water to squirt out.

“Soft! So f\*cking soft!” the tall man exclaimed, as his breathing became rough.

After exclaiming in delight, the tall man panted as he used his free hand to grab ahold of Meng Xue’s thin panties concealing Meng Xue’s vagina.

At first, the tall man had wanted to tear apart her blouse, before he slowly stripped her of her bra and panties, but at this moment, he just couldn’t take it anymore. All he wanted to do was just to strip her of her thin yellow panties then use his already firm and upright member that was close to exploding to mercilessly ravage this snow white delicacy before him.

Meng Xue had been struggling desperately all the while, but when the tall man reached for her last line of defense, she froze in place. She was afraid that if she struggled, the small panties of hers, hiding her most intimate area would slide off her.

As she stopped struggling, she closed her eyes resignedly and tears rolled down her cheeks. Whoever saw her long eyelashes trembling with teardrops hanging off them would feel a tug at their heartstrings, but right now, her sorrowful and helpless expression, her peerless face with tears rolling down, and her chests heaving from her earlier exertions, thoroughly roused and fueled the fires of lust in the tall man.

“Hurrhurr, be good dear, stop moving and stay still. There there, big brother will shower you in love later. Come, let me see if your spot there is also so soft that it can squirt water.” The tall man, seeing her abandon her struggling, lasciviously laughed loudly, and prepared to rip off her already sweat soaked panties.

“Stop!”

At this very moment, under the fat man’s foot, the dead-like Zhao Lingjun growled thunderingly with newfound strength.

Already muddled from the fires of lust, the two had almost forgotten about

Zhao Lingjun's existence and jumped in shock from his thunderous growl.

"Kid, you speak with a lot of energy huh!" The tall man stayed his hand and looked oddly at Zhao Lingjun.

"What? *Bro*, we haven't even raped her and you can't take it anymore?" The fat man laughed at Zhao Lingjun whose head was stamped on vehemently.

"But, it's better that you save your strength. Wait until we strip her bare and rape her before you scream and shout. Oh wait, I'm afraid that you won't be able to say a thing later. Hey, why don't take a guess where I will sully first?"

"*Bro*." Zhao Lingjun sucked in a breath of air and continued, "Shall we discuss something?"

"What?" sneered the fat man, indicating to the tall man to stay his hand.

"Haha." Not daring to defy the fat man's commands, he didn't rip her panties, but he couldn't resist stroking her pure white, soft delicate thighs. At just the touch of her thighs, the crotch area of his groin had a large tent erect itself.

Meng Xue shivered from head to toe, and the fat man was even more aroused seeing this.

"So? What do you want to discuss with me?" the fat man panted as he stared at Meng Xue while unbuckling his leather belt. "It can't be that you want us to wear condoms, right? Or do you want to join us?"

As soon as the words left his mouth, the tall man laughed with a big smile on his face, and touched Meng Xue's exposed twin peaks.

"Oh what I wanted to talk about? I wanted to ask if I could join you guys in doing her." Zhao Lingjun coughed and spat out this sentence, which stunned everyone, including Meng Xue.

"Zhao Lingjun, you..." Meng Xue opened her tear-filled eyes, and stared in disbelief at him with a gaze that spoke 'you're lesser than a beast!'.

"What!? What did you say?" the fat man clarified, believing that he heard wrongly. He took off his foot from Zhao Lingjun's face, wanting him to repeat it once again so that he could hear it clearly.

**“I said, can we do her together?” Zhao Lingjun slowly crawled from the ground and slowly and clearly spoke each word.**

**“Are you serious? Boss Ji, is this guy’s brain damaged from your beatings?” Surprised, the tall man stared at Zhao Lingjun’s bloodied face.**

**But Zhao Lingjun didn’t bother with the tall man, and instead smiled at the fat man, “You’ve tried doing someone’s woman in front of them, but have you done a woman together with her man?”**

**“Zhao Lingjun! I was really wrong about you! You monster!” Meng Xue struggled frantically when she heard Zhao Lingjun. Zhao Lingjun reckoned that if the tall man was to set her free at this moment, she would run over and beat the shit out of him.**

**“Do her together?” The fat man was startled at Zhao Lingjun’s words too. But when his gaze landed on Meng Xue’s body, he was excited again.**

**“F\*ck! Stimulating! F\*cking stimulating!” The fat man gulped as he saw the heartbroken Meng Xue filled with grief and indignation, desperately trying to struggle free. “I didn’t think that you would be able to come up with such a creative idea. If we were to do her together, her expression would most definitely be marvelous. F\*ck this! Just thinking, I can’t stand it anymore!”**

**“F\*ck! You bugger, I didn’t think you were this kind of guy.” The tall man laughed madly. “Wait a while and you can fiddle with your chick. If you make our Boss feel like he is in heaven, we’ll let you keep your life.”**

**“Not bad! Not bad at all!” The fat man cheerfully looked at the bloodied Zhao Lingjun. “Since you came up with such a good idea, I’ll let you have her upper body.”**

**“Hahaha, it’s perfect. Three holes, one for each person, we can fill her up to the max.” The tall man laughed fervently, as he stroked Meng Xue’s soft and exquisite thighs. But all Meng Xue did was grit her teeth and gave Zhao Lingjun a death stare, as if she couldn’t feel anything anymore.**

**“Hahaha, I really can’t take it anymore.” The fat man had already removed his belt and was stepping out of his pants. “Your chick’s expression is really too stimulating, f\*cking her right now will really make me fly to heaven.”**

**“Wait a while for me.” But Zhao Lingjun’s actions made both the tall and fat man to jump back in fright. Because Zhao Lingjun walked over to the kitchen stove.**

**“What are you doing?” Immediately on his guard, the tall man asked. His hand which was stroking Meng Xue’s thighs had already reached for the gun at the back of his pants and trained at Zhao Lingjun.**

**“I need something from my bag.” Zhao Lingjun stood still, and nodded towards a small bag on the kitchen counter. “That part of mine isn’t too strong, I need to eat some medicine first.”**

**“That bag is yours?” The tall man looked at him dubiously.**

**“Yup.” Zhao Lingjun nodded.**

**“F\*ck! I thought that bag was also filled with gold treasure. I even carried it the whole journey.” the tall man said. “You better not try any tricks, otherwise I will shoot you to death.”**

**“I wouldn’t dare.” Zhao Lingjun waved his hands, and said, “You’re holding a real gun, after all.”**

**“Haha. That thing of yours actually isn’t good?” Still slightly suspicious, the fat man laughed. “What medicine do you have? Quick take it out for us to see.”**

**“Viagra of course!” Zhao Lingjun took out the glass bottle from his bag, and shook it for them to see.**

**\***

***\*Ding ding ding\** A small blue pill inside the glass bottle jingled.**

**“F\*ck! It indeed is viagra.” said the fat man as he spit on the floor. “Looks like your little brother did too much already, and needs to rely on supplements.”**

**“Heihei.” Laughed Zhao Lingjun and removed the pill from the bottle.**

***“I only need it for a short moment, just a short moment! Even if I were to die tomorrow from poisoning it’s fine. As long as I can transform just one time like Xiao Bai.”* Zhao Lingjun quickly stuffed the pill in his mouth and swallowed it;**

he closed his eyes, silently waiting.

Chapter 42 Do It Together?

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 43 Stimulants?

“Heh, who would have thought that you would be a person who can’t be judged by appearances.” Seeing Zhao Lingjun swallow the pill, the tall man relaxed his guard, throwing his gun aside. He then released Meng Xue and began to undress.

With three able bodied men in the room and a closed door, even if Meng Xue was to run, she wouldn’t get far. The tall man looked at Meng Xue and his head was already in the clouds, fantasizing how he could ravage this beauty’s body.

But, to his slight surprise, after he let go of Meng Xue, instead of running away like he had imagined, she just stared coldly at Zhao Lingjun.

“Your chick looks like she wants to kill you now.” The tall man laughed loudly as he saw her cold and murderous expression.

Before the tall man could laugh, he heard a low roar coming from Zhao Lingjun’s throat, and a loud scream from the fat man.

He turned his head and was met with a scene, that made him feel like he was still dreaming.

With each roar of Zhao Lingjun, a ball of blue essence flame was coughed out from his mouth. At the same time, a layer of similar blue flame wrapped around his entire body. It seemed like the fire was born from within him and was expelled outward from each and every pore.

But what was odd, was that his clothes were entirely undamaged by this flame, only flapping outwards.

The tall man’s mouth hung open, and glanced at his leader beside him. But the fat man’s mouth was similarly agape, unable to form a coherent sound. Instead, the only one to utter a word was Meng Xue, she let out a shrill scream.



She, who had her heart broken into icy detachment by Zhao Lingjun's words, was shocked when she saw what became of him after he ate the pill. She thought back to his determined expression when he had taken the pill, and felt that something was amiss.

\*

After Meng Xue's two screams, Zhao Lingjun went on to breathe out two more balls of blue essence flames.

Only after spitting out those two balls of blue flames did the roiling blue flames cloaking his body slowly start to dissipate.

"Lad, are you okay?" When all the flames had died, the tall man was finally able to close his mouth and asked in a trembling voice, "What kind of medicine did you just eat?"

"Hahaha." Zhao Lingjun didn't reply to him and first gave three laughs.

The tall and fat man both felt their heads vibrate, the tiles on the roof of the house also seemed slightly tremble because of Zhao Lingjun's laugh.

After he laughed, Zhao Lingjun took a deep breath, looked at the two of them and said, "I'm fine. Not only am I fine, but I've never felt so good in my life."

With just a glance from him, the fat and tall men both tensed up, and took a step back. When the fat man took a step back, he subconsciously bent down to take the gun that had been tossed aside earlier, and trained its sights on Zhao Lingjun.

Zhao Lingjun's face was still full of blood, but the fat and tall man found that he seemed to emanate an aura of imposing might that wasn't present before. Just this aura incited fear and trepidation from the two. Furthermore, the two could discern a faint and indistinct blue radiance flowing within his eyes.

"*Bro*, what are you doing?" Zhao Lingjun scoffed at the fat man training his gun at Zhao Lingjun. "I only ate a viagra pill. Didn't you agree to do my woman with me?"

As he spoke to the fat man full of smiles, Zhao Lingjun's entire body relaxed from managing to deceive them.

But after just a moment, this feeling disappeared without a trace.

Although Zhao Lingjun didn't know what consequences eating the pill would bring about later, but at this moment, he felt invincible.

Feeling the boundless strength welling from within, Zhao Lingjun's mind focused on a single thought. He had to crush the two who humiliated him and almost tarnished Meng Xue in front of him like ants, muddling them like ingredients in a cocktail.

\*

"You..." The fat man was too weirded out by the blue radiance coming from Zhao Lingjun's eyes and his big smile. He wanted to ask Zhao Lingjun if what he had ate earlier was really viagra. But as he said the word 'you', his eyes blurred and lost sight of Zhao Lingjun.

*Fa-thud* Before the fat man could understand what had happened, Zhao Lingjun had already appeared before him and punched his stomach.

When Zhao Lingjun's fist met the fat man's stomach, it created a loud thud, making even the tall man's gums turn numb. For no reason, the tall man thought of a scene where a gigantic metal mallet slammed into a pile of soft flesh.

\*

With a single punch, the fat man was sent flying like a piece of worn out leather, losing his grip on the gun in the process.

By the time he landed squarely on the ground, the gun in his hand was long gone.

*"Is he even still alive?"*

The sound the fat man made when he fell squarely onto the ground accompanied by the tremor coming from the floor, caused his fellow robber, the tall man, to tense up and think of such an ominous idea.

The tall man, in his shock, had even forgotten to pick up his own gun that he tossed aside.

*\*Ahhhhhh\** The fat man's vitality was much stronger than the tall man had imagined, and after writhing on the ground for a moment, the fat man clutched

his stomach and stood up.

The tall man was dumbstruck and looked on in disbelief, and couldn't help but commend him, "Boss Ji, you're so f\*cking tenacious."

As he blurted out this sentence, he felt that his words weren't too clever, so he couldn't help but carefully look at the fat man's expression.

As he thought, the fat man beckoned him over with a hand. The tall man thought that he was in for a beating and an earful for his words.

But immediately after he extended his hand, he retracted them and clutched his stomach once again. Before the tall man understood the situation, the fat man started puking. Even his bile spewed out.

*"F\*ck! To think that you what you ate earlier was a stimulant."* The tall man thought this way as he watched his compatriot once again hit the ground, kneeling and puking out everything, including his bile. "Who would have thought that there would be such a revolutionary stimulant, that would increase a person's reaction time, speed and strength to such an extent. Even to the extent of making them spit out blue flames."

*"Stimulant?"* Zhao Lingjun looked at the brawny, simple minded tall man and laughed. He felt that he was as cruel as a cat teasingly playing with a rat. "You didn't think that I would have such a stimulant, right?"

"Both your strength and speed are very fast," the tall man heard Zhao Lingjun speak and regained his confidence, "but in a life or death situation, strength and speed are not only the determining factors. If it was me who threw that punch earlier, perhaps without using as much strength as you, I would be able to kill someone."

"Really?"

"Of course! I was previously Liang Guang's Chinese boxing champion." The tall man replied with a look of disdain on his face. "Judging by your strength and speed just now, it isn't much better than mine, but my technique in a fight is years beyond your grasp. Therefore you're not necessarily my match, to deal with you, I don't even need a gun."

"Is what you said really true?"

“Whether or not it is real, you don’t have a choice right now.” The tall man directed a frenzied smile at Zhao Lingjun. “Who would have thought that you would be so treacherous. But in the end, I will still trample over you, strip your chick’s remaining clothes and f\*ck every single hole on her body in front of you.”

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 44 Stunning Strength

“Oh really?” Zhao Lingjun smiled at the tall man.

The tall man was absolutely horrified by Zhao Lingjun’s smile. Thinking back to how the fat man was caught unawares by Zhao Lingjun, and was then beaten to the ground to the point of puking, he subconsciously took a step back, increasing the distance between them.

But contrary to his expectations, Zhao Lingjun didn’t launch a surprise attack on him, and instead grinned at the fat man, “Didn’t you say the same thing just now? Didn’t you say you wanted to rape my woman in front of me?”

Hearing Zhao Lingjun speak, the fat man raised his head with difficulty and opened his mouth to speak, but what came out instead was bile.

“Haha!” Zhao Lingjun laughed loudly when he saw the loathing in the fat man’s eyes; he suddenly appeared in front of the fat man and sent a kick at his stomach.

This time, the fat man’s hands were clutching his stomach, and when Zhao Lingjun sent his kick out, other than the same sound of impact from earlier when his leg hit the stomach, there was another sound. Everyone there heard it loud and clear, a sharp crack. This was the noise of bones breaking.

“Ahhhh!” The fat man vomited yet another mouthful of bile, and dropped to the ground, shrieking like a pig at slaughter.

“*Bro,*” Zhao Lingjun laughed at the fat man’s miserable state, “You punched me once, and kicked me once. I also returned a punch and a kick back to you. This makes it fair.”

“F\*ck!” As Zhao Lingjun spoke, the tall man had already lunged towards him with a shout.

Just from the sound of the bones as they shattered, the tall man already knew that the fat man's hands were destroyed beyond any hope of repair. When he saw Zhao Lingjun ignore him as if he was air, and tortured his boss instead, he became crazed with rage.

The tall man had always boasted that he was once the Chinese boxing champion of Liang Guang. When he launched into action, it was clear it wasn't just all talk. The speed of his punches could only be described as, as fast as lightning. Perhaps if a normal person were to hear the roar of the tall man, by the time they could react, a punch would have already hit them squarely.

When the tall man had sent a punch flying out, Zhao Lingjun seemed to have been frozen in place. But just as his fist was about to graze Zhao Lingjun's nose, and he could imagine the outcome where Zhao Lingjun's nose would be so devastated that it would look like a squashed eggplant, his eyes blurred, and Zhao Lingjun had dodged his fist in a flash and vanished from sight.

The next moment, the tall man felt his buttock get kicked ruthlessly. Despite his many years of bitter horse-stance training, the strength behind the kick knocked the tall man off his feet. He immediately jolted forward, and fell flat on his face.

"F\*ck..." The tall man quickly sprang to his feet and spat a mouthful of mud out.

Although Zhao Lingjun's kick was strong, the epithelium of the tall man's buttocks were thick. Other than eating a mouthful of mud, it didn't cause any substantial damage to him.

Therefore after springing up from the ground, the tall man once again initiated another attack towards Zhao Lingjun. But with a whoosh, he once again punched the air and was kicked in the bottom by Zhao Lingjun, eating mud on the way down.

*Puchi* Seeing the tall man once again push himself off the ground and spitefully spit another mouthful of mud, Meng Xue, who had been curled into a ball of frightened mess on the straw bed, couldn't help but laugh as she watched the fight between the two of them.

When he heard Meng Xue's muffled laughter, the tall man felt even more

humiliated. “Kicking butts is just kids play. Today, I will show you my Gao Family’s Mighty Jinggang Palm.”

“Haha. Mighty Jinggang Palm? Isn’t that a Shaolin martial art? How did it become your family’s martial art?” Zhao Lingjun laughed till his stomach hurt.

“Laugh, laugh, I will make sure that you laugh.” The tall man was so humiliated that his face switched between green and white. He stomped his foot and charged for the third time at Zhao Lingjun, with his hands at the ready, “I will beat you to death!”

This time, a palm strike was sent out. It was very different from the previous blows as a loud whistling could be heard as it sliced through the air.

But this lightning fast palm only struck air.

But when the tall man subconsciously gritted his teeth, and braced himself to fall forward again, he realised that Zhao Lingjun was to his side coldly looking at him.

“How are your movements so fast?” At this moment, the tall man realised that something was amiss, and felt a chill run up his spine. “Previously when you hit my boss, you didn’t seem so fast.”

“Haha.” Zhao Lingjun laughed, a glint in his eyes that made the tall man feel like he was a pathetic worm. “Oh, I forgot to tell you, but just now when beating up your boss, I used less than a tenth of my abilities.”

“What?!” The tall man’s eyeballs almost popped out of their sockets. “A tenth? Impossible! That’s impossible!”[\[1\]](#)

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” Zhao Lingjun laughed dramatically. He had a sudden epiphany why so many generals on battlefields or chivalrous heroes of wuxia films exuded such a grand and mighty imposing aura from their bodies. No matter who it was, as long as they possessed absolute power, and could hold the lives of others in their hands, being overbearing was unavoidable.

“F\*ck your mother! I’ll stake it all!” Although the tall man was a little simple minded, he was a blade forged in the blood of others, a violent and abnormal person who was unafraid of death. He wasn’t intimidated in the least by Zhao Lingjun’s wild look, instead it had evoked the true primal nature of his.

With a deafening shout, the tall man summoned all his strength and charged fiercely at Zhao Lingjun.

Although the tall man's mind was swaying towards pure fury and madness, he was after all, an expert of his family, and his abilities were nothing to scoff at.

In his wild charge, both of his hands shot out with the Long Fist Style's Extended Strike. This attack was done by extending both arms as far as possible and using them like a mace and slamming them on the opponent.

The tall man's intention in using this method of attack, was because he was afraid that Zhao Lingjun would once again dodge his fist at lightning speeds, appear behind him, and give him yet another kick on the butt.

In a critical juncture like this where his life was on the line, the attack the tall man threw out this time was the fastest and strongest he was capable of, not holding anything back. The tall man felt that even if he had to stake his life, it was still worth it to viciously beat up this treacherous and shameless guy in front of him.

Zhao Lingjun's speed though was beyond everyone's expectations.

This time, even the spectating Meng Xue couldn't clearly see Zhao Lingjun's movements. All she felt was a gust of wind buffet her and Zhao Lingjun had already disappeared from in front of the tall man and reappeared behind him.

As before, Zhao Lingjun once again gave the tall man a kick in the butt, striking dead center.

Seeing Zhao Lingjun once again kick the tall man in the bottom, Meng Xue wanted to laugh out loud.

But the snapping sound that came from the tall man's rear accompanied by his miserable screams made her lips curl up in a grimace.

Meng Xue looked at this scene with a shocked expression as the tall man flew like a gunny sack that was tossed aside carelessly, and firmly planted his face into the wall. The tall man's screams only stopped when he slammed into the wall with a heavy thud.

The tall man's body slowly slid down the wall like boneless dead dog, breathing



shallowly.

“You want to f\*ck my woman in front of me?” Zhao Lingjun looked like a demonic god as he looked at the tall and fat man who looked like clumps of mud and coldly said.

“Just what in the world did you swallow?”

Looking at the indented wall, and the crumpled body of the tall man by the wall, Meng Xue turned to look at the demonic god that was Zhao Lingjun, who was as fast as a phantom, and could easily send a person flying with a kick, and mumbled as if she was delirious.

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[1] [Insert impossibru meme]



## Chapter 45 Femme Fatale

“I also don’t know.”

Zhao Lingjun awkwardly smiled at Meng Xue as he kicked the incessantly screaming and retching fat man into a coma. He was annoyed by the constant shrieking identical to the sound of slaughtered pigs. It annoyed and disturbed his state of mind so much so that he couldn’t examine how much of his strength he had used in his previous kick.

But his forced smile and his kick made Meng Xue even more fearful of him. Right now, Zhao Lingjun had a blood splattered face and his eyes were glimmering with a blue glow. His awkward smile conveyed a strange and baleful aura to her. In addition, Zhao Lingjun had barely spared any effort to cruelly destroy the two people until they didn’t even have the strength left in them to breathe. For no reason, she thought of the male leads in those soap operas, where they would eat a pill that enhanced their physical prowess but corrupted their minds and turned them into ruthless killers. So when Zhao Lingjun had said the sentence ‘I don’t know’, she momentarily lost all courage to continue down this line of thought, and could only use a fearful expression to look at him.

But Zhao Lingjun didn’t seem to notice the fear that she expressed, because after pondering for a slight moment, he squatted and tore the tall man’s pants into strips of cloth and tied the two men securely. He then retrieved their guns and stuffed it into the duffel bag full of gold antiques and tossed it to one side.

After busying himself with these things, he then walked over to Meng Xue.

\*

When Zhao Lingjun had torn the pants up into strips of fabric effortlessly like tearing pieces of paper, the sound it made caused Meng Xue to feel fear and apprehension. So after he had finished, and headed towards her, Meng Xue

suddenly tensed up.

Zhao Lingjun's next action, made her cry out in fear.

"Ahhhh! You... what are you doing. You... don't come near me..."

Never would she have imagined that Zhao Lingjun would have stood in front of her and start unbuckling his leather belt exactly just like both the tall and fat man, and pulled down his trousers.

"We are already at this stage, what are you embarrassed of?" said Zhao Lingjun as he took off his pants. "Besides, there is no other shelter in this godforsaken area."

"You..." Meng Xue really had the urge to kick this shameless guy in front of her, but when recalling how revealed she was and his disgusting strength and speed, she could only ball herself up even more in fear.

At this time, in Meng Xue's mind, Zhao Lingjun had already come up to her like a gust of wind, torn what was left of her clothes and pressed himself ferociously onto her.

But contrary to her imagination, after Zhao Lingjun had taken off his pants, he had thrown the pants together with his belt over to her, and went over to pick up the fat man's baggy trousers.

"What are you doing?" asked Meng Xue, perplexed by his actions.

"It's for you to wear." Zhao Lingjun shot a puzzled gaze at her. "Your pants are all torn up. You can't be wanting to walk out just wearing that, are you?"

"You took off your pants for me to wear?" A red blush crept up her face as she watched Zhao Lingjun put on the fat man's baggy pants.

"Then what did you think I was doing? You obviously can't even fit into the fat man's pants, so I could only take off mine for you to wear." After putting on the baggy pants, he looked puzzlingly at Meng Xue, and with a mischievous look, he said, "Or did you think that I wanted to molest you?"

"I...I..." Being asked in such a way by him, her face turned an even brighter shade of red. Especially when he looked at her, she abruptly remembered that she was half naked.

“You’re still looking?!” Red faced, she glared wide eyed at Zhao Lingjun and quickly wore his pants.

“Heihei, fine! Fine! I won’t look.” Zhao Lingjun laughed, and as he said this, he quickly stole one last peek at her.

As Zhao Lingjun had experienced a depressing university life, he hadn’t had a chance to date. In terms of relationships between a man and a woman, he was a blank slate. Therefore in the past, when he was alone conversing with Meng Xue, he didn’t dare to tease this way. But after eating that blue pill, he seemed to have gained a demeanor as lofty as clouds, and was like a changed man.

*“Could it my newfound strength also have boosted my self confidence, which lead to such a change in my psyche?”* While he peeped at Meng Xue, he was pondering about his transformation.

\*

Some women were born to play the femme fatale character.

The Meng Xue of right now was such a woman.

The sneaky peek with no untowards intent had once again ignited the fires of lust within Zhao Lingjun.

When peeking, Meng Xue was bent at the waist and was stretching one of her legs into the pants. When she had been lying down, her two legs had already been alluring. Now, when she was standing, her long legs was straight and firm. What was really the crux of it all, was her barely covered privates under thin yellow panties, and her two half revealed twin peaks from bending over.

A certain area on his body was starting to twitch.

Zhao Lingjun didn’t know whether it was due to the pill, but he had never had such an intense reaction before, nor had that area of his never felt so forceful.

*“Is this one of the side effects of the pill?”* Zhao Lingjun thought to himself and couldn’t help but sigh inwardly.

But before he could finish sighing, he heard a cry of surprise from Meng Xue.

Zhao Lingjun was taken aback, he thought that the fat and tall man had awoken, gotten free of their bindings and were about to do untoward things to

Meng Xue. But when he turned to look, they were both still lying on the floor, tied up nicely.

“What’s wrong?” Zhao Lingjun asked.

Meng Xue however, didn’t answer, and instead, Zhao Lingjun caught her sweeping her gaze towards his loins.

Zhao Lingjun was bewildered and followed her gaze downwards to his own loins, and couldn’t wait to find a piece of tofu to smash his head on.

\*

With just once glance at Meng Xue changing/wearing his pants, his pair of baggy pants already had a tent erected.

“Come over here.” Meng Xue said to Zhao Lingjun, who was too embarrassed to meet her gaze.

“Don’t tell me you intend to...” Zhao Lingjun’s heart and mind was suddenly filled with certain thoughts, but thankfully this time, he refrained from voicing them out.

At this point of time, Meng Xue finished wearing the pants, and after taking a deep breath, he summoned forth his courage and walked to her.

“You... I...” Zhao Lingjun hesitantly stammered.

Meng Xue suddenly moved.

*\*Pa Pa\** Two sounds resounded.

Meng Xue threw two slaps at Zhao Lingjun with a red face.

“Ah, what are you doing?” Although Zhao Lingjun’s reaction time and agility was now number one under the heavens, when he saw her palms flying towards him, he didn’t do anything and just took them in the face.

“You stinking barbarian!” Blushing, she screamed at him.

“I... This is a natural reaction, I didn’t think of anything at all.” Zhao Lingjun, nursing his face, felt like he was wronged to death.

“I’m not talking about this.” Seeing Zhao Lingjun’s grieving expression while he nursed his face, she glared at him and said. “Just now what did you say to the fat

man? You actually wanted to....”

Saying up till here, Meng Xue was so red that she didn’t even dare to lift her head.

“That was just a plan of convenience.” Recalling back to what he had said, Zhao Lingjun too turned red faced. “I didn’t have any other choices and could only say those words.”

“Even if it was a plan of convenience, it’s not permitted.” Meng Xue stared at him, her eyes turning red.

As Zhao Lingjun was about to plead for himself with another two sentences, Meng Xue threw herself into his embrace. As if he had received an electric shock, his whole body became paralyzed.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 46 A Dangerous Silence

Zhao Lingjun was conflicted and stood there foolishly, hugging wasn't right and neither was pushing her away. As he stood with his hands by his sides, a sudden pain was felt from his shoulder.

Meng Xue, who had thrown herself into his embrace, had actually unexpectedly bit him.

"Ahhhh, What are you doing?! Why did you bite me!?" Suffering from the pain, Zhao Lingjun wanted to push her away. But when he looked at her in his embrace, her face was full of tears, his heart softened, and just silently hugged her.

"You stinking barbarian..." Meng Xue looked at Zhao Lingjun with her eyes full of tears.

The two were plastered so closely now that Meng Xue's soft and warm jade like twin peaks pressed against Zhao Lingjun's chest. Zhao Lingjun could even easily feel her each and every heartbeat.

Zhao Lingjun's heart at this moment only held a mother's tenderness towards her, without a shred of lust.

"I only used it as an excuse to eat that pill..."

"Even then, you're not permitted to use that kind of excuse." Before Zhao Lingjun could finish his words, Meng Xue interrupted.

Meng Xue fixed her glistening eyes on Zhao Lingjun's, "You don't know how disappointed I was at the time... I nearly thought that you were truly such a person. You... don't know how I felt..."

"Don't say anymore." Seeing Meng Xue's long eyelashes trembling and tears glimmering like diamonds adorning them, Zhao Lingjun suddenly felt an ache in

his heart.

“Relax, in the future, as long as I’m alive, I won’t let you suffer from any more grievances.” Zhao Lingjun firmly said looking into her eyes.

“Really?” Meng Xue said as she turned scarlet.

“Of course!” Zhao Lingjun nodded, but abruptly a bitter smile appeared on his face. “But I don’t know how much longer I can live for.”

“What are you talking about?” Meng Xue was taken aback for a moment. Seemingly understanding something, she asked, “What was that pill that you ate just now?”

“I already answered that earlier, I don’t know.” Zhao Lingjun bitterly smiled. “Perhaps it’s a stimulant, like what the tall man said. But in any case, it’s no normal stimulant.”

Hearing the word ‘stimulant’, Meng Xue’s heart turned cold. She knew that stimulants were a sort of drug that affected a person’s nervous system. It would overdraft a person’s strength and stamina, and no matter what kind of stimulant it was, it would cause side effects. It was similar to narcotics, the better the effects, the stronger and more serious the side effects.

In the past, she had seen a news report where a weight lifting athlete ingested the latest type of stimulant in a competition. With no effort at all, he had broken the world record. But almost immediately after the competition, the athlete died of shock.

Although the stimulant had stimulated the nervous system to a large extent, allowing him to momentarily possess superhuman strength his heart and body were just incapable of sustaining such a burden.

Recalling Zhao Lingjun’s eruption of strength and speed earlier, Meng Xue was certain that in this world, there wasn’t a second stimulant that could be compared to it.

Thinking up to here, Meng Xue panicked, “Why do you not even know what kind of medicine it is? Where did you get it from?”

“Where did I get it from?” Zhao Lingjun, thinking of that thumb sized Black



Lotus which magicked a black metal box into existence, couldn't help but force a bitter smile. "Explaining where this pill came from is too complicated and a long story. Even if I explained, you probably wouldn't believe me. It's better for me to slowly explain it to you in the future."

Meng Xue looked bewilderingly at him, and nodded. "Then... do you feel unwell right now?"

"Unwell? Zhao Lingjun took a deep breath, and blinked. "It seems fine, but in my body there is a sort of inexplicable flowing sensation inside. Also..."

"What else?" Meng Xue hurriedly asked.

"I can't put a word to it at all, it's just a very weird feeling." Zhao Lingjun shook his head, "It's like my senses have become extraordinarily sensitive, I can even feel distant grass swaying in the wind.

"Even distant grass swaying in the wind could be felt?" repeated Meng Xue, thinking it was too unbelievable and raised her head to look at him.

When their eyes met, they both realised that they were still hugging each other like two lovebirds who had been together for a long time, with their posture extremely ambiguous.

This discovery turned Meng Xue's face scarlet, but she didn't let go of Zhao Lingjun, and instead hugged him tighter.

She suddenly felt an inexplicable sorrow, she didn't know how much longer she could hug this man who risked his life for her. She wanted to hug him like this for eternity, never letting go.

Her eyes were again moistened with tears. As she embraced him, she looked at him, at a loss of what to say, and noticed that his expression changed.

"What? You don't like me hugging you like this?" Meng Xue turned cold.

"Of course not." Zhao Lingjun panickedly shook his head, "It seems there are some people heading over from afar."

"Who is it?" Meng Xue became nervous, but deep inside her, she breathed a sigh of relief for no reason.

"It seems like there are two people." Zhao Lingjun after attentively listening,

his body suddenly became taut. “It may be the skinny and short man of their group.”

\*

“Haha, that group of cops are really too stupid. We just casually changed our car twice and crossed two road blocks, and they were thrown so far off that they couldn’t even glimpse our shadows.”

The two coming was indeed the remaining two members of the fat man’s group. But at this moment when they were conversing, in the short man’s line of sight, he could only see the house’s shadow.

Even prior to this, Zhao Lingjun had already sensed their arrival. If Zhao Lingjun knew the distance separating them when he noticed their presence, he would have scared himself silly.

“What time is it now?” the thin man asked with his usual cold look.

“We are five minutes from our agreed meeting time, we will arrive just in time.” The short man looked at the thin man, then towards the house in the distance, and swallowed a big mouthful of saliva. “Right now, Gao Jun and our Boss are most likely ravaging that woman. Damn it! So much time has passed, it seems like if I want to f\*ck her as well, I would have to wash her first.”

The short man paused, then smiled lewdly and looked towards the thin man and said, “Black Bro, do you want to try her as well? Today’s woman is no normal thing and is a luxury good.”

The thin man looked over, but didn’t pause his steps, and as before continued towards the houses at the same pace.

“If not for the fact that I’ve never seen you do *it*,” the short man quickened his pace to catch up, while still smiling lewdly, “At times, I really am convinced that your wife is that gun in your hands.”

“*It* isn’t my wife.” hearing the short man say so, the normally quiet thin man stopped moving and coldly said, “*It* isn’t my brother either, because while wives and brothers may deceive me, *it* will never ever betray me. Furthermore *it* helps me to kill those people.”

“F\*ck, what are you even saying.” the short man embarrassedly smiled.  
“Brothers like us, will never betray you.”

“If that’s the case, it would be for the best.” The thin man eyed the short man and stopped speaking, hurrying quickly to the house in the distance.

\*

“Wait for me~ What are you walking so fast for?”

The thin man carrying his gun had already stood in front of the house for a long time before the short man finally caught up to him, panting hard. “You don’t like women anyway, why are you more hurried than me?”

As the short man said this, he was about to open the closed door.

“Wait.” the thin man stopped him.

“What?” the short man was alarmed, and looked towards him, noticing that he had already trained his gun inside.

At this moment, the short man shook all over, also realising that something wasn’t right.

Because in the past, at other meeting sites, it would normally be filled with the sounds of woman’s desperate yells and pained moans, as well as the fat man’s laughter and heavy breathing. But now, in the house, it was so unnaturally quiet and still.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 47 The Human Wheelbarrow

The short man immediately raised his gun and then readied a grenade.

After signaling to the silent thin man, and looking down his sights, the short man walked a few paces back and then probed with a loud yell, “Boss!?”

Noticing the short man’s actions, the skinny man retreated a few steps away as well; he knew that if the short man noticed any sign of trouble he would ruthlessly throw the grenade inside the house.

After testing the waters with a few shouts, the house was still enshrouded in an eerie stillness.

The short man turned to look at the skinny man, as he did so, he noticed a faint ripple in his partner’s normally cold and emotionless face.

Gesturing to the short man, they both quickly retreated to a distance of ten meters away from the house.

The short man thought that the skinny man wanted to circle back to the window on the side to check out the house. But immediately after they backed off, the skinny man gestured for him to go prone and started firing.

Seeing his signal, the short man automatically went prone, but when he heard the skinny man start firing, he almost jumped back up. “F\*ck! What if the Boss and...”

He felt that if the skinny man was firing erratically like that, if the fat and tall man were still inside, they could be accidentally shot. But when he saw the way the door disintegrated, he no longer had anything left to say.

\*

The skinny man’s marksmanship was truly exquisite, the bullets hit

perpendicular to the wooden door, destroying the door, but angled in such a way that the bullets travelled through the side walls, not entering the house at all.

At this moment, the short man's mouth was agape, dumbstruck. However, he wasn't dumbstruck at the thin man's exquisite marksmanship but by the sight revealed inside the house.

With the door disintegrated from the bullets, the interior of the house could clearly be seen by the short man.

No matter what, he couldn't believe his own eyes.

His worries were spot on, that the fat and tall man were inside.

However, they weren't even wearing their underwear.

In the sparsely furnished house, the tall man was butt naked and lying flat on the floor, and similarly, the similarly butt naked fat man lay unmoving on top of the tall man's body.

The position the two were in, was no different to the most common scene in pornographic videos, 'the human wheelbarrow'.

"What the f\*ck..." After standing and staring dumbfounded for a long time and sucking in many deep breaths of cold air, the short man could only mutter these three words.

\*

"You useless rice buckets, you mother f\*cking bunch of useless rice buckets!" Li Jiangbei slammed the table in anger, and howled at Wang Zhaoping with red eyes; small cracks appearing in the table.

If anyone had howled at Wang Zhaoping in such a way at any other time, whether it be his immediate superior, or the big boss, he would have already surged to his feet, and used moves such as the Life Threatening Scissors Kick, Breast Grabbing Dragon Claws, Nether Striking Leg, and so on to flatten the guy to the ground.

Li Jiangbei's words were like a nail being hammered mercilessly into Wang Zhaoping's heart.

“They only have four people, yet they massacred in broad daylight and were still able to easily escape the encirclement even after dispatching over hundred police officers. Furthermore, you even allowed them to circle around and kill at the same place under your watch, and they even killed the city’s Criminal Police’s Head under the watchful eyes of the public.

“Even the unit reputed to be the greatest of the police force, the Special Forces, Black Hawk, had lost two men in a short exchange.”

“In the operation this time, we lost sixteen officers, and eight innocents were killed. Other than that, two people were kidnapped as hostages.”

While Li Jiangbei was roaring with rage, Wang Zhaoping’s body was already trembling from his rage and humiliation. However, until Li Jiangbei was finished roaring at him, he didn’t utter a word.

Because he knew that what Li Jiangbei was saying was the truth and only the truth. Furthermore, normally Li Jiangbei wouldn’t utter a single profanity, but with him acting this way today, he was really filled with rage.

Additionally, all that appeared in Wang Zhaoping’s mind at this moment was the smoke filled 7th Street, with Fu Shun bleeding from a wound which couldn’t be stemmed no matter what he tried.

Not a single person in the world could witness a comrade in arms lose their life without losing their calm.

“I will definitely exact revenge for them. If I’m unable to capture them, I won’t come back alive.” Therefore after Li Jiangbei had finished howling his piece, Wang Zhaoping just calmly said this sentence, and walked out of the conference room.

*Crash* Watching Wang Zhaoping’s back as he left, Li Jiangbei powerlessly fell to the ground in the empty conference room. Li Jiangbei never would have imagined that they would suffer so many losses in this incident.

“Bureau Chief Li, the mayor just called and was in a terrible rage, he said that he would immediately come over to hear the whole story first hand.” Just as Li Jiangbei wanted to have some alone time to ponder over the four criminals motives, his secretary. Xiao Chen, barged into the room with a difficult

expression and passed on the message.

“If he’s coming, so be it.” Li Jiangbei sighed weakly, “In any case, this time, we really failed and were wiped all over the floor. I, the Bureau Chief, have no way to stay on.”

“...” Seeing Li Jiangbei’s body language and expression, Xiao Chen hesitated and held his tongue. Only after quite a long time did he start speaking, “Other than that, the secretary also called, asking you to crack the Sansen Company’s case as soon as possible.”

“I...” Li Jiangbei couldn’t help but jump out of his chair and ferociously smack the table. “Such a major case just happened, is he unable to distinguish what is more important? Isn’t it just a theft case? Does he need to go so far as to repeat it time and time again?”

“Bureau Chief Li...” Xiao Chen waited for his superior to sit before he dared to continue speaking. “The Secretary also has his own difficulties, Sansen Company is a major taxpayer of our city. Furthermore they are in the midst of talks about a major investment project in the city, the Secretary is also...”

“That’s enough, you don’t have to say any more.” Li Jiangbei felt that with his heart distracted and his thoughts in turmoil, if Xiao Chen were to continue on, he was afraid that he would jump up, take out his gun and open fire. “Is there anything else?”

“There’s nothing else, other than,” Xiao Chen noticing the black face Li Jiangbei wore, then continued hesitantly, “a visitor who says he is your friend and wants to meet with you.”

“Friend? Wanting to meet me?” Li Jiangbei panted. “At this moment even if it were a highly distinguished person, I don’t want to meet him.”

“But...”

“But what?!”

“But he said that as long as I mentioned that his surname was Xiao, the Xiao of the great hero Xiao Qishui and not the Xiao of the instrument, you would definitely meet him.”[\[1\]](#)

“What?! What did you just say?! Repeat it one more time!” Li Jiangbei was immediately wide eyed, and almost fell off his chair.

\*

“How many years has it been since we last met?” Li Jiangbei couldn’t help but greet his visitor as soon as he heard the door of the room creak open, and a slightly plump figure appeared in his view.

Li Jiangbei could still dimly remember that fateful afternoon many years ago. It was the first time he met him. “I’m surnamed Xiao, the Xiao of the great hero Xiao Qiushui, and not the Xiao of the instrument.” At that time, this guy had introduced himself in the exact same manner, the both of them were young, unbridled youngsters reporting to the police academy for the first time.

But now, in a flash, many years have passed.

“Soon, it will be the sixth year.” Xiao Ping<sup>[2]</sup> calmly replied as he looked at his long time roommate.

“Six years... so six years have passed.” Li Jiangbei said as he looked at Xiao Ping with his slightly tubby belly, feeling slightly sour in his heart.

“In a person’s life, how many six years will there be?” Li Jiangbei had wanted to ask if he was going by fine in the past few years, but after sighing in his heart, he asked straightforwardly, “Did you come because of the 7th Street incident?”

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[1] Short explanation – A pun.

Long explanation – In Chinese there are words that sound the same, but are written differently, so the Chinese use words that are paired together to distinguish them. Thus they would say the Xiao of X, not the Xiao of Y. This is especially so when introducing your name. But that’s not what’s happening here. In this case, the ‘Xiao’ character in both pairs (the instrument, ‘Xiao’ and the Xiao Qiushui, ‘Xiao’) are actually the same. Aka he is saying his ‘Xiao’ is that of the badass hero Xiao Qiushui not that of the instrument (mouth organ), although they are the exact same thing. Whelp that’s a mouthful, oh wait there’s more! This is important because Xiao Qiushui is an overpowered protagonist of a



Wuxia series called *Shenzhou Qixia* written by Wen Rui’An.

[2] It is obvious in Chinese, but for those who may not get it, this is the same Xiao Ping as the one in Zhao Lingjun’s weirdo company. ☐



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[\[Teaser\]](#)

## Chapter 48 The Hardboiled Detective

“You could say that.” Xiao Ping quietly said as he looked at Li Jiangbei.  
“Actually, that day when the Black Hawk squadron was activated, I went to the scene.”

If anyone from Meng Si Ni Company were to see Xiao Ping at this moment, perhaps they wouldn't be convinced by what they saw. The Xiao Ping who usually wasn't the least different from the majority of vulgar middle aged men had such an imposing manner, to be so steady, like a mountain.

“What?! You went to the crime scene? Then why did you...” Hearing him, Li Jiangbei almost jumped out of his chair again.

But before Li Jiangbei could finish, Xiao Ping interjected. “I know you want to ask me why I didn't intervene and stop them. The reasons are simple, first off, I'm no longer a policeman. Second, I wasn't armed. And, last but not least, the four men had already thrown the tear gas grenades and were fleeing the scene.”

When Xiao Ping finished speaking, Li Jiangbei became silent. Only after a long time, Li Jiangbei squeezed out a ghastly smile and said, “In that case, you didn't see their abilities?”

“Although I didn't see how their marksman opened fire, I heard his gunshots from a distance. Furthermore, I saw the end result after the tear gas had dissipated.” Xiao Ping calmly said. “In a flash, three shots were fired and none of them missed their mark. This guy is an expert of experts. It seems like he may be a person which I had wanted to catch in the past.”

“You're saying that this guy is...” Li Jiangbei's expression changed greatly.

“Perhaps it is him.” Xiao Ping sighed, clearly realizing that he was incapable of forgetting that face.

A painful glint flitted behind his eyes, which didn't go unnoticed by Li Jiangbei. Li Jiangbei started reminiscing of Xiao Ping's past as well, and his breathing subconsciously became heavy.

"Are you visiting me this time with the intention of catching him with your own hands?" Li Jiangbei stared at the eyes of Xiao Ping which had regained their calm, as if he wanted to peer into Xiao Ping's thoughts.

"Nope, not at all." Beyond his expectations, Xiao Ping shook his head. "I just came to inform you that if you send normal policemen, you will just be sending them to their deaths. Therefore, other than those Black Hawk members, the others under you should not act blindly when they run into those criminals."

"You came to tell me these things?" Li Jiangbei looked at him in disbelief. "Didn't you see the fight earlier? In the clash earlier, two of the Black Hawk died."

"Even when I was the leader, the Black Hawk had casualties." Xiao Ping calmly looked at his agitated comrade, "When up against a powerful foe, casualties are unavoidable; you must believe in your men! Oh, and also, let me remind you that the job of the police is first to save people, not to kill criminals. At the site earlier, I coincidentally heard that in their hands there were still two hostages, I also heard that you guys haven't even checked the hostages' identities."

"We..." Li Jiangbei wanted to explain to him that every single witness at the scene of the crime had already become mentally unstable thanks to the criminals. Furthermore, in the chaos when the criminals broke out of the marketplace, they didn't get a clear glimpse of the features of the hostages. At that moment, Secretary Xiao Chen hurriedly walked into the conference room.

"Bureau Chief Li." Xiao Chen interrupted his words, and nervously said, "The Mayor has arrived, and is in your office."

"Let him wait for awhile." Li Jiangbei without pausing for thought, waved Xiao Chen away. "Just tell him that I'm in a meeting with a very important person."

For a moment, Xiao Chen was startled but when he saw his superior continuously and resolutely wave him away. Xiao Chen could only hurriedly walk out, exactly in the same manner he entered.

“It’s not early anymore, anyway since he has already arrived,” Xiao Ping watched Xiao Chen’s back slowly fade away and was suddenly a little melancholic, “I shall not hinder your meeting anymore.”

“You...” As Li Jiangbei looked distractedly, Xiao Ping had already stood up and walked out of the room.

“Don’t you wish to personally enact revenge for her?” Li Jiangbei screamed out the words he was suppressing in his heart. “At that time didn’t you fly into a rage? Didn’t you want to subject them to the law?”

As his scream reached the ears of Xiao Ping outside the room, the footsteps paused.

Li Jiangbei’s heart was stirred as he thought that Xiao Ping would turn around, but after the footsteps paused for a moment, he still could hear them walking away slowly.

He slumped powerlessly onto his chair.

At this exact moment, he heard footsteps coming closer to the room.

*“Could he have turned around?”* Li Jiangbei stood from his chair and thought. But when the room’s door was pushed open, Li Jiangbei disappointedly sat back down.

“Meeting with an important person?! Who’s more important than me!?”

“Xiao Ping just made a return visit.” Li Jiangbei replied, disregarding the question as he looked at the Mayor who was barely keeping from bursting out in fury.

Following the Mayor, Xiao Chen couldn’t help but tense up, thinking that this time, surely the Mayor would fly into a terrible rage.

But instead he was met with the Mayor’s stunned look.

“Who’s Xiao Ping?” Xiao Chen couldn’t resist asking out of curiosity.

“He had a nickname in the past, ‘Hardboiled Detective’.” Xiao Chen heard the Mayor say after he sighed.

“What?!” Xiao Chen almost tumbled to the ground.

Anyone who knew that they had just met such a legendary figure would respond in such a manner.

\*

“All right, with this, they shouldn’t be able to catch up to us anymore.” Zhao Lingjun said as he let Meng Xue down from his back. “Why did you ask me to run, and not let me handle the other two forcefully?”

At this time, Zhao Lingjun had already ran along the meandering river for who knows how many miles. Furthermore within Zhao Lingjun and Meng Xue’s sights were a straight road and a bustling district.

But a long time after Zhao Lingjun had spoke, he realized that Meng Xue behind him didn’t utter any sound.

Curious, he turned his head to take a look, and saw Meng Xue with teary eyes.

“What’s wrong with you?” Zhao Lingjun, seeing her in this state, panicked.

“Nothing’s wrong? You just ran too fast and small particles irritated my eyes.” said Meng Xue as she forced a smile. But behind that forced smile was still a profound sorrow.

How much does a bag filled full of gold ornaments and jewelry weigh? Previously, only with the combined strength of Meng Xue and Zhao Lingjun, could they drag that bag on the ground. Only a man with a build like that tall man could carry such a heavy bag.

*“But now, Zhao Lingjun was holding that bag in one hand, and was even carrying me, and he still could run for such a distance at breakneck speeds. How much stamina did this consume? Is his body able to bear such a burden?”*

Meng Xue thought that the Zhao Lingjun right now was having his life burnt away as they spoke.

The profound sorrow in Meng Xue’s eyes didn’t go unnoticed by Zhao Lingjun. His heart had a short moment of sorrow as well, but he pretended on the surface that he didn’t notice anything. With a feigned relaxed tone and expression, he said, “What do you think about reporting it to the police?”

Actually while running wildly earlier, Zhao Lingjun had already thought of this

point. It was only that the tall man had searched for their phones during their walk from the bridge to the house and had smashed them into smithereens.

Now that they could see a bustling street not far away, if they wanted to report it to the police, it wasn't such a difficult matter anymore.

Zhao Lingjun thought that Meng Xue would agree without the slightest bit of hesitation, because based on their plight and bitter experience, reporting it to the police would be the best option.

But out of his expectations, the teary eyed Meng Xue shook her head.

"Do you know why I didn't let you to finish the other two men off?" Meng Xue instead asked a question of her own.

"You don't wish for me to take risks?" Zhao Lingjun looked at her, "Because the thin man's marksmanship was frighteningly accurate and quick, and furthermore, the short man had a lot of grenades?"

"Yup." Meng Xue looked at his eyes, and used a voice choked with emotions and emphasized each word, "I don't wish for you to undertake any more dangerous risks. I only wish to spend time with you."

Seeing her eyes, Zhao Lingjun immediately understood her intentions.

\*

If you like a person, and also knew that they may not live for much longer, then would you still allow that person to do something risky? Wouldn't you want to spend every single hour, minute, second with that person during the time they had remaining?

Zhao Lingjun knew that at the start, she was afraid that a mishap may occur during the life and death battle with the other two criminals. Therefore, although Meng Xue really wanted to end their lives, in the end had asked him to flee with her.

But now, he knew that she was afraid that once a report was made, the two would face an unending amount of questions. Perhaps, solely because he ate that pill, many organizations in the field would flock over, turning him into a lab rat and frantically experiment on him. If the research didn't obtain any results,

he didn't have to think about obtaining his freedom again.

How much time he had left, even he didn't know. If he were to die in two days, and his corpse dissected in the name of research, then that really would be incomparably miserable. Thinking up to here, Zhao Lingjun trembled all over from fear, the notion of reporting to the police that was spiraling in his head immediately disappeared.

"Then we should go to my dorm room first." Zhao Lingjun suddenly had a bulb light up in his head, and remembered that Xiao Bai had taken the pill a day earlier. If it was still fine, perhaps the situation wasn't that terrible.

"Alright." Meng Xue looked at Zhao Lingjun, with her mind wandering, suddenly her face with tears sliding down couldn't help but turn red.

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[\[Teaser\]](#)